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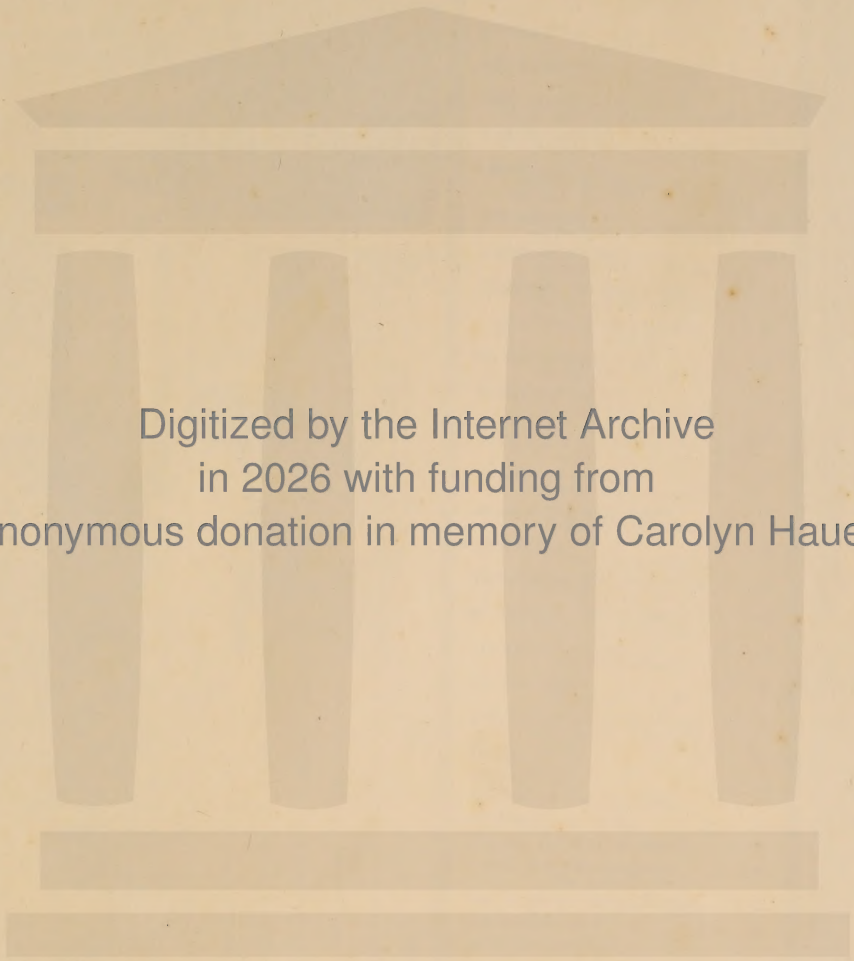

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MAE BUSCH

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BEN LYON

Looks interested in his lovely companion, but—she is only one of the wonderful Benda masks which are worn in a mask-ball sequence in Ben's latest picture, "Not Herbert." The film is now in production at First National's New York studios, with Howard Higgin behind the megaphone.

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Our Observatory

For the Discovery of New Stars that twinkle in the Movie Firmament.

Ralph Forbes.

Leading men! Leading men! Year after year the cry goes up: We want new leading men, young ones, clever ones, with something more than good looks to guarantee them fame! We want young male talent, new and individual—and we want it quick!

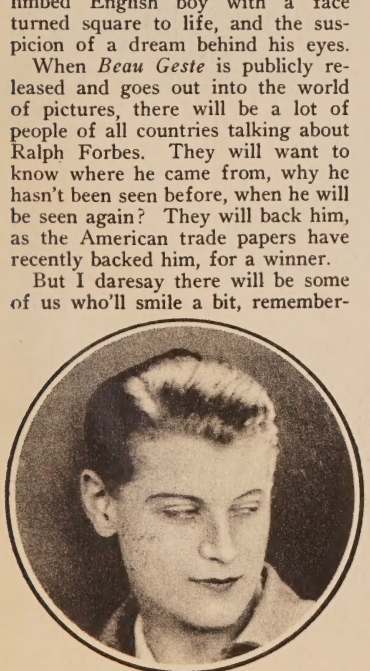
Well, here it is—Ralph Forbes.

You'll have seen him in *Beau Geste*.

The youngest of the three brothers, the only Geste who gets home, a nice, fair-haired clean-limbed English boy with a face turned square to life, and the suspicion of a dream behind his eyes.

When *Beau Geste* is publicly released and goes out into the world of pictures, there will be a lot of people of all countries talking about Ralph Forbes. They will want to know where he came from, why he hasn't been seen before, when he will be seen again? They will back him, as the American trade papers have recently backed him, for a winner.

But I daresay there will be some of us who'll smile a bit, remembering how we backed him for a winner three years ago.



RALPH FORBES.

And in a British film, too.

Do you remember The Kid in Betty Balfour's *Reveille*, Betty's young lover who was killed when the munition dump blew up just on the eve of Armistice Day?

That was Ralph.

Beau Geste was Colman's film. He carried it beautifully on his capable and characteristic shoulders. But for every step he took, young Forbes was at his side, sympathetic and eager, ready to play into the corners of the other man's work, to serve as foil and contrast, to back him up in every difficult scene.

Ralph Forbes has not yet found his own dramatic colour. His acting is still a little hesitant. But that is the best possible qualification for the beginning of a career.

Wait till he matures—and watch him well!

Greta Garbo.

When America confesses that a foreigner is star stuff, you may bet your boots that he or she is *some* star!

And America is quite positive about Greta Garbo. Some day this girl, says the country of her adoption, is going to get her name into the big lights. Some day she's going to *do* something!

As a matter of fact she has done something already.

She was a Swedish film actress before Hollywood knew anything about her, and her work in *The Atonement of Gosta Berling* was just about as beautiful as anything you could want to see.

She went to America in the big exodus of European talent that started about a year ago, and, unlike the majority of her companions, seemed to catch the knack of adapting herself to the ways of the new country without losing anything of her own personality.

In six months, or perhaps a year, the movie world of America will decide that Greta Garbo has "arrived."

GRETA GARBO.

They will be perfectly right.

But the truth is that she arrived the very first moment she stood in front of a motion picture camera and registered her fascinating gravity upon the screen.

She is, quite undeniably, beautiful, with enough in her face of the conventionally pretty to reconcile us to a beauty that the screen has not taught us to understand.

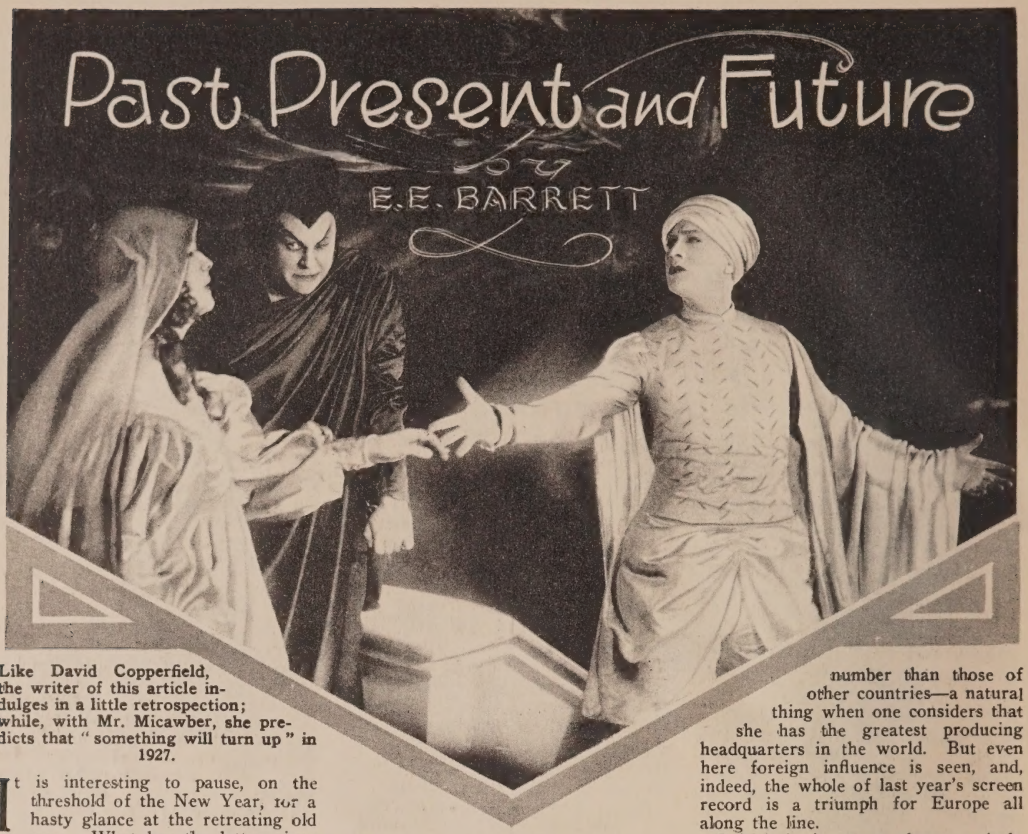
Long ago I predicted big things for Greta Garbo.

I am glad that she packed up her things and sailed to the States, to the land where the big dreams come true.

THE ASTRONOMER.

Past, Present and Future

by E. E. BARRETT



Like David Copperfield, the writer of this article indulges in a little retrospection; while, with Mr. Micawber, she predicts that "something will turn up" in 1927.

It is interesting to pause, on the threshold of the New Year, for a hasty glance at the retreating old year. What has the latter given us in the way of film entertainment—what has the former in store for us? That is the question most people interested in the motion picture industry ask at the close of a twelve-month.

On the whole, 1926 has not been a bad year from the fan's point of view, in spite of gloomy criticisms and pessimistic declarations to the contrary.

There have been plenty of cheap and tawdry films, of course; there are always cheap and tawdry articles turned out by any industry. But I can quote at least a score of really good films—some of them masterpieces of screen technique—for which 1926 was responsible.

The most outstanding I would list as follows:—From Germany, *Vaudeville* and *Manon Lescaut*, both magnificent pictures from every point of view; from Denmark, *Little Dorritt*, a refreshing and sincere screen version of Dickens' book, with Karina Bell in the title rôle; from Italy, *Quo Vadis*, remarkable for the powerful study of "Nero," contributed by Emil Jannings; from France, *Mother*, a film full of simple sincerity and pathos.

America's contributions to the honours list of 1926 are greater in number than those of other countries—a natural thing when one considers that she has the greatest producing headquarters in the world. But even here foreign influence is seen, and, indeed, the whole of last year's screen record is a triumph for Europe all along the line.

British brains were almost entirely responsible for *Beau Geste*, shown at the close of the year, and Victor Seastrom, the Swedish producer, has given America two of her best pictures during the last twelve months.

One of these, *The Tower of Lies*, featured Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. The other was *The Scarlet Letter*, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hansen, the young Swedish actor.

The above picture shows how truly Satanic is Emil Jannings in his rôle of "Mephisto." Below: John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade." This film also merits inclusion among the successes of 1926.

Other American films of outstanding merit were *The Big Parade*, *The Goose Woman*, *Stella Dallas*, and *The Gold Rush*. There were other films, too, worthy of note. John Barrymore's *Sea Beast* cannot be lightly passed over, neither can Buster Keaton's comedy, *Go West*, Harold Lloyd's *College Days*, Ernst Lubitsch's brilliant screen version of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and Herbert Brenon's *A Kiss For Cinderella*.

And, last but not least, I must mention one British film that has earned for itself a place in last year's honours list. This is *The Lodger*, the extremely clever work of a young director, Alfred Hitchcock, who will, I think, be one of the plums that 1927 has to offer us if he continues to work in this style, with the improvements in his work that

added experience gives to the most brilliant of us.

A goodly selection, this, of 1926 films—which proves that the old year wasn't such a bad old year after all. And, apart from the bigger productions, there have been quite a number of lesser programme pictures of more than average entertainment value.

So much for the old year. It is over and done with now, and our interest lies with its successor—1927! What will it bring us in the way of moving pictures?

Will the phono-film be the film of the future? I doubt it, for it seems to me that the golden silence of the movies is one of its chief charms.

Think of the disillusionment in store for most people when some of the world's greatest lovers, on the screen, make romantic declarations to their lady loves in "hard-boiled" American accents. There would be something very irksome in sitting through a long "feature" picture and having every word that is said forced upon one's reluctant ears.

I don't think that will happen, though. As a novelty, short (and suitable) talking films will, in the near future, find a place on practically every programme, but the "silent drama" will, I think, by popular choice, remain silent.

One or two pictures scheduled for this year, should prove candidates for the 1927 honours list. *Faust*, the German screen version of the opera in which Emil Jannings plays "Mephisto," is not, strictly speaking, a 1927 picture, as it was made during the latter part of last year. But as it will not be seen by anyone over here until this year, I think it should be listed amongst the 1927 attractions.

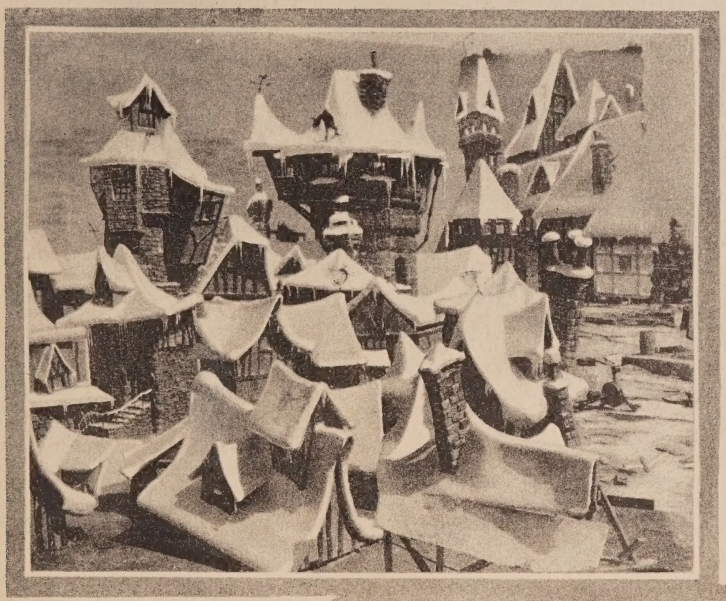
The same thing applies to Charlie Chaplin's new comedy feature, *The Circus*. As neither Jannings nor Chaplin are capable of bad work, it follows that both these films must stand out for some points, at any rate, in their production.

Considerable interest, too, is felt by most people in John Barrymore's latest picture, *The Beloved Rogue*, which should be finished this month.

There are quite a number of interesting films that 1927 might give us. There is, for instance, that much discussed film version of *Romeo and Juliet* with Ramon Novarro as "Romeo," and then we have been promised a screen "Alice in Wonderland."

While it is too early to say what the future has in store for us, I am going to be very bold and make a prophecy.

I predict that 1927 will be a year of technical discoveries, and that camera magic and laboratory experiments will rule the silver sheet this year.



A new film featuring the inimitable John Barrymore is always awaited with breathless interest, and in 1927 it seems we shall have something to wait for—to wit "The Beloved Rogue"—a scene from which is reproduced above Right: A scene from "Manon Lescaut," which, undoubtedly, has a place of honour in the films of 1926.

A Screen Scribe

Left: Lydia Hayward, the clever British scenario writer. Above: Lilian Oldland and A. B. Imeson in a scene from "Second to None."

Showing that a scenario writer can have just as romantic a career as a star.

Despite the growing tendency to give some of the publicity they deserve to the unseen workers of screenland, members of the general public really know very little of what goes on behind the scenes. They are too apt to give the lion's share of the credit for a good picture to the artistes alone—putting the testimony of their eyes before everything else.

But, in film production there are two people who work in collaboration, whose part in the development of a picture will either make it or mar it, whatever the cast is like. These are the director and the scenario writer.

Having been introduced, *via* the PICTUREGOER, to any number of film stars, I am going to make you acquainted with a scenario writer for a change—and a British one at that.

Lydia Hayward has been responsible for the scenarios of some of the best British pictures made, yet I doubt if many members of the public know her name. The story of how she first started to write is an interesting one.

"When I first left the convent where I was educated," she told me, "I was very anxious to take up a stage career. But I had always been keen on writing, too, and so, when I saw a writing competiton advertised in 'Tit-Bits,' I went in for it—more for a lark than with any thought of winning anything. The essay was on 'Love,' of all things, and I got ten guineas for it. I was the most surprised person in England, and, I think, the most delighted.

"My first short story, soon after that, brought me a request from 'The Smart Set Magazine' to become a regular contributor; but as I had given my heart to the stage, I didn't follow it up.

"Some years later, I was in a manager's office, and I noticed that he was writing something—setting it out in a very strange way. I asked what he was doing, and he told me, 'writing a scenario.'

He showed me a little book he had on scenario writing, to which he kept referring when in doubt! 'I should like to try one of those,' I told him. He offered to sell me the book, and I took it away with me, went straight home, and sat down to write my first scenario, from an original plot, referring to my little book every now and then exactly as though I were cooking something and looking up the ingredients.

"My little scenario—it was only a short one, was finished very quickly, and I showed it to a friend who promised to show it to a director friend of his. To my utter amazement the latter bought it and produced it.

"After that, for two or three years I wrote no more scenarios. Then one day, about five years ago, Artistic Films wanted a book adapted for the screen. Somebody who knew about my early effort suggested me for the job, and, as ill health had compelled me to give up the stage, I took it on.

"That story was *Monty Works the Wires*, featuring Manning Haynes' little dog, and, much to my surprise, for I really knew very little about films, it was a success.

"After that I started seriously to study film technique—I played small parts myself in one or two films—and I began to become a scenario writer in earnest."

Amongst Miss Hayward's most successful pictures are those which she has adapted from W. W. Jacobs' stories. *The Monkey's Paw* was one of the best of these. She has also been responsible for six five reelers, adapted from short stories by Jacobs, and six two-reelers by the same author.

The Bachelor's Baby, His Grace Gives Notice, Not For Sale, Every Mother's Son, London Love, and *Second to None* are other noteworthy films for which she has written the scenarios and, in some cases, the stories.

In her latest picture, *Passion Island*, she is once again working with W. W. Jacobs as author, and Manning Haynes as director. The story is laid in Corsica, and before she wrote the scenario, Miss Hayward took a trip to that country so that she might get correct local colour all through.

Dismal Desmond makes his Bow-Wow!

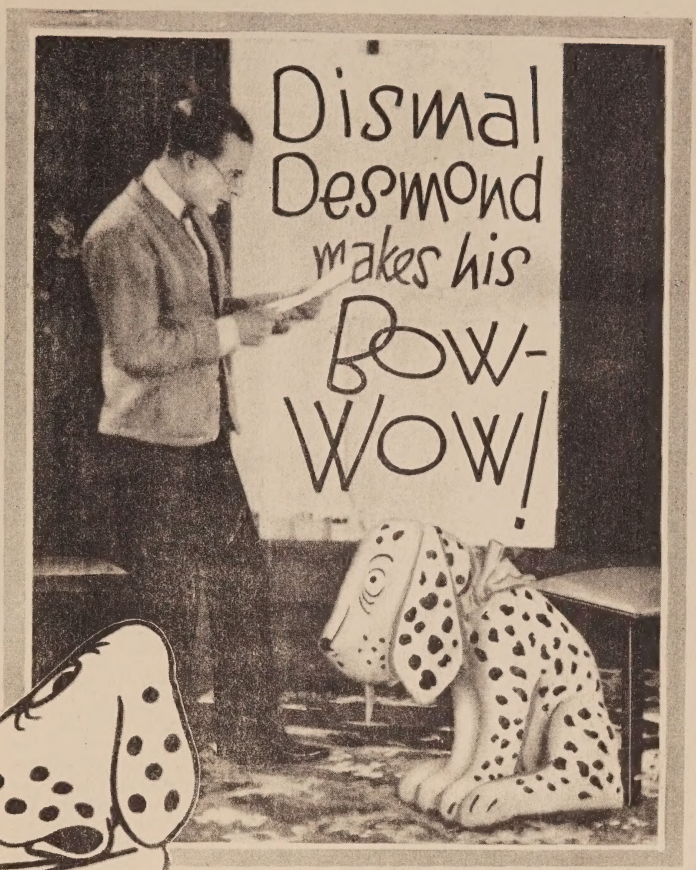
"Dismal Desmond" commenced his career as a toy for the tots, but looks like attaining a ripe old age as a film favourite.

New stars are no uncommon appearance in the film firmament. Every day some fresh "discovery" is heralded by an excited press agent, and there is one more dazzling personality, whose wonderful smile, glorious eyes, and incomparable beauty" are added to the already bewilderingly full list of fandom's adored.

The advent of so many newcomers has done much to overcrowd the profession, and the fickle public, now that it has so many favourites to choose from, is apt to lose interest rather quickly. To retain popularity, one must have an individuality and a personality all one's own.

That's why the very latest public character to make his screen debut is going to get his little spotted paw on the top rung of the ladder of Fame—and stay there!

Of course, you all know him, off the screen. Dismal Desmond's lugubrious countenance has become familiar to every British household. The little black and white tike has a film public ready made and waiting eagerly for his first appearance on the screen.



Above: Here is Desmond with his film sponsor, J. Noble Left: "I don't want to be happy!"

He will be seen in the Gaumont Mirror, the latest British "screen magazine," in a series of cartoons, drawn and filmed by the two Noble brothers, who have been instrumental in the production of some thirty cartoons during the past three years.

Desmond, whose nationality is entirely British, first came into being at the last boat race, when he was presented, as a mascot, to the defeated crew. He immediately became a general favourite, and Deans, who are responsible for his manufacture, have been kept busy ever since.

Desmond's adventures, before he decided to become a film star were many and varied. He was Chapman's mascot, when he captained the last test match, and he is also a great favourite with Sir Alan Cobham and his two children. So popular is Desmond that he has even had a song written about him, which was one of last year's biggest panto hits.

Desmond's first screen appearance was an auspicious one for him. He was included in the programme shown to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, when the latter visited the New Gallery Kinema to see the Gaumont Hospital Film, prepared in connection with the Hospital Appeal Campaign.

Having "played before Royalty" so early in his career, Desmond should lose any tendency to camera consciousness or stage fright and don greasepaint like a veteran.

Desmond presents a more than ordinarily difficult task to Mr. Noble, who is re-creating him for the screen, because of the extra pencil work that his many spots entail. The films are being made at the rate of one a week—and all Desmond's adventures are, of course, misadventures, hence the permanently sad expression. Owing to the special process used it is impossible to "hold" a drawing stationary for more than one exposure, and 16 exposures are thrown on the screen every second while the film is running.

As the average cartoon runs about eight minutes, this means that, providing the dog is on the screen the whole time, he has to be drawn about eight thousand times. Now Desmond shows between 15 and 30 black spots, according to his position. Averaging this at 22 spots, drawn eight thousand times, we get the terrific number of 176,000 spots to a film. If Desmond has all this on his mind, it's no wonder he looks so dismal!

Of course, titling, etc., interspersed, cuts this down considerably, but there's no doubt filming Desmond causes some work, both for the photographer and the cartoonist. Mr. Noble is a great believer in detail and takes as much trouble with a cartoon as the average producer does with a six-reeler. Full size sets are put up, actors are rehearsed, and the whole action is gone through many times before taking.

Now Desmond is eagerly awaiting his first fan mail, and every time the postman comes he may be seen with one lugubrious eye turned to the door—waiting for the rush!

The Hap'orth of Tar

By W. B. TURNER

Inattention to detail has been the undoing of many an otherwise good film.

"That little more," said the poet, "how much it is." He was quite right; how many a good vessel has been spoiled for a hap'orth of tar. How many a good film has been ruined by some small inattention to detail.

Think how much better it would have been had the producer of the English version of that early Georgian romance, *The Amateur Gentleman*, noticed that the actor who played "Jasper Gaunt" wore, in one important sequence, an aggressively modern wrist-watch; and if only John S. Robertson had paid a little more attention to costume in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—his "peelers" carried "Bulls-eyes"—there would have been absolutely nothing wrong with Barrymore's masterpiece of the macabre.

But we are not concerned with anachronisms—they creep into everything, and are possibly excusable. When, however, a play or film that should be a success, has even one solitary "fly in the ointment," it shows that someone has economised in tar.

Douglas Fairbanks' *Thief of Bagdad* was a gorgeous achievement; it showed, once and for all, that the movies could drive Maskelyne's out of business if they liked. The courage and care that Doug. put into the film are deserving of the highest praise—BUT—and I'm afraid it's rather a big "but"—why wasn't he consistent?

His "props" included a flying carpet, a fire-breathing dragon, an invisible cloak, and an army that came up in smoke, all excellently done. But he shouldn't have tried to cut down expenses in the matter of the winged horse. An Arab steed was needed, a cart horse was used. That was the only fault in the film, but it was enough to make Pegasus, the founder of the family, turn in his equine grave.

John Barrymore was guilty of another zoological error in *The Sea Beast*, a title that could have applied to either of the principals in the film—"Captain Ahab," the monomaniac, or "Moby Dick," the white whale. The first was excellent; played by Barrymore, it could not have been anything else, but the second was hardly seen at all, and when it was, looked entirely unconvincing.

Surely, with the present resources of the camera, something could have been done about this. Surely, too, a real garden could have been found for the idealistic love-scenes, instead of the obvious studio set erected before a painted back-cloth which was used in its stead. I am, also, uncertain whether it is possible for a man to swim out to a whale and calmly insert a harpoon in its side, as John Barrymore did.

Sometimes, of course, the mistake does not arise from a desire to cut down expenses; it was not misplaced economy that made *When Knighthood was in Flower* such a classic example of "how not to do it." Robert Vignola, the producer, laid himself

Above: The model ship used in "Captain Blood."

Below: John Barrymore was convincing enough in "The Sea Beast," but Moby Dick, the great white whale, was not.

open, on the contrary, to the accusation of lavishness, but all the same he gave us a musical comedy English princess, and a comic history of Tudor England.

The atmosphere here was totally and entirely incorrect, and the humour—or pathos—of the whole affair was heightened by the fact that the sponsors of this burlesque honestly believed they had presented us an authentic page of our history.

So deep-seated was their belief in their powers of recreating the past that they soon issued *Yolanda*, with the same director and the same star. This was a page from French history.

Here all the principals looked as if they were wealthy Americans, who, having "dressed up" for a fancy-dress party, were feverisly wishing they hadn't. I've never seen any actor look more uncomfortable than Ralph Graves did in his suit of armour.

Vitagraph's filming of Rafael Sabatini's fine novel, *Captain Blood*, was marred by the same lack of foresight. In the first place, Warren Kerrigan was miscast as the suave buccaneer hero; that could be forgiven, because he acted well enough in an entirely unsuitable part, but Vitagraph fell badly over depicting the sea-fights which are such an important feature of the book.

It was obvious that models had been used, and not with a great amount of skill, either. It was a pity, because care had so evidently been taken with the authenticity of the rest of the film.

Another case in point is Cecil B. de Mille's *The Ten Commandments;* the Biblical prologue was an extremely impressive piece of work; a sermon in celluloid. De Mille was thoroughly at home in depicting the opulent luxury of Pharaoh's court, and his showing of the Red Sea passage by the Israelites gained a gasp of involuntary admiration from most audiences.

He then attempted what must always be regarded as a dangerous experiment; he endeavoured to point out the moral. To accomplish this, he followed the destruction of the host of Egypt and the Israelite's worship of the Golden Calf by a modern story, beautifully mounted and exceedingly well acted, but with a theme that would have done credit only to a fourpenny "shocker." By the time one had finished the fortunes of the good boy and the bad boy of the family, one had forgotten the excellence of the prologue.

The film version of Victor Hugo's mighty work, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* was another example of lack of forethought.

How many a good vessel has been spoiled for a hap'orth of tar; how many a good film has been ruined by some small inattention to detail!

Left: Forrest Stanley in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Below: Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy in "The Ten Commandments."

Below: Marion Davies in "Yolanda."

A Word with Cleopatra

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Lya de Putti, the girl who puts the "amp" in vamp, pauses for breath and tells PICTUREGOER readers about herself.

"Madame de Putti will receive you in her bedroom," said the secretary: "*Bitte hineintreten.*"

A slight cold—I understood perfectly. *Mein herr* would excuse the négligée? Assuredly. So, with an unspoken prayer to the shades of Marc Antony, I entered the presence of Lya de Putti, to-day's only legitimate successor to Cleo, the vamp of the queens and queen of the vamps.

Whatever ideas I had about the appearance of movie vamps' bedrooms, I certainly wasn't prepared for what I discovered. Perhaps the reality was just a shade disappointing. If Nita Naldi decorated her chamber (as rumour tells us) with green silk hangings and lone lilies in tall jasper vases, one might expect the de Putti setting to exhibit something in the direction of daringly artistic tone-clashes and Caligari windows.

In point of fact, however, there was nothing to single out the room from any luxurious hotel bedroom in New York, save . . . a large, beautiful antique crucifix hung over the bed. And, of course, Lya herself—an exotic, brown-skinned creature, exhaling some heady oriental perfume, looking out from under half-closed lids and extending her hand for the formal German salutation. Lya is one of those extremely rare people who can have a cold artistically.

With very little English on one side, and still less German on the other, we had to compromise on French for our conversation. It was in a quaintly guttural version of this language that Lya told me of her misfortunes in New York which have prevented her from learning English more quickly. She has seen and done nothing except sleep and eat at the hotel and act at the studio.

The day after her arrival from Berlin she got appendicitis and had to have an operation. Since then periodic colds have attacked her, until recently her tonsils also required the surgeon's attentions. It will be an appendix-less and tonsil-less Lya who lures her next screen victim to worse than death.

Meanwhile, however, Lya Putti is rapidly losing weight—as can well be imagined, after parting with two such integral members of her anatomy as the appendix and the tonsils. This is all just as it should be, for Lya has discovered to her cost that America likes its screen beauties several sizes smaller than Germany.

In the two pictures in which she has so far appeared in New York—*Sorrows of Satan* and *The Prince of Tempters*—she has given rise to a good deal of critical comment on her plumpness. Now, as she explained to me most earnestly, what is called plump in America is called slim and boyish in the Vaterland.

But she so loves America, not to mention its very excellent dollars, that she has now decided not to return to the Ufa Studios, Neubabelsberg, where she scored all her big triumphs. So now she is helping on the work started by the surgeons, by means of a rigorous diet which allows her little more than two or three raw vitamins in her morning tea and an occasional crab-apple at sundown.

A remarkably practical person, this Lya de Putti, for all her girlish pranks when let loose in front of a camera with something in trousers. She admitted freely that Germany made the best pictures and she enjoyed playing in them. But what would you have? Germany looks on the kinema as an art, America as a business.

An artistic study of Lya de Putti, the talented and beautiful Hungarian film star, whose vamping propensities (on the screen!) out-Cleo Cleopatra.

For her part, she was a business woman, and she didn't care who knew it. America was entertaining the masses and reaping the benefit. She was sorry for the Ufa people, whose ideals have been shattered by commercial failure. But America paid her twice as much to vamp its youthful stars as Germany could pay for a gigantic rôle like "Manon," which, incidentally, she considered her best part. She was not there for her health, and that was all there was to be said.

Emil Jannings, too, she opined, would probably not return to Germany, for some years at any rate. Paramount had contracted to pay him 10,000 dollars a week, which is almost double what their next highest-paid star, Adolphe Menjou, receives. In Germany he was a public idol, but in America he would be a millionaire.

Lya preferred to draw a veil over her artistic but comparatively impoverished past. She now had a luxurious suite at the exclusive Buckingham Hotel, New York, and a most attractive arrangement with the Famous Players Corporation, whereby she receives certain moneys in return for leading young men astray at the Long Island Studio. What more could any woman ask? I made every effort to draw her on the subject of her rumoured engagement to Ben Lyon, but in vain.

As for her start in her screen career, she explained it frankly and briefly. "I was sixteen. I was left alone in the world. *Bien.* I assessed my valuable property. It consisted of a handsome, unusual face, a well-formed body, and the Hungarian temperament (for I am Hungarian, not German).

"I looked around and found a vaudeville impresario who was looking for just these things. That was how I began my first stage engagement—as a member of a double music-hall act. I danced my way into the attention of Erich Pommer, then the Ufa director, and *voilà*! I was a film actress."

It sounds absurdly simple, told like that. But then Lya has the advantage over ninety-nine out of a hun-

dred would-be stars—that of knowing what she wants and exactly what she has to offer for it.

Hitherto, partly owing to her illness and partly to Paramount's conventional leisureliness, she has played small parts and not many of them. Now, however, she is to be starred in stories specially written for her.

The first will be called *Champagne*, and will probably be directed by young Mal St. Clair.

The most remarkable thing about Lya Putti remains to be told. As I rose to go, I apologised for my delay in arranging this interview for PICTUREGOER, owing to my failure to reach her on the 'phone on the previous Sunday. "I rang you up at 8.45, at 11, and again at 5 in the afternoon," I told her. "I suppose you must have been spending the day in the country?"

"Oh, no," was her reply; "of course, I was at church." And I glanced back at the big crucifix over the bed, which was the only ornament on the walls of the room. Thus Lya de Putti.

Three scenes taken from "Vaudeville," in which Lya played opposite Emil Jannings.

Exceeding the Time Limit

By JOSIE P. LEDERER.

The second seven years of movie fame have many pitfalls which only the fittest survive.

There is a limit unto all things, the wise men tell us, and the Wise Men of Movieland are agreed that the time-limit of screen stardom is seven years.

Bearing in mind the constant crowd of new faces and personalities continually invading the kinema, seven years of plenty is a fairly good innings.

With fresh stars rising overnight, small wonder that the public fancy is somewhat fickle. It is inevitable that the stellar lights of other days must disappear, some quickly, some slowly, but all inevitably, to make way for the newcomers.

Yet, there are a few, a very few of the earliest screen favourites still in their places at the top.

These are the exceptions, for whom Time has seemingly stood still. They have triumphantly exceeded all time limits, and are growing steadily greater, even yet.

Of these old timers, pride of place goes to Mary Pickford. For over fifteen years she has been a star, almost an idol, and has kept her place in the teeth of very strenuous competition.

Next longest, as years go, is Harry Carey's record. Carey, like Mary, was an A.B. (American Biograph) star. Like her, he too is still a star, and has never taken second place.

Norma Talmadge comes third on the list, and she, like Mary, looks far younger and prettier to-day than when she played her first prominent rôle—that of the daughter—in Vitagraph's *Battle Cry of Peace.*

She has not always been fortunate in stories, nor directors; many times Norma has been reported "slipping," but, somehow or other, she has managed to steer clear of the rocks and shoals and keep to her shining course.

The two stars next in order of service are Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. Chaplin keeps his place by sheer genius. After eleven years of unvarying success, if not unvarying effort, he is assuredly greater to-day than yesterday.

Left: "Ding-dong-dell, Charlie's in the well!" — Mary Pickford, Doug. Fairbanks, and Charles Chaplin indulge in a little harmless fun.

Circle: Thomas Meighan. Left: Harry Carey.

His achievements are unique, and likely to be more so if he fulfils his threat of playing "Napoleon."

With Fairbanks, affairs are different. Douglas started his film life as a stunt comedian, and made good that way. But what a distance he has covered since then!

It does not seem nine years since Conway Tearle first attained stardom, but the calendar cannot lie. On the strength of a persistent frown and a pair of expressive eyebrows, Conway has conquered; with intervals of co-starring, he somehow or other keeps in line.

Out of a quartette who have been starred for eight years constantly,

three are still stars and one has slipped back into supporting, and (occasionally) featured rôles. Priscilla Dean, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan and Owen Moore all had their names in electrics about the same time.

Thomas Meighan has kept on being a star by force of personality.

He has had the worst stories imaginable, he has ceased to act for years, yet he has kept his following and keeps renewing his contract with the first producing company who starred him.

Irish luck? Perhaps. But 1927 will see Meighan doing a little acting for a change. He has finished *Tin Gods,* and is making a screen version of "The Land of Promise," both good dramatic stories, so that, whoever sinks this year, it will not be Tom Meighan.

The fate of the other two, Lillian Gish and Priscilla Dean, is on the knees of the movie gods. Both have been missing from celluloid realms for months at a time. Both have appeared to their disadvantage, and both have tried to make a get-away from their previous accepted types.

Priscilla tried becoming a stunt artist. Lillian, in *La Bohème, The Scarlet Letter,* and *The Wind,* travelled worlds away from the hunted, haunted screen-flower she used to be.

Of our latter-day stars, how many, or how few, will be able to show a record like this in the days to come?

Above: Here is Colleen Moore before she had her boyish bob.

Right: Norma Talmadge's charm and talent has increased with the years.

At random one can select half a dozen. Gloria Swanson, because of her unique sense of publicity and box office values, as much as for her ability as an artist. Both are very high.

Colleen Moore, because she is a comedienne, that *rara avis* in screenland, and has an unusually strong driving force behind her in the shape of John McCormick.

Pola Negri, because you can't keep a genius down. Goodness knows, everybody and everything have tried to hard enough. But, like Tom Meighan, Pola Negri has the public with her wherever she goes and whatever she is forced to do.

Tom Mix, because of what he represents, and because there will always be boys of all ages. Mix is easily the first of the cowboys, and is likely to be the last as well.

Corinne Griffith, because she is universally acknowledged the loveliest woman on the screen, and is fast becoming an actress as well, with a leaning towards comedy.

Harold Lloyd, because he seems to have the most competent company of fun-makers in the colony, and knows when to let well alone.

All these stars have been stars for seven consecutive years, with the exception of Gloria Swanson (the best out of the lot!). Five is her figure.

All these have already exceeded the present time limit of seven years—nearly twice as long as the standard period of stardom in the past.

How many will carry on triumphantly for another seven years?

A Gift From Gladys Cooper

FREE TO EVERY PICTUREGOER READER!

Don't miss the February issue of THE PICTUREGOER. The number will be priced one shilling, as usual; it will be packed with beautiful photographs and enthralling articles, as usual, *and, in addition—*

Every purchaser of the February PICTUREGOER will find in his or her copy a full-size sixpenny packet of Gladys Cooper's own hair shampoo.

This generous gift is free to all our readers. There will be no coupons to fill up before you receive the present— all you have to do is to purchase a copy of the February issue. But as the demand is certain to exceed the supply you will be well advised to ask your newsagent to reserve you a copy NOW. An order form appears on page 63.

Remember, the hair shampoo presented free with our February issue is Gladys Cooper's own preparation. As everybody knows, Gladys Cooper, reigning queen of beauty, is the possessor of the loveliest hair imaginable, and every post brings her letters from admirers in every quarter of the globe, anxious to learn her beauty secrets.

In these days of shingles and bobs, women are more eager than ever to preserve the good colour and natural lustre of their hair, and it is only to be expected that they should seek advice from one who possesses the priceless secret of a wonderful shampoo.

The shampoo, which has been used by Miss Cooper's hairdresser for many years, is a special preparation of herbs and other carefully blended ingredients. It has proved extraordinarily beneficial to the health of the scalp, and the colour and sheen of the hair, and is, without doubt, a truly remarkable preparation.

This shampoo was, of course, liquid, but after many experiments it has been found possible to concentrate the recipe in powder form, which makes it more convenient for handling.

The Free Gift is *not* a mere sample of this super-shampoo, but a full-size sixpenny packet, containing sufficient of the powder to enable you to give the preparation a thorough test. So with the February PICTUREGOER, you will get one-and-sixpence in value for your shilling.

Owing to difficulties in transport and packing, this Free Gift offer can not be extended to Foreign and Colonial readers on this occasion, but every copy of the PICTUREGOER sold in the British Isles will contain a sixpenny packet of the shampoo.

Once again, place your order NOW for the February issue, or you may be doomed to disappointment. In addition to the Free Gift and many fine features, the February PICTUREGOER will contain a valuable article on the care of the hair, specially contributed by Gladys Cooper. Don't miss it!

And don't forget to let your friends know about this generous offer. They will thank you for telling them of the wonderful value that every purchaser of the February PICTUREGOER will receive. Do it now.

Gladys Cooper, whose wonderful hair has always been the envy of her feminine admirers.

Oh Those Resolutions!

Above: Syd Chaplin takes this resolution business seriously. Left: Myrna Loy has great intentions for 1927. Below: Anna Q. Nilsson is resolved that her New Year adventures shall fill a book.

Stars may come and stars may go, but good resolutions go on for ever.

Of course we all make them, even in this enlightened age of ours—those New Year resolutions, beloved of the comic paper writers. We must have something to write on the first clean leaf of the New Year, although past experience tells us how easily, how quickly and how inevitably the hand of Time erases the record of our good intentions.

Screenland has its New Year resolutions, too, and many are the vows that come into being regularly on the first of every January, only to find an ignominious place on the rubbish heap of lost endeavour before February arrives on the scene.

Syd Chaplin is a champion resolution maker. On the first day of every year he buys himself a nice, neat diary, and the first resolution he makes is that he will write in it every day during the year to come, and so keep a really useful record of everything of importance that happens to him.

This, too, is a favourite resolution of Patsy Rut' Miller's, but, like most other diary keepers, they neither of them manage to go very far into the year without forgetting to "enter up."

Mary Pickford's resolution is always the same, and I think most people will agree that she usually keeps hers very creditably. She makes a vow that she will try to make each picture that she appears in that year, bigger and better than the one that preceded.

Bebe Daniels, who is a reckless horsewoman, recently had a bad accident in New York, when she was thrown during a canter in the park, so her resolution is to be very, very careful from now on.

Myrna Loy, the new Warner player, has resolved to do something really big in pictures before the year is out. From what we have already seen of her it looks as though this is one resolution that will be kept.

But of all this year's vows, Anna Q. Nilsson's is perhaps the most intriguing. Anna has resolved, that come what will, she is going to be ready for it. "I want to have lots of adventures," she says, "and the only way to have those is to grasp whatever comes to one, and make the most of it."

From Hollywood come plenty of other resolutions, good and bad. If only some players we know would resolve never to make another picture, and if some others would resolve to make twice as many as they usually do, and if they would all keep their resolutions faithfully, what a bright outlook there would be for the screen of 1927!

That a "Volga Boatman" may look at a queen is amply proved by Elinor Fair and Victor Varconi in "The Volga Boatman."

Object Matrimony

By BILL BRADBURY

It has been said that "only the brave deserve the fair," but the stronger sex need all their courage these days to escape from what they deserve!

When the Prince of Wales told the world that "Trade follows the film," he "said a mouthful," as our American cousins would pithily put it. For hatters are working overtime these days.

Not even the most modest of our sex can help feeling ultra pleased with himself when he comes out of a kinema. We really are wonderful fellows, we men—we must be, else beautiful women would not fight each other for the honour of leading us to the altar.

Gone for evermore, in the movies, at any rate, are the days when Adam fought for Eve, and had hard work to win her. Now, Eve fights for Adam, and sticks at nothing to win him—her motto is, "Get your man."

All Adam has to do is sit tight, watch the fur fly, and then complacently allow the prettiest of the contestants to think herself lucky because she has got him.

Circle: Poor Ben Turpin; he doesn't stand an earthly in "Pitfalls of a Big City."

Film heroines are getting bolder and bolder. They are out to win—a husband, and they don't care who knows it. The stars have made a fine art of it, and each has surefire methods all her own.

Some stars, like Norma Shearer in *His Secretary*, dress to attract the man they have marked down as their prey; others, like Mae Murray, undress for the same purpose.

No doubt they know their business, for the result is always victory. Not always an easy victory, however. Norma Talmadge took nearly seven reels to make Ronald Colman come up to the scratch in *Kiki*.

She planted herself upon the poor young man, refused to leave his house, refused to let him telephone his fiancée, fell into his arms half a dozen times, and then fell into a trance rather than let him out of her sight.

What chance had he against such persistency?

Not an earthly, the lucky dog!

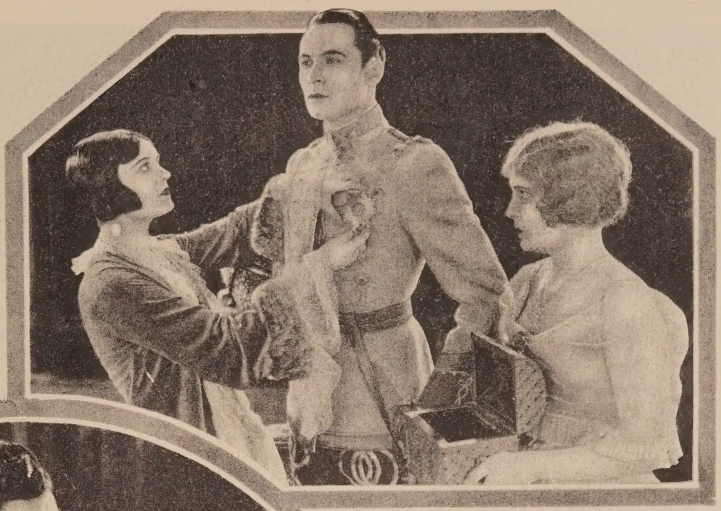
The gentleman who swam the Hellespont to be near his lady love had nothing on "Kiki." He only braved the fury of the angry waters

—she braved the fury of a women scorned (the other woman), and the fury of an angry valet armed with a hat pin into the bargain. But look at the prize she won—a man!

When Constance Talmadge makes up her mind, on the screen, that she wants a husband, she fixes her victim with a wide-eyed glance from a pair of saucy brown eyes, smiles at him twice, frowns once, and he falls.

The audience know this, even if the victim does not; but sometimes the male fish wriggles on its hook, and thus five reel comedies are made.

What sacrifices film heroines make for this best of all reasons! One will cut off her hair, like Laura La Plante did in the film version of "Ann's an Idiot." Another will work her fingers to the bone for him, like Vera Reynolds did in *The Golden Bed.*



Above: Rod La Rocque made a hard fight of it against Pola Negri's wicked wiles in "The Forbidden Paradise."

Below: Even John Gilbert succumbs to Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow."

Princesses will step down from their thrones for Volga Boatmen; Queens will forget they are Queens for a *Forbidden Paradise;* Betty Blythes will walk into the fire for "Allan Quatermaines." And very nice too.

No woman, however unversed in the ways of the world, need go husbandless whilst she can afford the price of a seat in a kinema once a week. That is the reason there are always so many more women than men in any kinema audience any time.

There are some poor stiffs like Ricardo Cortez, and others, who actually lay themselves out to fascinate women by carrying them off, beating them, and otherwise ill-using them. They know the old saying about a woman and a carpet—both take a lot of beating, and are all the better after it.

But the wise guys act like Adolphe Menjou—they are used to the wiles of womankind, and they let their feminine friends see it. This makes them prizes of extra value, and the fight for their attentions becomes a battle royal, wherein the worst one usually wins.

Sam Weller's advice regarding widows is as true to-day as in the days in which Dickens made him utter it. Widows are more subtle in their methods, for they usually commence by disdaining the man they have marked down for "No. 2," like Aileen Pringle in *His Hour,* and Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow.*

Which causes the disdained one immediately to feel that life is not worth living unless he can make dear lady Disdain smile on him. Exactly to plan, only the game is a difficult one, and the player often has hard work to keep up her pretence until she has got her quarry eating out of her hand, so to speak.

Scarcely a week goes by without a screen version of Cinderella in some shape or form being released. In every case Cinderella only wants to go to the ball because Prince Charming will be there, too, and she's so afraid some other girl might get in a bit of telling work. She knows how much more beautiful she looks in evening dress than in ordinary dress, and *voilá!*

Marie Prevost is a very fine example of the neck-or-nothing type of man-hunter on the screen. She is so pretty that most men are easy money to her, but now and again she meets her match, and then she schemes and schemes until she gets him where she wants him.

It does not help him if he sings "You made me love you when I didn't want to do it." Sometimes he is lucky, and the nice girl forgives him as in *Tarnish,* but this is one of the exceptions which prove the rule—of women.

Don't tell me Dorothy Gish didn't know what she was starting when she laid in wait for King Charles in *Nell Gwyn.* The poor man was no match for her from the beginning, for, having taken a fancy to him, she had already made up her mind to make him take a fancy to her, and the process did not take very long, either.

Film heroines *never* run away from film heroes now—they run *after* them, and grab them while the going is good. Even when the hero is Ben Turpin.

And the way "Wendy" pursued "Peter Pan" with her attentions made it perfectly clear that, had he accepted "Mrs. Darling's" invitation, he would have become a common-or-garden husband in time.

Watching Leatrice Joy, Gloria Swanson, and the many other adepts who typify the modern attitude, makes one feel that it *is* good to be the bone of contention. I'm tickled to death. *I'm* single, anyway.

G. K. ARTHUR

Makes the poorest picture worth the price of a good seat, and his smile is said to be the most infectious in Hollywood. We are proud to say he is an Englishman, although, apart from "Kipps," his best rôles have been American ones. You will see him in "Bardelys the Magnificent" when it is released in September.

MAY McAVOY

Is evidently angling for "gentlemen." The blonde wig she wears in "Ben Hur" neither enhances nor detracts from her charm, as May is consistently beautiful. And as "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Ben Hur," "The Passionate Quest," etc., show, she has an exceptional amount of talent as well. In 1919 *May was simply an extra girl, till Stuart Blackton found her.*

PATSY RUTH MILLER

Who has at last succumbed to the modern boyish hair-cut, was born at St. Louis in 1905, and was introduced into the movie world through the Bathing Beach. She is just five feet two inches of vivaciousness and elf-like charm, yet, despite her diminutive stature, Patsy is a great athlete. "College Widows" and "Wolf's Clothing" are to be her next productions.

GEORGE LEWIS

A new star in the movie firmament, and a very bright one, too. He made his name as one of the sons in "His People," since when he has been much in demand. His first prominent rôle is to be opposite Mary Philbin in her next picture, "Lealyon." George's romantic, dark eyse, fine physique, and infectious smile should carry him to fame in the film world.

LYA MARA

Daughter of Germany, came to London to be present at the first showing at the New Scala of her starring vehicle—the film version of Strauss' immortal opera—"The Blue Danube." A brilliant and vivacious comedienne, Lya makes the most of a rather flimsy rôle.

Secrets of the Stars

By RUTH HARRIET LOUISE

Ruth Harriet Louise, the only woman photographer in motion pictures, tells stories of famous film stars as she knows them. The beautiful study of Carmel Myers on the cover of this issue is a striking example of her artistry.

"What are they *really* like, these stars? How do you find them, when they come to your studio? Are they as sweet, or as funny, or as thrilling as they appear on the screen?"

Scarcely a day goes by without one of these questions, or perhaps all of them, being flung at me by eager individuals who regard my work as Portrait Photographer to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—and the M.G.M. stars—with intense envy!

It is lovely, I admit, to have all the beautiful girls and handsome men in screenland climbing the staircase that leads to my studio, way up on the roof of one of the big buildings at Culver City, where M.G.M. has its home.

But I am interested to find that my point of view about the stars is often quite different from the imaginary personalities created for them by their admirers. Also, I find that having asked me what the stars are really like, people don't always wait for me to tell them what I think and know, but proceed to tell me that, of course, so-and-so's hair is not her own, that so-and-so has a perfectly frightful temper, and that only one half of so-and-so's face is ever allowed to present itself to the camera! Which amuses me very much, as the public invent all sorts of stories about the stars and then insist on sticking to their own incorrect ideas, rather than learn the actual truth.

Well, I've met dozens and dozens of stars up in my "skyline studio," both stars whose job it is to act, other stars whose work is directing. And I rather think I see them as they really are!

To me, while they are posing for my camera, they reveal a side of their personality that is seldom shown to the public. In fact, they are *themselves*. And that is why I find my work so full of interest and constant change. Only too well do I realise the deep hatred so many players possess for a photographer's studio. I've heard famous stars say they would sooner go to the dentist, any day—and mean it!

There are many screen players who can play about gaily for hours in front of a moving picture camera, but directly they are confronted by a "still" camera they become wretched beyond words. It was one of my first tasks to beat down this feeling, when I started my work at the M.G.M. Studios, for I knew I was bound to encounter it. To get good "still" pictures of the stars, I knew I had to make them like coming to my studio; and so I made everything as simple and homelike as possible.

No bizarre decorations, nothing to make you feel you were coming into some special atmosphere; but just a happy jolly room, with a few chairs, a big gramophone, a few backgrounds—and a camera somewhere, as an afterthought!

Above (left to right): Edward Sedgwick, Miss Louise, George Cooper, Bert Roach and Conrad Nagel. The last three named are playing in "Pin Hats."

All the time I am taking pictures I have the gramophone playing the very music that will create the mood I want to get in my portrait of the star; sometimes gay, sometimes pensive, sometimes tragic, sometimes laughing. Yes, music is a wonderful help, and I think the stars like it as much as I do.

It is scarcely two years since I began my work in Hollywood, but in that time I've taken hundreds of pictures of dozens of stars. Repeating nice things one happens to hear about oneself may sound conceited; still, I did happen to hear Kathleen Key, who acts so beautifully in *Ben Hur*, saying one day, as she went down the iron stairs—

"Going to see Ruth Harriet is just like visiting a school chum. You forget who *you* are and what *she* is doing. You just enjoy yourself!"

My excuse for quoting Miss Key's remark is the fact that she summed up exactly what I try to do, and what I want the stars to feel when my camera is catching their moods.

I'd like to tell you something about

these famous folk from my point of view, as it may give a new light to many personalities.

Mae Murray, for instance, is a striking example of the false impressions that can exist about the stars. Most people think of her as a fragile ball of fluff and feathers; a fairy-like creature, careless and casual. In reality, she is one of the hardest-working stars in all screenland. When a picture is in progress she might well be a factory-worker, for she arrives early, leaves late, and never stops working the whole time she is in the studio.

Because she is "fluffy" in type, people are inclined to think she must be "fluffy" in mind—

Left: Charles Ray. Below: Jackie Coogan.

Left: Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno.

perhaps even stupid. Actually she is a brilliant woman, clever beyond ordinary cleverness, and with a keen, quick brain. I am positive Miss Murray knows exactly what she should do to succeed, and once she has made a decision she sticks to it through thick and thin. Photographically, it is a joy to have her in the studio, for she does make such exquisite pictures.

There is another contradictory star: Lillian Gish. Ask someone to describe her, and they are sure to tell you she is "so helpless." One's first instinct, on meeting her, is to exclaim: "What can I do for you?"

After you talk to her and get to know her you realise that she does not need your help at all. She is very complete in herself; very composed; very level-headed and calm. Though she is gently aloof, and has an extremely spiritual appearance, which makes her look delicate, Lillian Gish possesses the executive brain and ability of a man. She never permits

any one to make decisions for her; she makes them for herself.

I don't think she has ever said, "Now, I wonder what I ought to do about that?"—which is exactly what we all imagine she would say. She *knows* what she would do, and does it; and no matter how unexpectedly things may happen, she is never at a loss. It is a great pleasure to talk to her, for she has a very attractive speaking voice, low and soft.

It is one of my theories that every portrait should tell a story, reveal some aspect of character, or interpret a distinct mood. I don't believe in taking a portrait just for the sake of taking it; it has got to *mean* something.

While I am arranging my camera, or talking, I am thinking the thought I want my sitter to get with all my might. Then I explain what I want, and finally turn on the music that is to help in capturing the right mood.

When John Gilbert came up to have portraits made in his *Bardelys the Magnificent* costume, I suggested one that would illustrate the exclamation: "On Guard!" Jack liked this idea, and realised that I wanted to show Bardelys ready for a duel—that man was always fighting!—exulting in the thrill and excitement of a fight, rather than any cruel desire to slay his opponent. There had to be glamour, and romance, and bravado in this picture, so I dragged forth a record of some lilting Hungarian Gipsy Dance, and put it on the gramophone.

In a flash, Jack Gilbert had plunged into a perfectly spontaneous pose, full of courageous gaiety—exactly what I wanted! He is a marvellous subject for photographs, though I believe he

Right: Beautiful Marion Davies.

Above: Renée Adorée in the character of "Melisande," in "The Big Parade." Right: Ramon Novarro.

does not like having his photograph taken. But you have only to give him the ghost of an idea, and he puts himself into an inspired position which needs no more work or arranging because it is perfection!

Jack deserves every scrap of the fame that he has come into, at last, for he has worked long and hard for it, and he is a really great artist. He's just like a great schoolboy, friendly and unaffected, full of pranks and practical jokes. And, like most of the world's great artists, he has a young heart, which, like Peter Pan, refuses to grow up, or grow old.

Renée Adorée, that fascinating little French girl who acted so marvellously with Jack Gilbert in *The Big Parade*, is a living example of the popular idea of what an actress should be. Emotional, with no thought of the future, no earnest reckoning of the consequences of anything she may say or do. Just a child of Nature; carefree, spontaneous, absolutely and most beautifully natural. There is nothing false or sham about Renée Adorée.

When she has a sitting we spend most of the time in hysterics. How that girl can laugh! Everything strikes her as comic, *so* comic. I let her laugh, and laugh with her—you have to do that!—and then, when the laugh is done I get really strong emotional feeling from her, which the camera grabs swiftly.

I wanted a pose for her lovely character, "Melisande," in *The Big Parade*. So I gave her a rosary, outlined the pose, and then played "Ave Maria." The way she reacted to the combination of thought and music was astounding. She doesn't imitate the characters she plays, she *lives* them.

Later on, after *The Big Parade* was released, Renée was asked to sit for a series of portraits showing Anger, Hatred, Terror, Happiness, and so on.

The idea tickled her so much that she laughed and laughed and went on laughing right through the sitting, till people came rushing up to know what the joke was, as our shrieks of mirth spread over the roof-tops. When they knew it was just Renée being photographed for something she thought "so funnee" they knew it was all right. And in spite of her laughter, those pictures were some of the best she has ever had.

It happens sometimes that a sitter bewilders me by revealing a heart full of so many emotions, a nature so complex, that I scarcely know where to start making my pictures, to do justice to my subject. Greta Garbo, the gloriously beautiful Swedish star, is like that. She has so much to give that I knew, when I saw her for the first time, I could never hope to embody it all in one picture. Her personality is so many-sided that I have learned to turn only one side of it to the camera, at a time. Her many moods make her a gorgeous and interesting subject.

I've never seen a young girl who appears so sad. Whatever she is doing, even if she is smiling—and also in her most joyous scenes on the screen—I feel always a sorrowful undercurrent, as though this child, for she is little more in years, had known all the sadness the world can offer. Greta Garbo interests me tremendously, and I look forward to her sittings as I know I shall get something new from her, some unexpected mood or expression every time.

Little Sally O'Neil, that delicious scrap of femininity who has made such a big name for her small self in a very brief career, has a great expression that jumps out whenever she is pleased. "Oh — oh! It's just catsy!" she cries, and skips about the studio, with shining blue eyes.

She is a very lovable child, a queer mixture of tomboy and cherub. I wanted to make a series of Cherubs Heads one

(*Continued on p.* 65.)

Ernest Gillen, whose Mexican descent Miss Louise discovered by accident.

The Man Who Made Mons

That "Mons" is a wonderful film everyone agrees, but few know the record of the man who made it.

A modest man in the film profession, where excessive publicity and competition in every branch has made it necessary for the most retiring to become self-boosters, sounds a bit of a paradox. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true I have just met such a man, and his name is Captain Walter Summers.

So many people talk about things and don't do them. Captain Summers' claim to fame is that he does things and doesn't talk about them. It seems only fair then, that somebody else shall do the talking for him, so that his name as well as his work shall be known to discriminating picturegoers.

Perhaps the best introduction I can give him is to say that he is the man who made *Mons*—because that picture is freshest in the public mind. *Ypres*, too, was another notable British film for which he was responsible.

He has made other pictures besides those dealing with the war, but these latter are by far his greatest achievements.

Perhaps his own war experiences helped him to make *Mons* and *Ypres*, two of the finest war pictures every produced in this or any other country. There are few men better qualified to reconstruct, for screen purposes, some of the outstanding battles in which our troops were engaged during the war.

Walter Summers joined the army immediately on the outbreak of war, and was on active service on and off until 1919. He rose to the rank of captain, won the M.M., the M.C., and the D.C.M., and was wounded five times.

All this, along with the rest of his family history, I managed to drag from him when I interviewed him at the Regent Studios, Surbiton.

He was born, he told me, on September 2, thirty-two years ago. His family is an old theatrical one, and he himself started work in the theatre at an early age, going right through the profession on the production side.

In 1913 he joined the London Production Film Company, and started his film apprenticeship under George Loane Tucker, and the late Harold Shaw, as assistant producer. Then the war intervened, and until 1919, when he came out of the army, the theatrical and film world knew him no longer.

He took up the threads of his old life on his demobilisation, and served under Cecil Hepworth, and later, Henry Edwards.

Amongst other things he wrote scenarios. Up to the present time he has written fifty-four scenarios, only two of which have been financial failures. Some of the best known of the films he has written and produced are *This England, A Couple of Down and Outs, The Unwanted,* and, of course, *Ypres* and *Mons.*

Left: This is taken from one of the most stirring moments in "Mons." Below: A typical Scottie.

His views on film making are interesting and worth repeating.

"I think that by far the best way for Briitsh producers to make a place on the market for British films, is to show a little originality," he told me. "So many think they are going to get ahead by copying the worst type of American film, and pandering to the lowest tastes. I don't think that sort of film really pays in the long run. I've made that type of film myself, to my eternal regret, but I've made up my mind that I shall never do it again. There are so many subjects for films that can be made in natural authentic surroundings, and really interest and amuse people without degrading those who make them. I don't mean only educational and war films. For instance, I have often thought there could be a really good film story written round coal mining."

His next and most ambitious production will be *The Battle of Falkland.* In this, as in all his other war pictures, he will have full official co-operation, and the result will, I have no doubt, be of the usual high standard of this director's work.

E. E. B.

Mandalay!

By KATHLEEN USSHER

Circle: A "gripping" moment in "The Road To Mandalay." Above: Lon Chaney. Left: Lois Moran.

One can almost "hear the paddles chunking" in "The Road to Mandalay."

Lon Chaney—the ever-changing, mobile-featured Man of Many faces, whose film, *The Phantom of the Opera*, the British public will probably never be permitted to see—assumes a new and fearsome physiognomy in *The Road to Mandalay*.

As "Singapore Joe," Czar of the Oriental Underworld, he achieves a singularly grotesque effect by the use of a certain liquid dropped into the eye.

In this dread disguise he reigns supreme, the uncrowned king of a low tavern in Sailor Town, whose ill-gotten gains support in a measure of gentility the daughter who is happily unaware of her father's identity.

Types . . . Types . . . Types jostle each other in the crooked streets of the Eastern city. Fortune-tellers and singing-girls. A Chinese maiden, wearing trousers and painted in all the seven colours of the rainbow. A fat old merchant, puffing philosophically at his long pipe.

Mandalay—the melting-pot of the Eastern people—with its racial polyglot of yellow, black and brown . . . with its whites who have left the traditions of Home . . . of England, France, America . . . farther behind than even thought can travel . . . who have joined the Lost Legion of the Lotus-lovers.

Something of the restlessness of an Oriental seaport, of the ceaseless movement of a city where all the world passes before the door of the man who waits, has been caught by Tod Browning in *The Road to Mandalay*.

Lon Chaney the inimitable, is ideally cast as the dissolute inn-keeper. An actor whose uncanny mastery of make-up has become a tradition, Chaney infuses into the rôle of "Singapore Joe" an atmosphere of eerie horror.

With a cataract obscuring one eye, and an ugly knife scar, he is a menacing enough apparition. In an earlier sequence, however, he is revealed as a young sea captain, the very antithesis of the derelict of later years.

Despite his disfigurements, Chaney, in some miraculous manner, keeps that hint of pathos that lifts all his characterisations above the common rut, and makes even "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" a human and appealing figure.

Lois Moran, the diminutive heroine

of the piece, was educated in Paris, where she danced at the Paris Opera. Later she played leading rôles in French film productions, returning to America to take the screen world by storm in *Stella Dallas*.

Owen Moore (who plays the waterfront renegade known as "The Admiral"), like many another stage and screen star, is an Irishman. He has appeared in innumerable productions, and has the actor's instinct for the opportune touch.

For instance, he suggested to Tod Browning that he should try the experiment of discarding "make-up." Browning vetoed the idea. So Owen made up with scrupulous care. Then he added a vivid necktie to his costume . . . .

"Ye gods! Terrible!" shouted Browning.

"But the necktie's the type," insisted Owen.

"Well then, take off the make-up! Take off something!" roared Browning.

And Owen, secretly elated, removed the make-up.

Henry B. Walthall, the priest of Mandalay, began his career as a barrister, but forsook the musty folios of the law for the glare of the footlights, and subsequently entered films under the Griffith banner. He recently played in *The Scarlet Letter*.

John George is another interesting member of this cosmopolitan cast. He is a Syrian by birth and entered films in New York, later appearing in outstanding rôles in Rex Ingram's *Scaramouche*, and the latter's more recent *Mare Nostrum*.

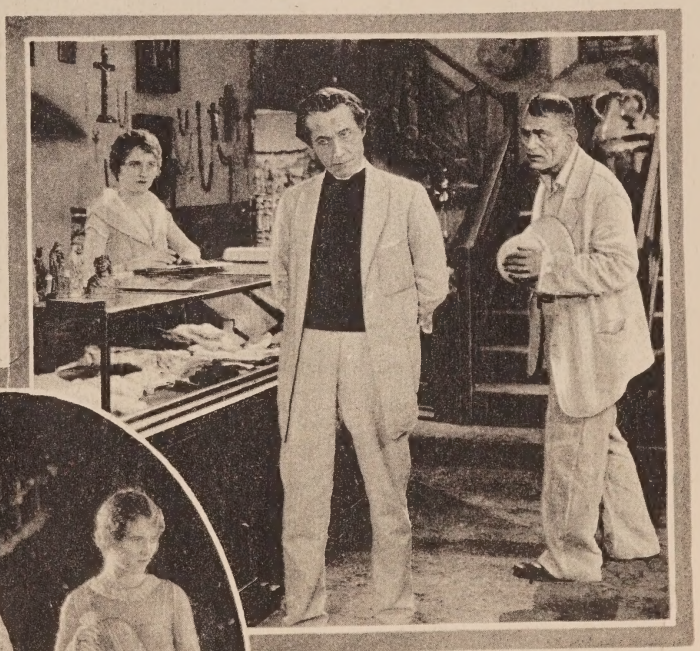
A final word is due to Kamiyama Sojin, the Anglicised Chink of the piece, who is really a blue-blooded Japanese. He took his degree at Wasada University and founded the Little Theatre movement in Japan, playing Ibsen, Wilde, Hauptmann and other highbrow European drama with a Japanese company in their native tongue. He has appeared in *The Thief of Bagdad*, *East of Suez*, and *The Wanderer*.

Malays, Chinese, Japanese and Hindus are represented in this strange tale of Mandalay.

Incidentally, the Chinese actors entertained a horrid superstition about facing the camera. They believed the "movie" outfit had some queer kinship with "the Evil Eye," and a "joss-house," filled with heathen idols, had to be erected on the "lot," before the Celestials could be persuaded to pose!

Singapore's feminine Society array themselves, for the most part, in a simple sarong, or wide cloth band, wrapped four or five times round the body. The cloth is made of pounded mulberry bark and is stained with queer red and blue colours. The belle of the town completes her toilet with a turban-like headgear, jade ear-rings and bracelets and—on state occasions—straw sandals.

Representatives of the studio ransacked San Francisco's Chinatown for Chinese bronze images, brocades, embroideries and genuine jades for the production, with the result that costumes and curios seldom seen by any but the Chinese themselves form an integral part of the picture. These were obtained through the personal friendship of Toi Kalo—Chinese Mogul-millionaire of the Pacific Coast—for Tod Browning, the director.



Top right: an interesting trio, H B. Walthall as the priest, Lois Moran as "Rosemary," the daughter of villainous "Singapore Joe." Right: Owen Moore as the waterfront renegade, steals a glimpse of the lovely "Rosemary."

Browning, however, does not rely on gilded "sets" to create his "atmosphere."

"Many directors," he says, "believe that an audience had rather look at a story laid in a luxurious setting, than at a plain unvarnished tale. That's not my idea, however. I believe that if the story is sound and interesting, an audience will like it, even if it is played before a back-drop.

"All Shakespeare's plays, for instance, were produced, in the first place, in the crudest possible settings, yet because their philosophy was sound, and the story entertaining, they pleased the public of that day."

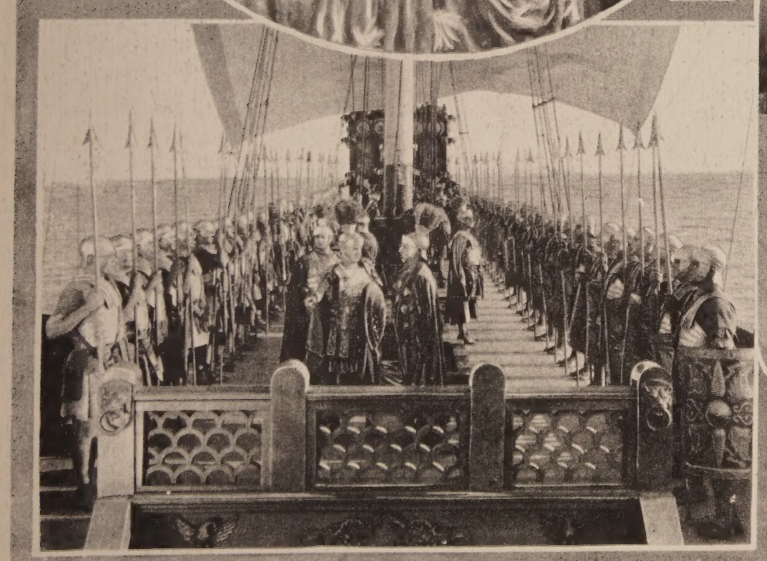
In Lon Chaney, Browning has met his match at last. Chaney's career is no less chequered than his own. Between them, it seems as if this amazing pair had formed a close corporation to dispense to the world at large tabloid films of crook-psychology, and they have already provided the vast picture-going public with several new kinds of thrill in *The Blackbird* and *The Unholy Three*.

The World's Costliest Movie

"Ben Hur," the mighty screen reconstruction of General Lew Wallace's novel, took over three years to produce, and the cost ran into millions of dollars, £200,000 being paid for the screen rights of the book before filming commenced.

Right: Ramon Novarro as Ben Hur in the chariot-racing scene, which is the greatest spectacle in the film. Ramon's work in the title-rôle of the picture has not pleased the majority of his admirers, and the critics have not been too kind to his performance. Centre oval: Ben Hur and the Roman vamp, Iras (Carmel Myers), sent by her lover, Messala, to unmask the identity of the mysterious charioteer. Carmel is so beautiful that no one could blame Ben Hur for succumbing to her charms. Below: The call to arms on the Roman galley when the pirate fleet is sighted.

Left: Francis X. Bushman as Messala, the treacherous friend of Ben Hur. Bushman's acting is one of the outstanding performances in the picture, and his old-time admirers will be delighted at his triumphant return to the screen. Oval: Ben Hur and Arrius on a fragment of wreckage, after the battle between the Romans and the pirates. By saving the life of the Tribune, Ben Hur wins his freedom. Below: Ben Hur is arrested in his home, at the instigation of the treacherous Messala.



Centre circle: Roman galleys under sail. No expense was spared to make the reconstruction of the ancient fighting-ships perfect in every detail. Above: Galley-slaves at their benches. The scenes showing the rowers at work are amazingly effective, and amongst the most successful in the picture. The illustration above shows Arrius, the Roman Tribune, on a tour of inspection. Ramon Novarro is the second figure on the right, at the bottom of the picture. Owing to Ben Hur's courageous demeanour, Arrius orders his release when the pirates attack the Roman fleet.

On Location with Paramount

by Elizabeth Lonergan

Our American representative pays a visit to San Antonio and watches the Rough Riders at work and play.

Studio visiting is no novelty to a newspaper or magazine writer. One learns quickly of the mysteries behind the barred gates, and can quickly adjust oneself to studio conditions. On location it is extremely different, and opportunities to be present are few, unless the picture is being made close to Hollywood or New York City.

In cases of this kind, newspaper writers and visitors of all sorts are invited and welcomed cordially, but when a company moves a couple of thousand miles away from the home office, it is another story.

To my delight, Arch Reeve, who presides over the West Coast publicity for Paramount, invited me to step off and spend a few days in San Antonio on my way back to New York. All my objections were put aside and almost before I realised it, I was travelling eastward through unfamiliar States.

San Antonio is situated in Texas, our largest State, and is only a short distance from the Mexican border. Hence it is a garrison city with troops ready to jump into action at a moment's notice. It was here in 1898, that Theodore Roosevelt, who was more or less unknown outside his native New York, organised the Rough Riders, one of the best known regiments in history.

Men came from all parts of the country and from all walks of life. All they needed to be eligible, was to be fearless in both action and horsemanship. Millionaire's sons rubbed elbows with cowboys, tramps trained with dudes, all impressed by the genius of their leader who literally swept them off their feet.

The success of this group in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, was instrumental in bringing matters to a speedy adjustment, and from being Colonel of the Rough Riders, Roosevelt became successively Governor of New York State and President of the United States.

Few Americans were more beloved than he, and when Paramount decided to film the history of the Rough Riders, they decided to move their company, bag and baggage, to San Antonio, and to make the picture on the self-same spot where the real Rough Riders were trained nearly thirty years ago.

The work which I saw done was so realistic that it seemed impossible that the clock had not been turned back. Old uniforms, old style dresses and even a tandem bicycle upon which two of the chief players, Mary Astor and Charles Emmett Mack, made their appearance into the picture. There was an old barouche, too, from which Noah Beery stepped with all the dignity of the late nineties.

The story is based upon the biography of Roosevelt which Herman Hagerdorn, one of the original Rough Riders, recently completed. There is much that is sentimental in the telling of the story and even more has been unearthed in its filming.

Before the regiment left San Antonio, one of the belles of the city pinned her colours upon one of the gallants. In all the five years he had never seen her until he came to assist with some of the details of the picture. She wrote and recalled the incident to his mind, they met again, shook hands and both probably were glad that they had married someone else.

Above: Col. Fred Lindsay who portrays the rôle of Col. Leonard Wood, and Mary Astor who is leading lady in "The Rough Riders."

"Love's Young Dream" is poetic on paper but it was hard to make it seem so in a photograph! And then there are the one time Rough Riders who visit the set and reminisce. Their stories provide interesting copy for the dailies and this is one location at least which is extremely colourful for the publicity department.

Frank Hopper, who plays Roosevelt, was chosen as the result of a newspaper contest. "Fans" all over the country were asked to help find a double of ex-President Roosevelt. Some of those picked out were impossible and the search seemed a fruitless one. Then in Hollywood a woman saw Frank Hopper eating at a nearby table in a restaurant and prevailed on him to go to the Lasky Studio for a test.

The result was most satisfactory (particularly to the lady who received a five hundred dollar prize!) and Hopper's fine acting proved a surprise to Victor Fleming when he started to direct the picture. As one of the old-timers expressed it, "He looks exactly like the Colonel," and what is more, he has completely entered into the spirit of the picture.

The leading characters are played by Noah Beery as "Sheriff Hells Bells": George Bancroft as "Happy Joe"; and three youngsters who provide an interesting love triangle, Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack and Charles Farrell. When I was on location, John Goodrich, who is writing the scenario,

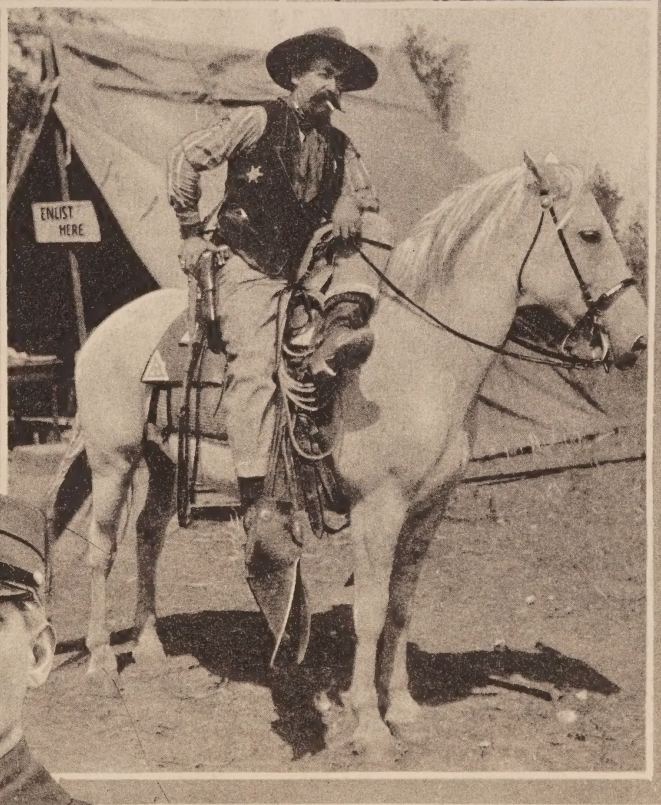
Above: *Frank McDonald and David L. Hughes, two of Roosevelt's Rough Riders who won distinction in the Spanish-American war, show their medals to Mary Astor and Frank Hopper.*

had not definitely decided which boy was to win Mary, but his first name (off the screen) would be "Charlie."

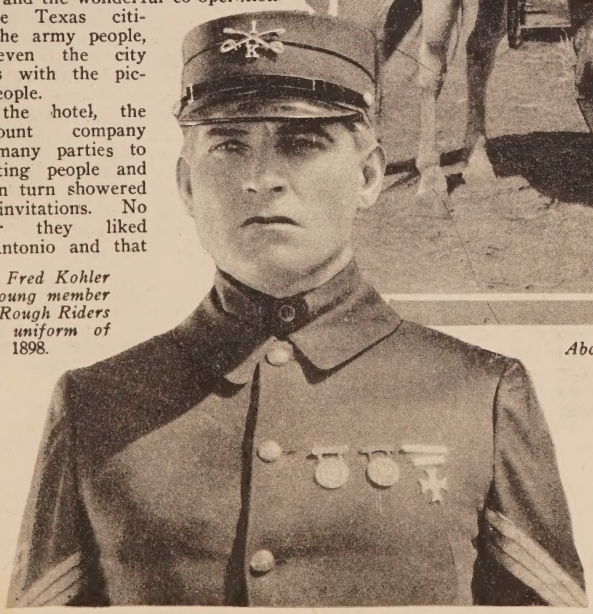
In the picture, Paramount has the co-operation of the United States Government with several thousand troops working in the picture, providing realism and emphasising the interest which the Government has in the making of the picture, which will be another lasting tribute to one of its most distinguished presidents.

I was particularly interested in the large scale upon which were run hundreds of extras, in contrast to a few; vast areas for scenes outdoors instead of the boundary walls of the studio, and the wonderful co-operation of the Texas citizens, the army people, and even the city officials with the picture people.

At the hotel, the Paramount company gave many parties to interesting people and were in turn showered with invitations. No wonder they liked San Antonio and that



Above: *Noah Beery in his "Sheriff Hells Bells" outfit.*



Right: *Fred Kohler as a young member of the Rough Riders in the uniform of 1898.*

San Antonio liked them. Later in the week of my visit, six carloads of actors were due from Hollywood to commence work on *Wings*, another war story with its period in the World War.

Will it be better than *The Rough Riders*? That remains to be seen. War pictures have come and gone with great regularity, but a picture with the world-wide appeal of *The Rough Riders* is not often made. May they both succeed and may I repeat the interesting experiences of a location guest at some other time!

Les Chic Chapeaux

Above: Laura La Plante's blonde beauty resplendent in black velour. Right: A charming model worn by Marion Davies.

Above: Piquancy and pep are the keynotes of both hat and wearer. Pauline Starke in a "tammy" shape in blue felt.

Above: June Marlowe's flowerlike face peeps out very wistfully beneath this becoming brim, reminiscent of poke bonnets and crinolines. The hat is of jade fur felt with band to match. Right: Norma Talmadge's olive beauty is very adequately adorned by this cute little hat of beige, with its original, piped brim.

Above: Again, perfect blondeness, with its accompanying pink and white skin and blue eyes, has an admirable setting in this smart hat of fawn felt worn by Esther Ralston. Esther is one of the favoured few who can wear a brim turned up from the face, and who can carry off with grace the osprey set low at one side.

Except that it weighed nine stone, it might have been a bullet. However, bullets don't shed bowler hats as they fly through space; and this one shed a bowler that most certainly. The bowler that fell beside the railroad track; the projectile itself slithered into a ditch. Then the train went on.

"Hallo!" said Tom Stone, pulling up to look at it.

"'Ello!" said the projectile, clambering out of the ditch.

"Where are you going?" asked Tom.

"Before that guy slung me off the train for ridin' for nothin', I was goin' to work," replied the projectile.

"Where's work?" asked Tom.

"Blowed if I know!" said the projectile, rubbing its elbows.

"Same case myself," said Tom with a grin. "All I've got in the world at the moment is my faithful horse. You can't pawn a horse," he added, whimsically. "I was on the way myself to hit up a job. Say, what's your name?"

"Lefty," said the projectile.

"Very well, Lefty, would you like a lift?"

"Spoken like a toff," said Lefty. "How do I climb up on it?"

Tom showed him how to climb up on it and they set off together. And pretty soon Lefty was beginning the story of his life.

"I'm a boxer by trade," he explained. "That's why they call me Lefty. Only, you see, trade's bad. I was aimin' to get West an' open up in a new burg, when that ticket puncher found me an' slung me off for not havin' a ticket he could punch. Say, 'eaven knows what I'd have done if I hadn't found you. These deserts are sure the limit. Guess you could walk 'em for days and get nowhere. But, as I was sayin'——"

CHARACTERS:

Tom Stone	Tom Mix
Jane Rogers	Eva Novak
Healy	Frank Campeau
Wat Lyman	Forrest Taylor
Jimmy	Mickey Moore
Lefty	Harry Gripp
Krell	Malcolm Waite

Narrated by permission from the Fox film of the same name.

Lefty never finished what he was saying, because at that moment a peculiar sound at no great distance drove what he was saying completely out of his mind.

"Say! Somebody's pottin' bullets!"

"There was only one shot," said Tom, drawing rein.

"One's enough for me," said Lefty.

"We'll investigate," said Tom.

They investigated.

Behind a belt of desert shrubs they came upon an unexpected sight. A man lay bleeding beside a rock, and by his side a small boy was crying.

"They've got him!" cried Tom, urging his steed forward.

"An', say, there's a feller comin' out from behind another rock there. Mebbe it's him shot this guy?" said Lefty.

"Difficult to prove. Better wait and see," said Tom.

They reached the wounded man simultaneously with the "guy from behind the rock," whose name proved afterwards to be Healy, and as Tom jumped down from the saddle Healy glanced at him and said: "Somebody seems to have got him for fair!"

"Ah!" said Lefty. "Somebody. . . ."

"Mighty lot of bandits about here," said Healy. "I was passing and I heard the shot."

"Nobody asked you," said Lefty.

Tom, meantime, was bending over the man on the sand, whose life, it was plain, was quickly ebbing away.

"I'm going!" said the victim of the "pottin'," hoarsely. "There's nothing you chaps can do to save me. Come close and hear what I've got to say."

They gathered round and, after a moment's pause, with difficulty he began to speak again.

"If you'll all look after my boy—if you'll promise that—I'll tell you something. The boy ain't got nobody in the world to look after him when I'm gone."

"We promise that all right," said Tom at once. "You don't have to ask that, in any case."

"Sure," said Lefty.

"Sure," said Healy.

"There's a paper in my inside pocket," went on the man. "Get it out. Somebody's trailed me for that paper, but it's you boys is goin' to get it. All *they* got was me!"

He took the paper in his trembling hands and unfolded it.

"I won this at the tables at Snake Junction," said the dying man. "Me name's Lyman—Wat Lyman. Me boy's name is Jimmy. I won this paper off Krell, the heaviest gambler in this State, and I guess he's a bad loser. It shows the location of the richest gold mine out West, and Krell must want the paper pretty bad. He's had me trailed for it, and he's got me—but he ain't goin' to get this mine, the map's yours—you boys."

"All of us?" said Healy.

"Oh, I'm not a fool," said Lyman. "I've roamed about the world, and I know what trouble a bit o' paper can cause. I don't want to split you boys up because o' quarrels. I want you all to stick together—then I'm surer

The girl . . . galloped back along the track to thank her befriender. "Without your help I could not have won," she said.

the boy'll be well looked after. So that——"

With a weak but sudden movement he tore the paper into three pieces and watched them flutter to the ground.

"So that you each get a third of that paper," he said. "Pick 'em up."

They picked them up—a piece each, and tucked them away in their belts or their pockets. Then the dying man tried to speak again. But his strength was failing. His words came in short gasps, and soon they ceased to mean anything at all. He beckoned the boy Jimmy to his side, and embraced him.

"Good-bye, Jimmy," he said.

"Good-bye, Dad," said the boy through his tears.

"Stay with the boys and they'll look after you good," said Lyman. "They'll—see you've a share—in the mine——"

"Surest thing you know, boss," said Lefty. "Speakin' for my pal here an' meself."

"Me too," Healy supplemented.

Out there in the heart of the desert there was nothing they could do for Lyman but make him comfortable. Within an hour or two he was dead, and then there was nothing remaining but to bury him in a shallow grave that was the best they could achieve without proper implements. At sunset their task was over, and Lefty took the boy Jimmy by the hand and prepared to depart for more cheerful scenes.

"Before we go," said Tom.

They stopped.

"We've got to keep faith with Lyman," Tom went on.

"Who isn't?" demanded Healey, surlily.

"And there's a better way of making sure we stick together than just holding a third of a map," Tom added. "After all, none of us knows the others, and there's no knowing when one of us might take it into his head to acquire two more pieces of map than he's got and hit the trail."

"Sure enough," agreed Lefty.

"Does that include you?" Healy wanted to know.

"It includes all of us," said Tom.

"Well," said Healy. "What's a better way than holding a third of a map?"

"*Remembering* a third of a map, and then burning the whole shoot," said Tom.

"Good boy!" cried Lefty. "You got a New York brain, kid."

"So we'll now sit down for ten minutes, and study hard," said Tom.

They sat down for ten minutes and studied hard; and at the end of the ten minutes the three sections of the map were laid on a rock and set alight.

When the last ash had been blown away by the wind, Tom rose.

"Now," he said, "we're safe. It just won't be profitable for any one of us to walk off and leave the others in the lurch—and it won't be profitable to send stray bullets rambling where they don't belong. After this, we've got to stick together."

"Wisest lad I ever met," said Lefty, gleefully.

"And now," said Tom, "we'd better be making for Snake Junction before nightfall. The mine's some fifty miles to the west, and that's all we need know for the moment. To-morrow we'll take on stores at Snake Junction, and fit up an outfit to go out and stake the claim. You two boys will have to walk. I'll take the nipper in the saddle."

It did not prove as easy as "the boys" had thought to stock the outfit in Snake Junction next morning. In fact it proved impossible. The annual Rodeo was in progress, and nobody in the little town was eager to suspend a holiday for the purpose of doing business.

There was nothing for it, then, but to postpone the plan a day and join in the general rejoicing. This, in a way, Tom welcomed. By entering for one of the events he saw an opportunity of replenishing his depleted purse, and thus further helping the expedition when at length it set forth.

Healy went his own way early, on "business" which the others suspected was not altogether inseparable from gambling saloons and "booze," but neither of them had any particular desire to retain his company. They themselves went down to the sports field to look over the ground.

"It's just the course Tony loves," said Tom, stroking the horse's neck. "With anything like luck, the race is ours."

"Fine!" said Lefty. "Depend on me, boy, to yell my hardest when you're comin' up the straight."

Early in the afternoon they were in their places. Tom's race was the fourth. Near by, the contestants for the third race were lining up, and one of these was a girl of twenty with a beautiful white mare. It was by looking at this girl that Tom was first aware of a lounger standing near and looking at her keenly—and of a frock-coated man with an unpleasant wealth of moustache, who was whispering something to the lounger.

"They're up to tricks," said Tom. "We'd better watch 'em."

"If you ask me," said Lefty, "the girl's a likely winner, and the feller with the face fringe has got his money on the wrong horse. The way they're looking at her, they're out to queer her."

On an inspiration, Lefty dodged through the crowds and came back after a few minutes with the information that the moustached man was none other than the gambler, Krell, who had lost the map to Wat Lyman, and was most likely responsible for his death. More than ever now, did Tom keep his eye on Krell and the lounger. As the time for the race drew near, the gambler and his companion closed in on the girl, and Tom and Lefty closed in on them.

"Oh, and," said Lefty, as if he were conveying the most thrilling news, "the gal's name is Jane Rogers."

The signal for the race went up. The crowds began to hurry off farther down the track. There was nobody

watching but Tom and Lefty. As the pistol was fired, the lounger darted forward and dragged the girl from her saddle. The white mare, plunging, made to dash away, but Lefty grabbed the reins and held it back. And at that moment Tom's fist landed on the side of the lounger's jaw and sent him spinning .

"Hurrah!" yelled Lefty. "Soak him one!"

Krell took a step forward, but already Tom had taken hold of the girl, swung her to the saddle and speeded the white mare down the course. A few people on the edge of the crowd had witnessed the incident, and already a little crowd was forsaking the race for the promise of a fight. Before the lounger had scrambled to his feet a ring was formed.

"Say, Mr. Butt-in, what for did you want to do that?" asked Krell, harshly.

"Just practice," retorted Tom. "Would you like me to practise on you?"

That was how it came to be known ever afterwards in Snake Junction, as the "practice match." Tom practised very effectively on the features of Krell. Krell used his fists quite well so long as they served his purpose; but when the fight was going against him he had no scruples about resorting to novel means. He shattered a travelling band, and fought his opponent with a drum, and even a saxophone, but the end of it was merely that he ended the fight with his head through the drum, and the rest of him in the mud.

This little sideshow was ended in the only way it could have ended, completely to satisfy the amused and excited onlookers. The girl on the white mare won the race, and immediately galloped back along the track to thank her befriender.

"Without your help I could not have won," she said.

Later on, when the races were over, they discovered that Jane, too, was staying at their hotel. They all walked back together, and Tom accounted for the presence of little Jimmy by telling the story of their extraordinary adventure the night before.

"Poor little chap," said Jane. "And he has no home at all, you say?"

"None till we've dug that gold out of the mysterious mine," said Tom.

Out of this little talk came the information that Jane was a young ranch-owner, with a well-equipped ranch some fifteen miles out of town; and it was suggested that she should take charge of the youngster until such time as a home of his own could be provided for him. Everybody fell in with this suggestion—unless it was young Jimmy himself—and when Jane rode out to the ranch next morning she took young Jimmy with her.

"Call and see him on your way out to the mine," said Jane, as she shook hands with her new friends.

"We'll call and see you both!" said Tom.

At which Jane, for some reason, blushed.

When she was gone, Lefty pulled Tom's sleeve.

"Don't want to be throwing a scare at you, boss," he said, "but if my eyesight ain't goin' wrong, I seen Krell talkin' to a guy we know down the road this mornin'."

"Name the guy," said Tom.

"Well, what if it was Healy?" said Lefty.

"Sure?" said Tom.

"Well, my eyesight's pretty good," said Lefty.

"H'm," said Tom. "I guess we won't be wasting time if you keep on using up your eyesight on friend Healy."

"Labour o' love," said Lefty.

During the day, the expedition was fitted out and a start was planned for the following morning. Healy gave no trouble; indeed, he appeared to throw himself heart and soul into the work of preparation. And the next morning he was as willing as any of them to get away. They drew out of the town at six o'clock.

They hurried for the first fifteen miles, and then they tarried quite a while at the ranch of Jane Rogers. Indeed, it was late afternoon before they were once more on their way.

"Everything's going to be plain sailing," said Tom to Lefty as they rode side by side. Healy was behind, supposed to be giving an eye to the stores.

"H'm," said Lefty. "Hope so."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked. "Got any doubts?"

"Well look behind—far behind—and tell me what you see, boss."

Tom looked far behind.

"Cloud of dust," he said presently. "Some other caravan taking this trail. Well, there's no law against it."

"No," agreed Lefty. "Only if we was to pull up for a few hours you'd think that cloud of dust would overtake us, eh?"

"Perhaps it would. Only we're not going to pull up for a few hours, yet."

"But we did—back at the gal's ranch. That cloud of dust was back of us all mornin'. When we pulled up, it did. Boss, I guess Healy's tipped Krell off and we're bein' followed for sure."

"I wonder if you're right?" mused Tom. "Oh well, forewarned is forearmed. We'll keep on watching."

Meantime, an interesting interview was taking place at Jane's ranch.

An old prospector had reined in at the rails and was talking to Jane.

"Them two young fellers what was here, pals o' yours?" he asked.

"They're friends of mine, yes," said Jane.

"Then there's something I reckon you ought to know. I was dozin', back of a bush two miles down the trail, when that Healy feller appears an' has a word with a chap in another outfit that had pulled up near the bush. The

Tom . . . climbed in. Jane was gagged and bound to a chair, but she managed to smile at his unexpected appearance.

chap was old man Krell. Healy, I heard him say he'd tip Krell off the different points as they went along. Dunno what it means, missie; but when Krell's in it, I guess it means something crooked."

"Thanks," said Jane, giving the old man a dollar.

"By the way, that was Krell's outfit went by half an hour after the fust one," said the old prospector.

"I'll attend to it," said Jane.

Five minutes later, astride the white mare, Jane was trailing the trailers.

On the third day the outfit reached the mine. When camp was made Healy slunk away—to get water, he said—but though they were by now suspicious of his every move, they made no effort immediately to follow him. Lefty had more news to impart, and it was easier to impart news when Healy was not around.

"I seen a funny thing to-day, boss," said Lefty. "I seen a little speck of dust, back of the big speck. I saw it from the high land, where the big speck couldn't see it. I reckon there's summun trailin' the trailers. An' if Hallo! Shootin'!"

They ran to the edge of the slope and looked down the valley. There was a second outfit, right enough, camped now with no pretence at secrecy, and there was a hubbub in the midst of it, with firing going on.

"That's Krell's crew all right," said Tom, "and look! —somebody's breaking through —trying to reach us! It's—why, it's Jane!"

"She's wise to the game, somehow, and is trying to warn us."

"Get out the guns and warn the boys!" said Tom.

But it was too late. Even as he spoke. the foremost of Krell's men overtook Jane and dragged her from the saddle. Before the first of the "boys" could be warned, the alarmed watchers saw her cast into a deserted shack by the side of the trail and the door locked on her. All this had taken place at a distance of two miles. Rescue seemed impossible.

"They're floatin' a white flag," announced Lefty. "Summun's comin' up to talk."

Healy came back at this moment, and though they guessed he must know all about it, they acquainted him with this latest development. He had sufficient art to show surprise.

"Wonder what this guy's comin' up to talk about, then?" he said.

The "guy" came, on Krell's behalf, to offer terms that only Krell would offer.

"If you give up the mine he'll let the gal free."

Tom appeared to consider. Then he turned to Healy.

"You go down with this fellow," he said. "Represent us. Ask Krell if he'll consent to split."

Healy went without argument, and once he was out of sight Tom became a perfect whirlwind of action. He knotted a dozen ropes together, sprang to the back of Tony, and taking cover behind the rough scrub, galloped along a ridge to a point immediately above the shack, but out of sight of Krell's camp. Here he dismounted, tied one end of his long rope to Tony's saddle, patted the horse's neck, and clambered down the face of the cliff. Still hidden from the enemy, by the shack itself, he smashed a window and climbed in. Jane was gagged and bound to a chair, but she managed to smile at his unexpected appearance.

"S-sh!" Tom whispered.

The astonished refugees saw Tom waiting for them with ready gun.

His knife cut her bonds in a minute. After another they were through the window and Tom was lashing them together by means of the rope.

"Ready?" he said at last. "Here goes!"

He tugged at the rope and, high above on the cliff, Tony understood the signal, kicked his hoofs and galloped off along the top of the ridge. Rapidly enough for safety, but too rapidly for comfort, Tom and Jane were dragged up the rough surface of the cliff to the ridge above. Then Tony was whistled up and they all set out for the mine.

"When they find you gone it will draw 'em!" said Tom, soberly. "And that means a pretty tough fight."

It did. Within half an hour Krell's gang discovered their loss, and, without further hesitation they came on, shooting as they came.

"We're outnumbered," said Lefty, aghast.

"But not outwitted!" said Tom. "Tell the boys to bring out that box of dynamite sticks we brought for blasting."

The box was brought out; Tom, Lefty and the boys waited till Krell's gang were within hitting distance, and then they opened fire.

Surprise is a pale word to describe the emotions of the Krell gang. It was more like a battle than a fight. One by one the dynamite sticks fell into the attacking ranks, but after five minutes of it, Krell and his handful of survivors were in open retreat. Tom and Lefty, holding their sides with laughter, saw them seek refuge in the very shack which so recently had held Jane prisoner.

"If only we could round them up as well—take 'em prisoners, every one!" said Tom.

"They'll be watching out for that. One move from here and they'd make a getaway. Two miles. Why," said Lefty, "you'd have to fly."

Just then Tom pointed out the wire of an overhead railway that was used to carry buckets of ore down to the valley. This passed immediately over the shack.

"Say," he said, "that would carry four of us down to the valley."

"Except that it's so big it would never clear the shack," said Lefty.

"Fine!" said Tom. "Come, boys! Harness her up!"

The great trolley was hoisted to the overhead railway, and when it was swinging in position, Tom, Lefty and a couple of the "boys" clambered aboard.

"Let her go!" shouted Tom. And they let her go.

Like a bird she went—sweeping through the air till it took the breath from her excited passengers. And then——

Crash!

With a rattle that seemed to shake the heavens the great trolley ploughed her way through the walls of the shack, smashing walls and roof to splinters, and even uprooting the foundations.

The astonished refugees had no time for thought. They crawled out as best they could—to see the trolley swinging above their heads, and Tom and Lefty and the "boys" waiting for them with ready guns.

"Well, Krell," said Tom, "do you give us best, or don't you?"

"Bah!" said Krell. "There's no use in talking to you!"

Tom gave a tender glance upward to the mine.

"Pity you're going for a nice, comfortable stretch to prison," he said. "or you might have come along to my wedding. Not as best man, though. Worst. Line 'em up, boys, and march 'em off. I've got a date with a lady."

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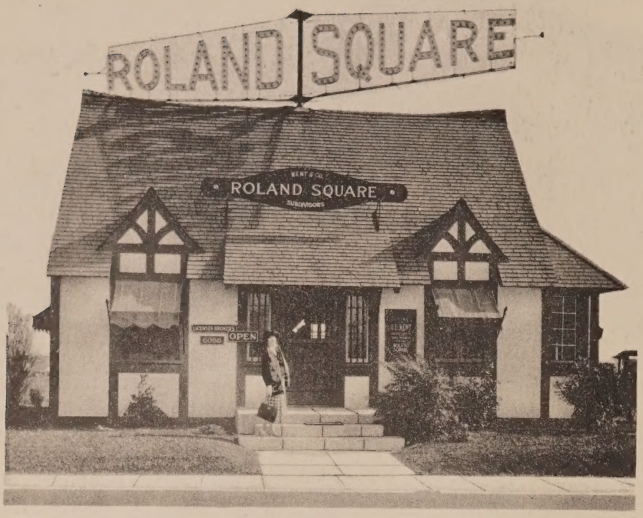

Revelations of Ruth Roland By HERSELF

In which an old-established movie favourite tells the story of pioneer days.

One thing is certain. No one will ever tack up a brass tablet bearing the legend "Birthplace of Ruth Roland. Visitors admitted between 2 and 4 on week-days," on the front of the three-story house in San Francisco where I was born, for the simple reason that there is a fifteen story office building standing on the spot now. All of which goes to prove I grew up with Hollywood.

I have always felt as though I have had several mothers. First, there was my grandmother, born in Switzerland, who would tell me the mountain legends of her girlhood and sing me to sleep with Tyrolese lullabies. She could yodel beautifully, too. Yodelling requires a certain throat formation, which I have inherited. I used to love to do it on the open ranges in my Western pictures, when I was on location.

Then there were my aunt Bertha and aunt Edith, with whom I live now, the "Auntie" whom all my friends love. Not long ago, Bebe Daniels, who has known Auntie ever since she was a little girl, started to introduce her to someone and had to confess she had never heard her last name!

My own mother, I remember, was very beautiful. She was a concert singer to whom the papers referred as "The California Nightingale," and a protegée of Adelina Patti. When I was a tiny baby I had a second nursery behind the scenes in the Columbia Theatre, where she was prima donna, and my father was manager, and—so her diary tells me, in pale, violet ink—I never cried so long as there was music and bright lights to entertain me.

At the mature age of two, I was sent to a dancing school, where I was the youngest pupil, and was taught a little "specialty act" consisting of a skirt dance, and the poem "Papa's letter was with God." However, my artistic temperament early asserted itself, and ere long I balked and said flatly I wouldn't post Papa's letter another time—so there!

When I was three my mother decided to try me with a juvenile "Cinderella" company, then opening in San Francisco. I was too small to use in the show itself, so I was given a specialty act to do between scenes, a little skirt dance and two songs: "They won't have any babies like me," and "What could the poor girl do, Boys?"

Naturally, when the time came for my first public appearance, my mother was so nervous that she stood in the wings wringing her hands, but I sang and danced, and when they applauded, I was so very happy over the lights, the applause, the big doll, and flowers that came to me over the footlights, that I sang and danced all over again. I was having such a beautiful time that they had to carry me off the stage by main force!

Shortly after, when the juvenile opera organisation went "on tour," I was taken, and one very naughty performance I staged, whenever the chance offered, nearly drove the poor manager to desperation. The tiny ponies which drew Cinderella and the Prince in their golden chariot on and off the stage, held for me a wondrous fascination, and I would slip into the coach, curl up in a heap on the seat, and to their dismay, when preparing to enter the fairy coach and make their glorious exit, there would be naughty "Baby Ruth" fast asleep, or pretending to be.

Several years later, when I was "almost six," and quite a headliner over the Keith and Orpheum Circuits as "Baby Ruth, California's favourite child actress," there came to me in St. Louis, one matinée, a magnificent basket of roses with the card reading, "To Baby Ruth from her Cinderella Ponies," and surely enough, here was the juvenile opera company playing in St. Louis that week also.

About this time the Gerry Society in the East was making the life of the stage child a most difficult proposition; so I returned with my mother and my governess to the coast and played child parts with both Mr. Belasco, at the Alcazar Theatre, and with Mr. Morosco, at the Grand.

Naturally a stock company kiddie becomes quite a favourite locally, and my "personal following" not only included the juvenile aristocrats, but the bootblacks and newsboys as well. They often gathered in such mobs at the stage door that it was necessary to call the police to disperse them. Often a crowd of them would follow mother and myself to our home, where, if permitted, I would lean from an upper window and shower the crowd with lemon and chocolate drops.

On one occasion, this very popularity proved most embarrassing. I had lost one of my first teeth, right in front, too, and just before I made my entrance that evening, was terribly distressed to hear a chorus of the gallery gods chanting: "Baby Ruth has lost her tooth! Baby Ruth has lost her tooth!" over and over again, until the merciful rise of the curtain.

Booked for a four weeks' engagement in Honolulu, where I was the first child star ever appearing in vaudeville, my original time was extended to six months, and my mother and I were constantly and lavishly entertained. There was never a performance that I did not receive gifts, toys, and even gold coins were often tossed to me over the footlights, so is it any wonder that I've always adored Hawaii, particularly, as even at that early stage of my career, I got a weekly stipend of $350.00.

After our return from Honolulu, I again played a stock engagement until, when almost eight, the greatest sorrow of my life occurred, in the death of my beautiful mother.

Coming then to Los Angeles to make my home with my aunt Edith, who has been my constant companion ever since, I soon received an offer

An Important Announcement to "Picturegoer" Readers *by* the Editor

Next Month

A full-size 6d. Packet of Gladys Cooper's own Hair Shampoo inside every copy of the February "Picturegoer."

Below: An illustration of the full-size 6d. packet of Gladys Cooper's own Hair Shampoo which will be inserted in every copy of the February "Picturegoer."

THE full-size 6d. packet, which will be placed inside every copy of the February "Picturegoer," will enable every reader to test its magical properties.

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Make sure of your copy by placing an order with your Newsagent to-day. An Order Form will be found on page 63

In "Ruth of the Range" she tackles, single-handed, a horde of savage natives.

from Morosco, but I just couldn't act so soon after mother's death. They secured Fay Bainter instead. After the life of the theatre, it seemed pretty dull to play with dolls and have tea-parties with the next-door children.

When I went back to San Francisco to visit some cousins, I slipped away from the house all by myself one morning and returned two hours later to announce serenely that I had signed a nine weeks' contract in vaudeville! This, if you please, was in the middle of the week preceeding the date on which I was booked to open at a San Francisco theatre. I had no costumes, no act, and I'll tell you it took some hustling, but I was ready to the minute. I had an Indian number with a camp-fire setting, followed by a touching ballad, and as my finale, a darky song and buck and wing dance.

To this daily dancing from a mere baby, and also to the fact that my mother always insisted on a daily use of the tiny dumb bells and my exercising rings, I attribute my present ability to endure the stunts and daily dangerous feats that are the lot of the successful serial star. For serials must have several "thrills" in every single one of the fifteen episodes, and it's up to me to furnish them by deeds of daring.

To get through them successfully, too, requires absolute poise, and I've never tasted liquor in any form, nor have I smoked even one tiny cigarette. I am careful of my diet and sleep, and to this regular regime I truly attribute whatever success has come to me.

After this vaudeville engagement, I went back to Hollywood and to school.

The movie houses of those days were characterised tersely by my aunt as "Dumps," and I was not allowed inside one. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were the reigning favourites, and I used to stand before the posters and imagine my own face among Mary's golden curls. It's a queer thing, but I have never wanted anything in my life that I haven't had, sooner or later. (Just a moment, please, while I find some wood to rap on.) When I stood before those posters I used to want more than anything in the world to be in the pictures.

After two years of High School, I went to El Paso, Texas, to visit another aunt, and the first week I was there I joined a road company! We got stranded on our trip, and I caught whooping-cough from a baby I held at a railroad station. (I was always borrowing babies.) I got back to my aunt's town with fifty cents., whooping merrily, but was too proud to confess failure, so I didn't let her know I was back, but went to a theatrical boarding-house with the rest of the troupe.

Something had to be done, so we decided to put on a play at a local opera-house. But we had no money to pay a royalty fee, and at this crisis I performed a feat of which I am prouder than any flame-riding, chasm-leaping, or trestle-walking I ever did in a movie serial—I repeated "Paid-in-Full" by heart, to one of the actresses who was a stenographer, and the next week we opened with it! Before I went on each night I uttered a prayer that I might get through without a whoop!

The next time I went out with a road company, we got as far as a town in Oklahoma, named Muskeegee, when the manager and the leading lady decamped with the funds. The landlord of the hotel in Muskeegee held my trunk for my board bill, and when I got a chance to make a little money, by doing a turn at an Elk's benefit performance in town, I had to beg him, practically on my knees, for one dress out of the trunk to wear in my act. When I came down from the room with the dress in my suit-case, he made me open it before a whole lobby full of grinning small-town loafers, because he suspected me of trying to carry away more than I had promised!

"Just now," I said, looking him straight in the eye, "I'm nobody, but you wait! Someday, I'm going to be very successful, and then I hope I meet you and can tell you what I think of you!"

I haven't ever seen him again—but I may yet. And I certainly shall tell him!

Another vaudeville engagement soon had me in funds again, and this time I went home to California with a trunk filled with presents for my friends. After two years of Texas flatness, the foothills and roses of Los Angeles looked pretty good to me, and I made up my mind that whatever my future was, it was going to be here.

By this time there were several picture companies working in the West and one day I went out to the 101 Bison Company studio, which later became the Triangle. Cowboys, Indians and other inhabitants of the great open spaces were hanging around the outside of the studio. A lady studio manager, whom I later learned was Bebe Daniels' mother, took my name. While I waited to see the director I glanced about at the other women who were also waiting, and my heart sank.

One of them was smoking a cigarette. The girl beside me wore a blouse with a V-neck too low to suit my ideas of propriety. I began to wonder whether I were not in a sink of iniquity, such as I had read about, and when I was ushered into the director's office I was sure of it. He sat and stared at me, his eyes never leaving my face as I told him of my ambition to become a picture star. By the time he spoke I had made up my mind if I got safely away I would never come back.

He offered me a part in a picture they were going to begin making the next morning. With trembling knees I got up and, murmuring something, fled for the door, as later I was to flee from dark-browed villains. Afterwards I learned that the poor man was quite deaf and, being too proud to confess it, had formed a habit of watching people's lips and reading them. But I did not return the next morning, and that ended my first experience with the movies.

My funds being very low, I accepted the best thing I could find, a part in a "sister act" in a Los Angeles vaudeville house, and at the same time, went out to the Biograph studio—where the Lloyd Hamilton comedies are made now—and registered with them. Without much hope, I must confess, for the Biograph was the aristocrat of filmdom. Mr. Griffith saw me as I came out, and had a man follow me to find out where I lived. When I came home from the first night of the "sister act," there was a 'phone

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call telling me to report at the Biograph Studio the next morning!

Mary Pickford had just left the company. Mr. Griffith asked me a few questions and then abruptly offered me a part. "Take off your hat now," he said, "you can begin work right away." I could hardly keep from crying as I explained miserably that it wouldn't be honourable for me to leave my act without notice. He shrugged his shoulders and glanced away—and my second chance was gone!

Unfairly enough I connected my disappointment with that wretched "sister act," and hated it religiously though I stuck it out. The stage manager, who tried to cover a soft heart with a gruff exterior, told me I ought to be in pictures, and he was going to get me in; but I did not take him seriously. By this time I had met most of the movie people, and Mack Sennett used to call me up and tell me he had a part for me in one of his comedies.

"Is it a lead?" I would ask. The nerve of me! "I'll succeed or fail as a lead, but I don't do bits, or atmosphere, or extra."

"You are certainly independent, young lady," Mack would grumble.

I was doing a solo in vaudeville at San Diego when I got an offer to sing soubrette in a musical comedy. They wanted to sign me up for ten weeks, but I would only promise to try it out for two. I travelled all night to attend the first rehearsal, and found a message waiting for me at home. "Mr. Chandler, of Kalem, wants you to call him up."

Mr. Chandler was the gruff, kind-hearted stage manager! I telephoned him, and he told me to go to Long Beach that evening and see Mr. Hartigan, the director, because he needed a leading woman for Westerns, and he had made him promise not to engage anyone until he had seen me.

All day I rehearsed the songs and steps for that musical comedy, and at seven, after twenty-four hours without a chance to so much as comb my hair or powder my nose, I appeared at Mr. Hartigan's house. It was a new house at Santa Monica, and the lights hadn't been turned on yet. We talked in a dark room with only the faint radiance from the street lamps.

"What do you want for a salary?" he shot at me, suddenly. I did some quick thinking. I was getting a hundred dollars a week in the musical comedy company, but I knew that was beyond the reach of a movie company. I have always had "hunches," and when I follow them I never go wrong. I had a "hunch" now that it would be worth my while to make a sacrifice to get into the pictures.

"Would-would thirty-five a week be too much?" I asked.

"No-no, it wouldn't be too much," came non-committally from the darkness. Then he got up. "Wait! I'll bring a lamp and take a look at you." He brought in an old-fashioned oil-lamp, and holding it close to my face, examined me for a moment, while I wondered miserably if I had a smudge across my nose. Then he set the lamp on the table. "Very well! You will start Monday."

And there I was, saddled with a two-weeks' promise to play in that wretched musical comedy! "Mr. Hartigan," I said, swallowing hard, "I'd do almost anything to get into pictures, except break a promise." And then I told him the whole situation.

Ruth receives some hard knocks in "Adventures of Ruth."

"I'll hold the position open for you for a week," he offered, "and that will give them time to fill your place."

I went to the musical comedy manager, Mr. LeRoy, and threw myself on his mercy. Would he let me off from my second week's contract now that he knew how much it meant to me? Hurrah! He would! And a week later I did my first day's work in the films.

The studio "lot" at Santa Monica boasted a single wooden set, bought from Broncho Billy Anderson, painted on one side to represent the interior of a house, on the other to represent the inside of an office. A tumble-down barn served for a studio; the stalls were our dressing-rooms, with a shelf across one end for our make-up table.

The picture was called *The Chance Shot*, and in it I was tied to a tree, and the rope burned my arms badly; then I was dragged about by some Indians—had to do some hard riding, and I'd not ridden a bit for several years; but I was game and insisted I was comfortable, thank you. It was Decoration Day, and several hundred picnic parties stood about, down in Santa Monica Canyon, munching bananas and chicken sandwiches, and staring at me with audible comments; but I didn't care. I was in the movies at last, and I was happy.

I stayed in Westerns for a few months, and then switched over into comedies, while my salary gradually rose to fifty dollars a week. That looked like so much more than I needed to spend in those days, so I decided to save something every week—and I did, too, until I had $300.00. That seemed an enormous amount to me then; but by the time I got it, well, I thought I might just as well wait until I got $500, to spend it.

It was during this time, also, that I made my first real estate investment. I bought a lot on the "ten dollars down and ten a month" plan, but it was really too high-priced a lot to buy that way, and a friend explained to me that all I was doing was paying the interest. He wanted me to give it up as a bad investment, but I'd made three payments, so I said "Not much," and held on. The lot cost me nearly double what I had agreed to pay for it, but I still own that lot to-day, and could more than double my money on it.

When Mack Sennett made me a munificent offer to go into comedies, Kalem countered by raising my salary to ninety-five a week, and so, after a year from the time I entered the pictures, I was making almost as much as I had given up on the stage.

They called me the "Kalem Girl," and I made a thousand foot film of her, showing just "what a girl must do to win success in the movies"—she must be an accomplished swimmer, diver, play tennis, drive a car, or even an aeroplane when required, etc.

Marshall Neilan had been my leading man in several comedies, and later, I had so much confidence in him that he directed my picture. Other future stars who started their careers in my company, were Mildred Harris (then a little girl with long corkscrew curls), Bebe Daniels, Lloyd Hamilton, Seena Owen, Jane Novak, Helen Gibson and Wesley Barry.

I really revelled in doing "comedies," until they degenerated into custard pie throwing, and, although I never did get an honest-to-goodness pie in my countenance, I did receive quite a handful of real muddy mud. I wired New York that I wished to return to drama, and they sent me to do *The Girl Detective* series, under the direction of George Melford.

At this time I had two offers—one to do *The Warrens of Virginia*, from the Lasky Company, under the direction of Cecil B. De Mille—and had I accepted this, I'd have been the very first Lasky star. I was torn between this and an offer from the Balboa Company, and have always deeply regretted that I did not have the opportunity to work under Mr. De Mille, as I have the greatest admiration for his artistry.

(*Continued on page* 61.)

TO VICTOR McLAGLEN.

I wish my pen could write
The pleasure and delight,
And all the charming fancies
My hero's given me!

How through the modern hustle
He brought the silken rustle
Of olden—sweet romances
In days of chivalry!

VICTOR McLAGLEN.

"A gentle knight and strong,"
His smile is like a song
That lingers in the memory
To make a sad heart light!

But what rhyming word repays,
Or is worthy in his praise. . . .?
No! forever must I be
In your debt, most charming knight!

IRENE (Wimbledon).

"THAT BEAUTIFUL PICTURE."
(With apologies.)

I sat in a beautiful kinema,
Surrounded by fans young and old,
And gazed at a beautiful picture
Of a lady with ringlets of gold.

So blythe and so gay was the lady,
And winsome beyond compare;
As I gazed at our dearest "Mary"
I murmured in sad despair:

"If those lips would speak to me,
Dare I gaze in those eyes so big,
Might I touch those beauteous tresses
To be sure it is not a wig.

Might I only touch your hand,
Or worship at thy feet!"
But it's only a beautiful picture
On our local kinema sheet.

DOROTHEA (Hereford).

VERSATILITY AND RAMON.

Out in search of information,
Wand'ring there and wand'ring here,
Once I heard some gentle music
Fall most sweetly on my ear.
Liquid notes rose high and higher,
Quiet now and quieter yet;
Caught my heart within their eddy,
Till I found my eyes were wet.
"Who is that, some wond'rous Maestro
"Who o'er spirits holds such sway?"
"No, that's only young Novarro,
"Plays like that 'most ev'ry day!"
"But I thought he was a *dancer*!"
I then blurted in amaze.
"So he *was*," said my informant,
"But you see, he also *plays*."
Then I heard a grand voice singing
In a timbre rich and clear,
Filled with life and subtle passion,
Sound most wonderful to hear.
"Who is he who sings so finely,
"Some world-famous Op'ra star——?"
"Bless my soul that's young Novarro
"Practising, and there you are!"
Then, afar, I saw a gathering,
Swaying, surging here and there.
The police seemed quite impotent,
Madness seemed to fill the air!
Voices raised in frenzied shouting
To be drowned in other cries!
Crowds and crowds, all batt'ling wildly,
Seemed to lurch, and fall and rise.
"What is *this*—the fate of nations,
Bomb outrage or ghastly fight——?"
"No—they want to see Novarro
"Playing in *Ben Hur* to-night!!!"

MARY LYTTON.

TO BETTY BALFOUR.

She's just a winsome, laughing girl,
With sunny hair—and eyes
As bright as glittering dew-drops,
And blue as summer skies.
As sweet and dainty as a doll,
As graceful as a fay.
Her joyous personality
Has charmed my heart away.

BETTY BALFOUR.

B. A. T. (Freshwater).

TO JOHN BARRYMORE.

John is my favourite actor's name,
Of 'Captain Ahab Ceeley' fame;
His acting is a joy to see,
None else can do such work but he.
Before *The Sea Beast* came to town,
Among the first to run him down
Ranged I, despising mere "good looks,"
Regardless that 'twas reading books
Yoking his beauty with his art,
Made me to scorn him from my heart.
Oh you who laud his profile, cease
Repeating nonsense, give us peace;
Expound such rot on *hopeless geese*.

"SAPPHO."

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(Arnold Bennett in "Our Women.")

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JAN.

Twelve Miles Out is the title of John Gilbert's next picture. It is very different from his last few films—a modern story of bootlegging, as the title suggests.

Two new films have been announced for Lillian Gish in the near future, so she means to start the New Year well. The first of these is titled *Wind,* and the second, *Heat.*

All the good stage thrillers find their way, eventually, to the screen. *The Cat and the Canary* is the next to be filmed, and Laura La Plante will have the leading feminine rôle.

Charlie Chaplin's very much delayed film, *The Circus,* has, at length, been completed, and it really seems as though his long-talked-of plan of making a picture in England is reaching the practical stage.

He announces that he has selected his story, and will probably be over here early this year. Having heard these tales of old, we shall believe it when we see him—still, let's hope it's true this time.

We also hear that Charlie's ex-wife, Mildred Harris, is expected in London shortly to play in a production of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* to be made over here.

Betty Balfour has nearly finished work on the Continent (she has been playing in another French film), but so far there is no definite news of her future plans.

Colleen Moore's brother, Cleve, has long had hankerings after a screen career. At last he is gratifying his wish, for he has obtained a small part in *Orchids and Ermine,* Colleen's latest picture.

A film has been made in New Zealand, acted entirely by Maoris. This is *Hine Moa,* a screen version of an old Maori legend. It is a simple story, in which many strange tribal customs have a part.

An original story, *Carlotta,* has been written by Hans Kraly for Constance Talmadge's next starring vehicle. Marshall Neilan is directing, and the rest of the cast has not yet been announced.

Most discriminating fans love Lewis Stone, and like to hear what he's doing. At present he's at work on *Three in Love,* in which Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes make up the trio. Millard Webb is directing this.

Neil Hamilton, who recently distinguished himself as one of the three soldier brothers in *Beau Geste,* has been chosen to play the leading male rôle in the Fox screen production, *Mother Machree,* based on the well-known song. Belle Bennett will play the title rôle.

It is for Fox Films, by the way, that F. W. Murnau, the brilliant German director, is making his first American film. This is called *Sunrise,* and George O'Brien has the leading male rôle.

The Duncan sisters have signed a contract with Allied Artists, and will appear in a series of special pictures to be made under the supervision of John Considine, jun. *Topsy and Eva,* their famous stage success, will be their first co-starring vehicle.

An interesting member of the cast of Gloria Swanson's latest film, *Sunya,* is seventeen year old Florence Faire. She is a niece of Douglas Fairbanks, and her real name is Florence Belle Fairbanks, but she has determined not to use her uncle's famous name for picture purposes. She wants to succeed on her own merits, and would rather start as an unknown extra than fall into a fat part because she is Douglas Fairbanks' niece.

The new Gaumont film, *Hindle Wakes,* has been completed in the Shepherd's Bush studio. It should be particularly interesting to Britishers, with its background of life in the Lancashire cotton mills—particularly as the industrial scenes were all photographed on the spot.

Nowadays you must prove your versatility in pictures, if you're to remain in the running, so Gertrude Short, famous for her comedy parts on screen and stage, has been cast in the rôle of a tragic child, orphaned by the murder of her father in a strange city, in *The Day of Souls.*

Rex O'Malley, the British screen juvenile, is in New York playing on the stage in "The Strange Prince." Although he only intended going over there for this play, he has already received some tempting offers to play in American pictures, so it is quite possible that he may decide to settle there for a time.

Thackeray's *Vanity Fair,* filmed some time back, with Mabel Ballin as "Becky Sharp," is to be filmed again, this time with Pola Negri as the green-eyed little syren. Personally, we can't see the tempestuous Negri in the part—but we may be mistaken.

Is there anything in the world Lon Chaney can't do in the way of physical contortions. His latest feat (sorry, no pun intended) is to do with his feet what most people reserve for their hands! The picture responsible is *Alonzo the Armless,* Tod Browning's latest "thriller," in which Chaney plays the part of "the armless wonder," a circus performer, and a ruler of the underworld.

British studios are very quiet at the present moment. Piccadilly Pictures are busy on their new picture, *Après La Guerre,* which is a story, not so much of war as of the effects of war. Adrien Brunel is directing, and the leading lady is a Russian—Nadia Sibirskaia. Jameson Thomas, Ellaline Terris, and her daughter, Betty Hicks, are also in the cast.

Manning Haynes, one of the best of our British directors, has left with a company of artists including Lillian Oldland, Johnny Butt, Randle Ayrton, Gladys Hamer, Walter Butler, Dalia and Moore Marriott for Corsica. The exteriors for *Passion Island,* a W. W. Jacobs' story, are being made here, and the interiors will be made afterwards in a British studio.

Since *Ben Hur* was finished, Ramon Novarro hasn't had a picture of note, but *Old Heidelberg,* which is announced as his next, should make up for that. The leading rôle is picturesque and full of dashing romance, and as the director is to be Ernst Lubitsch, we look forward to something good.

Norma Shearer is playing the leading rôle in *The Demi Bride,* a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture that Robert Z. Leonard is directing. Lew Cody who played with her in *His Secretary,* is once more her leading man. Norma has a colourful rôle as the dare-devil daughter of a proud French family.

Rin-Tin-Tin, whose doggy presence dominates most of the films in which he appears, is making a departure from his usual northern snow stories in his new picture, *While London Sleeps,* which will be seen shortly. This is a melodrama set in the Limehouse district. Among the human members of the cast are Helene Costello, Walter Merrill, John Patrick and Otto Mattieson.

Mattieson is a character actor of sterling worth, and he is at present playing with John Barrymore in *The Vagabond Lover.* He is a Dane, and next summer he plans to spend his vacation in Europe, in order to visit his native country. He has had an offer to play in a stage production in London at that time, but hasn't decided yet whether to take it.

Those who laughed at the humorous adventures of *The Cohens and the Kellys,* Universal's amusing Jewish-Irish comedy, will be glad to hear that E. M. Asher and Edward Small, the directors, are to film a sequel, *The Cohens and the Kellys in Paris.* Charles Murray and George Sidney, who played the principal rôles in the original, will probably have the leads in the sequel.

Although he has only been over there a short time, Emil Jannings seems to be finding Hollywood to his liking—so much so that he has signed a contract to make pictures for Famous Lasky for three years. He will work under the direction of Erich Pommer, former producing head of Ufa, who was responsible for *The Last Laugh, Passion,* and *Vaudeville,* so the qualities that make his work stand out are in no danger of being stifled under American directorship.

A good story is told at the De Mille Studios, of Syd Crossley, the English comedian, who is appearing with Priscilla Dean in *Jewels of Desire.* The company went on location to the Santa Cruz Islands, and en route Crossley experienced a bad case of "*mal de mer.*" Mr. Paul Powell who is directing the picture, rather tactlessly asked him what he thought of the sea. "Well," replied Syd, with a wan smile, "I know Britannia rules the waves, but I wish she'd rule the darn things straight."

We wonder if our readers have seen those very dainty vanity mirrors which are all the rage just now. The reverse side bears the photograph of a friend or some popular film or stage star. They make delightful little souvenirs, and can be tucked away nicely in a handbag.

Those who join the Picturegoer Postcard Club during the month of January may obtain, with their membership, one of these mirrors free. A delightful photograph of Rudolph Valentino in his famous rôle of "Monsieur Beaucaire" adorns the back of the mirror.

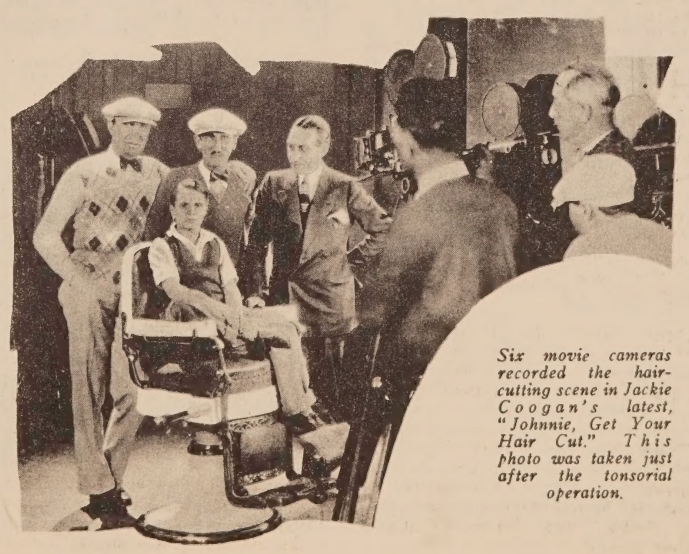
This gift, it should be remembered, is *in addition* to the 5/- Post-card Album which has been offered free to all members on joining. The liberal discounts offered to members on sepia glossy postcards continue to attract hundreds of new members to the Club Those who have not yet joined are invited to turn to pages 50 and 51, where full particulars will be found.

It is almost certain that Harold Lloyd will have to find a new leading lady for his next production. Jobyna Ralston, who has filled that rôle for some time past, ever since Mildred Davies "left to get married," is graduating, as all comedy heroines seem to do, sooner or later, into featured rôles. Jobyna's had a good many tempting offers, but she hints at retirement when she marries Richard Arlen, the good-looking young leading man to whom she is engaged.

British Colleen Moore fans will envy their American sisters and brothers when they hear of the party that Colleen recently gave in the studio, when she was working in *Twinkletoes.* She suddenly decided, when she was reading through her fan mail one day, that it would be rather fun to ask some of her unknown admirers, who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles, to tea. With impulsive Colleen, to think about a thing is to do it, so the invitations were sent out forthwith, and everybody had a wonderful time.

Marriages and prospective marriages come with each month in Hollywood. We hear that Marion Constance Blackton, Stuart Blackton's daughter, is soon to marry Gardner James, the Inspiration star, who played with Dick Barthelmess in *The Amateur Gentleman.* Francis X. Bushman's daughter, Virginia, was married not long ago to Jack Conway, the director, and an engagement is anticipated in screen circles between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, producing executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Another engagement just announced is that of director Albert Rogell and Ena Gregory.

Some of the biggest and most ambitious studio scenes ever attempted by a British company were made at the Piccadilly Studios, Islington, when *The Rolling Road* was completed towards the end of last year. A storm at sea, with rain, wind and towering waves complete, was reproduced with the aid of several tons of water, pumped up, through the studio tank from a near-by canal, several ingeniously placed propellers and an electrically rocked boat.



Six movie cameras recorded the hair-cutting scene in Jackie Coogan's latest, "Johnnie, Get Your Hair Cut." This photo was taken just after the tonsorial operation.

The Pick of the Pictures

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE (*Famous Lasky*).

Nineteen twenty-seven will be a good year for the motion picture industry if the renters keep up the tone of their output during this, the first month. Almost seventy films are released during January; fifteen of these, perhaps, fall into the "dud" category; six at least merit inclusion in the super class; while the rest are all worth seeing.

First and foremost among the super six, from the point of view of entertainment, is Harold Lloyd's latest laughter maker, *For Heaven's Sake*. This is his best effort to date; it goes with a swing from start to finish, is mechanically wonderful, and carries not a dull moment.

An express engine leaves Harold with the starting handle in his hand, and the car he has just purchased a pile of debris down the track by way of introduction. His immediate purchase of another car leaves us to infer that he is the son of a millionaire (wealthy young heroes always are sons of millionaires for the purposes of the screen), while the action switches off down town to where Jobyna Ralston and her father are busily distributing Hot Dogs and coffee from a street stall in the name of Charity and the cause of Religion.

Harold upsets the coffee cart, hands over a suitable reward, and arrives down town a week or so later to find his name emblazoned as a public benefactor over a newly erected mission-hall.

Righteously indignant, he goes to remonstrate meets the parson's daughter, and, having been smitten on one cheek, offers up the other. He becomes a member of the flock, ropes in the roughs of the neighbourhood, wins their confidence, and announces his intention of marrying Jobyna.

Friends at his club decide to save him from his folly by abducting him, while the roughs, fired into chivalry by Jobyna's distress and the effect of pre-nuptial celebrations, set out to bring him back.

The adventures of Harold endeavouring to persuade half a dozen convivial men to return home quietly must be seen to be appreciated.

The climax comes when, frantically trying to haul to safety an enthusiastic acrobat who insists on attempting to touch the ground with his hands while holding on to the roof with his toes, he discovers that the 'bus on which they are racing through the busiest streets of New York is without a driver.

A tender moment between Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston in "For Heaven's Sake."

One of the many amusing incidents in the clever Lubitsch film, "The Oyster Princess."

A dressing-room incident in "Fig Leaves." Olive Borden is in the centre of the picture.

FIG LEAVES (*Fox*).

"But, Adam, I've nothing to wear!" So said Eve in the Garden of Eden. It caused Adam to miss his morning paper and lose the 8.27 in those days. To-day it makes him lose his hair!

A sub-title informs us that the serpent in the garden was probably another woman, and one of the most elaborately staged prologues ever seen on the screen fades into the every-day world of New York, where Adam and Eve Smith are trying to keep courtship illusions, in spite of marriage realities in a very tiny flat.

Adam is a mechanic and loves Eve dearly. Eve loves clothes more than anything else in the world, and listens to the advice of a woman friend across the landing.

She accepts a position as mannequin to a fashionable dress designer as a result of this advice, knowing perfectly well that her husband would not approve, and satisfies her passion for alluring "pretty pretties" to the utmost.

The woman across the landing steals her fur coat and almost ensnares Adam, and a disillusioned Eve tells her husband that she has learned her lesson—clothes matter nothing against love.

Delighted, Adam whispers, "We'll go out to-morrow, sweetheart, and celebrate," while Eve replies, doubtfully, "Righto—but, Adam! I'VE NOTHING TO WEAR!"

Seldom do we find such wholesome film fare offered in so palatable a form. Bright, crisply written subtitles provide a constant ripple of laughter. Every bit of the action scintillates and sparkles.

I cannot imagine a single rational picturegoer to whom *Fig Leaves* will not appeal. It is one of the most intriguing comedy burlesques America has given us.

The great feature of the film from the spectacular point of view is the parade of dresses in the mannequin scenes. These are shown in technicolour, and provide a feast of splendour and gorgeous design that will delight the eye of every woman in the audience.

THE OYSTER PRINCESS (*Ideal*).

There are no half measures where Lubitsch is concerned. Here he set out with the intention of producing the most extravagant burlesque ever screened, and because he is Lubitsch, with supreme self-assurance and half the capital of Hollywood behind him, he has succeeded in doing so.

The story is simple. In the great house of Earl are rooms so large that one has to be provided with a map of location

Servants there are by the hundred, who perform all tasks, even to wiping their master's nose. One hundred servants wait upon Polly, the daughter, alone. Everywhere is vulgar luxury. The whole atmosphere reeks of wealth.

Earl wants Polly to marry a Grand Duke, and writes to the matrimonial agent asking for one to be sent on approval. Joe, valet to the Grand Duke Brokestein, arrives to interview the intending bride, and by mistake is rushed into the marriage.

The Grand Duke is brought in drunk, nursed back to sobriety by Polly (and her hundred maids), and their marriage is announced to have taken place.

The whole production is, of course, a merciless satire on the rich—both old and new. It is a little top-heavy, perhaps, for the audience of discrimination, but will delight all who can appreciate the extreme as an objective of humour. Victor Janson, Ossi Oswaldi and Harry Leidtke are the artists featured.

THE OLD SOAK (*European*).

Clement Hawley's love of drink and disinclination to work distresses his patient wife and disgusts his ambitious daughter.

Clemmie, the son, in love with an actress, purloins his mother's securities and obtains a loan in order that he may give his sweetheart a fur coat.

The actress calls, discovers that the Hawley Estate, of which young Clem has bragged, is nothing more than an unpretentious cottage, and tells Clem that he is a rotter.

When the securities are missed the Old Soak allows his wife to think that he took them, proceeds to recover them from Cousin Webster, who has been secretly supplying the town with bootleg whisky, and turns teetotaller.

The scene in which he turns teetotaller is the most unconvincing in the development, and his wholesale smashing of bottles of perfectly good liquor will upset more than one spectator, unless I am much mistaken.

Direction is not all that it might be, and the strong prohibition flavour, though sound from the moral point of view, tends to weary.

Jean Hersholt gives a masterly portrayal of the drink sodden Hawley, and his performance combined with the decidedly human appeal of the story should make an appeal to the majority of movie lovers.

The remainder of the cast, which includes George Lewis, June Marlowe, Louise Fazenda, and Tom Ricketts, is satisfactory.

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The Battler (Pathé; Jan. 31).
Drama. Kenneth MacDonald, William Bertram, Richard Anderson, J. Morley, Bartlett Carre, Florence Ulrich, Muriel Fisher and Emily Gerdes in a well-told story of the lumberlands. Director, Robert North Bradbury. Plenty of action and grip.

Bon Jour Paris (W. & F.; Jan. 3).
Rather boring filming of shows by the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris. A lot of colour photography that is trying to the eyes, and some dancing that can be seen in any English musical comedy or revue.

The Black Cyclone (W. & F.; Jan. 17).
Animal drama. A delightful horse story with the animal interest well to the fore, that is a distinct novelty in entertainment. The horses, Rex, Lady and The Killer, have been wonderfully handled by director Fred Jackman. Guinn Williams, Kathleen Collins and Christian Frank form the supporting cast. Excellent entertainment.

The Black Pirate (Allied Artists; Jan. 10).
Sea spectacle. Douglas Fairbanks is as joyously alive as ever in this thrilling tale of pirates on the high seas in the 17th century. The new colour process, in which the film is done, helps to make it pictorially beautiful. A good supporting cast includes Billie Dove, Donald Crisp, Sam de Grasse, Charles Stevens and Anders Randolph. Director, Albert Parker. Capital entertainment.

Brown of Harvard (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; Jan. 3).
College romance. Bright story of college life in America, well spiced with sporting and love interest. A very good cast includes William Haines, Jack Pickford, Mary Brian, Francis X. Bushman, jun., Edward Connelly, David Torrence, Guinn Williams, Mary Alden and Ernest Gillen. Director, Jack Conway. Good entertainment.

More Pay, Less Work (Fox; Jan. 31).
Comedy drama. Charles Rogers, Mary Brian, Albert Gran, E. J. Radcliffe, Otto Hoffman and Charles Conklin in a story of romance and business. Director, Albert Ray. Very good, light entertainment.

The Mystery of Room 19 (Unity; Jan. 6).
Murder melodrama. German story, badly constructed and very confused, with very little sign of the usual clever German technique. Fairly efficient cast includes Arnold Korff, Carl Falkenberg, Elsie Fuller, Rudolph Lettinger, Albert Patsy, Ferry Sikla, Luigi Serventi, Herman Phicha and Helena Makowska. Poor entertainment.

Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in "Up in Mabel's Room."

Dancing Mothers (Paramount; Jan. 3).
Society drama. Screen version of the stage play, featuring Alice Joyce, Clara Bow and Conway Tearle. Donald Keith, Dorothy Cumming, Elsie Sawson and Norman Trevor are good in support. Director, Herbert Brenon. Good entertainment.

Desert Gold (Paramount; Jan. 17).
Western melodrama. Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, Robert Frazer, William Powell, Joseph Swickard, Frank Sackteen and Richard Howard in a story of the adventures in the Far West of a young New York "rip" of the 'nineties. Director, George B. Seitz. Quite good entertainment.

The Faun (Paramount; Jan. 20).
Fantastic comedy-drama. The adventures of a faun, who leaves his nymphs to help an English lord in his rather complicated affairs, is the basis of this picture, which might have been clever if treated with enough lightness and imagination. As it is, it is heavy and rather obscure. Acting is indifferent all round. Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Charles de Roche, Ethel Wales, Mary Astor, Robert Agnew, Leo White and Bertram Johns form the cast. Director, William de Mille. Mediocre entertainment.

The Far Cry (First Nat.; Jan. 17).
Love drama. There is very little story in this picture, which mainly consists of Blanche Sweet in long scenes of love and jealousy. A Roman fête at the end is a good example of a gorgeous modern screen orgy. Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Hobart Bosworth, Leo White, Julia Swayne Gordon, William Austin, John St. Polis, Dorothy Revier and Mathilde Comont support. Poor entertainment.

Fightin' Jack (Western Import; Jan. 31).
Western. Bill Bailey is the hard-hitting hero of this ordinary story. Hazel Deane, John Byron, Sailor Sharkey and Herma Cordova support.

Fig Leaves (Fox; Jan. 10).
Domestic comedy. The eternal lure of pretty clothes, from the days of Eve's first fig-leaf, is the theme of this film. George O'Brien and Olive Borden are featured, and they are ably supported by André de Beranger, Phyllis Haver and William Austin. Quite good entertainment.

Flower of the Forest (Stoll; Jan. 31).
Romance. An Austrian picture of a forester's daughter, who falls in love with a prince who is shooting incognito. The theme is treated with delicacy and charm, and there is very good work from the cast, which includes Lya Mara and Harry Liedtke in the leading rôles. Excellent entertainment.

The Girl From Montmartre (First. Nat.; Jan. 31).
Drama. The late Barbara La Marr in the rôle of a temperamental Spanish girl, whose work in a Montmartre café during the war, to earn money for her two soldier brothers, nearly destroys her chance of happiness when she returns home to Spain. Lewis Stone is his usual excellent self as her English lover, and the rest of the cast, including Robert Ellis, William Eugene, E. L. Calvert, Mario Carillo, Mathilde Comont, Edward Piel, Nicholas de Ruiz and Bobby Mack, is good. Director, Alfred E. Green. Moderate entertainment.

Heads Up (Pathé, Jan. 3).
Burlesque melodrama. A comedy Mexican revolution, a touch of melo-

drama, and some stunts are familiar ingredients in this film, which is done in a burlesque vein. "Lefty" Flynn stars, and is supported by Kathleen Myers, Kalla Pasha, Jean Parry, Milton Ross, Harry McCoy, Raymond Turner, Hazel Rogers and Ray Ripley. Director, Harry Garson. Fair entertainment.

Hidden Loot (European; Jan. 10).
Western. Jack Hoxie is a good, virile hero in a conventional drama that is well produced and acted. Olive Hasbrouck, Edward Cecil, Jack Kenny, Buck Connors, Bert de Marc and Charles Brinley form a capable support. Director, Robert Bradbury.

The Honeymoon Express (Gaumont; Jan. 17).
Drama. Good, sincere story of a mother's separation from an unworthy husband, and the redemption of two selfish children. Irene Rich is good as the mother, Willard Louis is the husband, and her three children are well portrayed by Virginia Lee Corbin, Helene Costello and Harold Goodwin. Director, James Flood. Quite good entertainment.

Infatuation (First Nat.; Jan. 17).
Triangle drama. Based on Somerset Maugham's play, "Cæsar's Wife," it keeps very little to the original. A competent cast includes Corinne Griffith, Percy Marmont, Malcolm McGregor, Warner Oland, Leota Lorraine, Martha Mattox, Claire Du Brey, Clarissa Selwynne and Howard Davies. Director, Irving Cummings. Moderate entertainment.

Irene (First Nat.; Jan 24).
Romantic comedy. Colleen Moore makes the thinness of this musical comedy plot less apparent by excellent work, and her delightful, naive personality makes the film entertaining. Lloyd Hughes, George K. Arthur, Charles Murray, Kate Price, Ida Darling, Eva Novak, Edward Earle, Laurence Wheat, Maryon Aye, Bess Flowers, Lydia Yeamans Titus and Cora Macey form a competent cast. Director, A. E. Green.

The King on Main Street (Paramount; Jan. 10).
Comedy. Adolphe Menjou is good, as usual, in a typical rôle—that of a philandering king, sent to New York to negotiate a loan. Bessie Love, Greta Nissen, Oscar Shaw, Joseph Kilgour, Edgar Norton, Mario Majeroni, Marcia Harris and Edouard Durand. Director, Monta Bell. Good entertainment.

The Lucky Lady (Paramount; Jan. 31).
Ruritania comedy-drama. Another conventional story of a foreign princess's love for a young American. Greta Nissen, William Collier, jun., Marc McDermott, Lionel Barrymore, Mme Daumery and Sojin form a capable cast. Director, Raoul Walsh. Fair, but familiar entertainment.

The Man With the Scar (Ideal; Jan. 3).
Western. Rather far-fetched story of a familiar type, with the usual hard riding hero, out to avenge his father's murder. Yatima Canutt stars. Fair entertainment of its type.

The Marriage Clause (European; Jan. 31).
Drama. Another stage story of a girl's rapid rise to stardom, and the usual misunderstandings with an incredibly foolish hero. Billie Dove, Francis X. Bushman, Warner Oland, Henri Le Garde, Grace Darmond, Caroline Snowden and Oscar

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Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont in a screen version of Somerset Maugham's play, "Cæsar's Wife," which has been re-titled "Infatuation."

Smith form a capable cast. Director, Lois Weber.

Married (Vitagraph; Jan. 10).
Romantic drama. Constance Bennett and Owen Moore in a story of a marriage of convenience between a pleasure loving society girl and a strenuous young lumber camp manager from the West, with the inevitable bride taming sequel. Evangeline Russell, Betty Hilburn, John Costello, Antrim Short and Frank Walsh.

The Midnight Ltd. (Pathé; Jan. 17).
Railway melodrama. Gaston Glass, Wanda Hawley, Sam Allen, William Humphrey, Richard Holt, Mathilde Brundage and Hayford Hobbs in a vigorous story of foiled crooks, with an ex-crook hero. Director, Oscar Apfel. Quite good, brisk entertainment.

Miss Brewster's Millions (Paramount; Jan. 24).
Farce comedy. Bebe Daniels is a feminine Brewster, with plot altered to fit, in a funny, but scarcely recognisable version of George Barr McCutcheon's famous farce. Warner Baxter, Ford Sterling, Andre de Beranger and Miss Beresford form a very good cast. Director, Clarence Badger. Good, light entertainment.

Money Talks (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Jan. 10).
Farce comedy. Owen Moore in a female impersonation rôle, in a story of business and matrimonial complications. A competent cast includes Claire Windsor, Bert Roach, Ned Sparks, Phillips Smalley, Dot Farley, Kathleen Key and George Kuwa. Director, Archie Mayo. Average knock-about farce.

Nell Gwynne (First Nat.; Jan. 3).
Romantic comedy drama. This can hardly be called the story of the famous orange girl, as any plot in the original scenario has been ruthlessly cut out, so that Dorothy Gish may display her charms in dresses that seem everlastingly on the point of slipping just a little too far. Still, she does it all very pertly and prettily, so a lot of people will find the picture a good evening's entertainment. Randle Ayrton, Juliette Compton, Sydney Fairbrother, Judd Green, Edward Saley and the rest of the English cast are all excellent when they are allowed on the screen. Director, Herbert Wilcox.

The Nest (Ideal; Jan. 31).
Sentimental melodrama. Pauline Frederick as a middle-aged woman, whose children grow up to flout her authority, is capable, but not at her best. A mediocre supporting cast includes Jean Acker, Thomas Holding, Ruth Dwyer, Reginald Sheffield, Holmes Herbert, Wilfred Lucas and Roland Flander. Director, Will Nigh. Fair entertainment.

The New Butler (Ideal; Sept. 20).
Comedy. Somewhat weak story starring Dick Talmadge with rather fewer stunts than usual. Marceline Day, Lillian Langdon, Dan Mason and Carl Miller form a competent support. Fair entertainment.

The Night Cry (Gaumont; Jan. 3).
Dog melodrama. Rin-Tin-Tin in a well-told story of a dog, denounced as a "lamb killer," who manages to save his own skin, and the life of his master's baby, in capturing the real culprit—a giant eagle. Baby Mary Louise Miller, John Harron, June Marlowe, Gayne Whitman, Charles Conklin and Don Alvarez form a very good supporting cast. Director, Herman Raymaker. Thrilling entertainment.

Nostromo (Fox; Jan. 17).
Romantic melodrama. Colourful screen version of Joseph Conrad's novel that most people will enjoy, although it is different from the original. George O' Brien, Stewart Rome, Joan Renee and Lou Tellegen are good in the principal rôles, although the latter is rather artificial. Director, Rowland V. Lee. Very good entertainment.

Odds On Gallagher (Ideal; Jan. 24).
Western. Ordinary story of the familiar girl-ranch-owner, villainous-and amorous-foreman, and hard-hitting-hero type, played with freshness and vigour by Tom Tyler, Barbara Starr, Olive Francis, Frankie Darrow, Dan Peterson and Alfred Hewston.

The Old Soak (European; Jan. 3).
Comedy drama. Small town story, flavoured with sentiment and domestic humour. It is a little slow in action, but there is some good characterisation from a very good cast that includes Jean Hersholt, in the featured rôle, George Lewis, June Marlowe, Lucy Beaumont, Louise Fazenda, Tom Ricketts, George Seigmann, William V. Mong, Gertrude Astor and Adda Gleason. Director, Edward Sloman. Good entertainment.

Out of the Storm (B. E. F.; Jan. 3).
Murder melodrama. Scenes in a newspaper office, a murder, a reporter hero of the wrongfully accused, self-sacrificing type, and a last minute rescue from execution, are all part of this traditional plot. Some good acting from the cast, including Jacqueline Logan, Edmund Burns, Tyrone Power, Eddie Phillips, Montague Love, Crawford Kent, Frona Hall, Leon Holmes and Jay Hurst make it a sound entertainment. Director, Louis Gasnier.

The Pleasure Garden (W. & F.; Jan. 14).
Melodrama. Sordid story of the "White Cargo" type, which, in spite of its weakness, is made convincing by the clever methods of Alfred Hitchcock, the brilliant young British director. Virginia Valli, Miles Mander, John Stuart, Carmelita Geraghty, Ferd. Martini and Florence Helmingen form a very good cast. It's sordidness is against it from a real "entertainment" point of view.

The Pride of the Force (Ideal; Jan. 17)
Police melodrama. Tom Santschi stars in the story of an American policeman's devotion to duty. A competent supporting cast includes Edith Chapman, Gladys Hulette, James Morrison, Francis X. Bushman, jun., Crauford Kent, Joseph Girard and Alice Powell. Director, Duke Warne. Full-blooded, familiar entertainment.

Primitive Love (Stoll; Jan. 3).
Eskimo romance. A simple love affair between two rivals for the hand of an Eskimo maiden, acted by Eskimos in the frozen North, and produced by Captain Frank E. Kleinschmidt. It is finely photographed, and gives a wonderful insight into Eskimo life. A picture that everyone should enjoy.

The Road to Happiness (Stoll; Jan. 10).
Drama. Lili Damita is alluringly feminine in a story of the poor-and-happy, rich-and-wretched, variety. Jack Trevor, Walter Rilla, Paul Biensfeld and Carl Ebert are all good in supporting rôles, and director Michael Kortesz has managed to lift an ordinary story out of the commonplace.

Rogues of the West (Pathé; Jan. 3).
Western comedy. Leo Maloney in an amusing and vigorously played story of a bachelor rancher's difficulties when a strange woman and child are planted on him just before his wedding. He is ably supported by Josephine Hill and a capital cast. Very good entertainment.

The Runaway Express (European; Jan. 17).
Railway melodrama. A full-blooded story, with Jack Daugherty as an engine-driver hero, and a thrilling climax of a narrowly averted smash. Blanche Mehaffey, Tom O'Brien, Charles K.

(*Continued on page* 63.)

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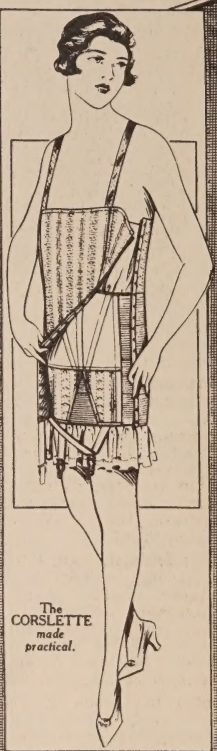

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REVELATIONS OF RUTH ROLAND

(*Continued from page* 48).

My first picture for Balboa was the *Who Pays* series, which was released on the Pathé programme. Henry King, now a famous director, was my leading man, and later he directed me in my next series, *The Price of Folly*, also released by Pathé.

Next came *The Red Circle*, which started my serial career, and after that I mostly made serials, with an occasional feature between times.

I then did the five reel Gold Rooster hand-coloured pictures: *The Sultana*, and *A Message from Reno*. The *Who Wins?* series followed, then *The Neglected Wife* serial, and *Comrade John*, another five reel hand-coloured picture, my last picture for Balboa, in which I was supported by William Elliott and Lew Cody.

Returning to the screen, under Pathé management, I did the record-breaking serial, *Hands Up*, which had the biggest first-sale record of any Pathé production, closely followed by my next, *The Tiger's Trail*.

At this point I formed my own company. I had been wanting my own company for some time, and went to a number of people, but found none who had confidence in me to the extent of backing me sufficiently.

I therefore waited until I had enough of my own earnings, both from my picture work and from real estate deals I had made, and then formed my own company.

Without assistance from lawyers or laymen, I drew all my own contracts, and even wrote and directed my first production, *The Adventures of Ruth*.

For several years I had been dealing in real estate, on a small scale at first, but gradually increasing as my salary and my real estate earnings increased.

I found it to be one of the most fascinating games I had ever played—one which takes the same courage and determination to succeed as that of serial pictures, though I admit that luck often helps, too.

I remember one lot I purchased in a suburban town, because it was a corner lot (I always prefer corner lots), and looked good to me; but all my real estate friends said I shouldn't have bought in that end of the town.

Despite all the wiseacres, I sold a portion of that lot for a magnificent theatre building, which augments the value of the remainder of the lot amazingly. Then, to add to my good fortune, a transportation company erected a big passenger and freight depôt on the half block just adjoining my property.

I have purchased many tracts of land and sub-divided them, two of the best known sub-divisions being "Roland Square" and "New Roland Square," a tract containing sixty-one acres; have built numerous bungalows, apartment houses, and bungalow courts. In Beverlymont, one of my recent sub-divisions, I have the loveliest home site imaginable, overlooking "Pickfair," the home of Mary and Doug., where I expect to build a beautiful home for myself.

But, although I find the real estate game extremely fascinating, I confess I love best of all my picture work, and hope to continue in pictures for many years.

With my own company, Ruth Roland Serials, Incorporated, I made many serial pictures, including, after *The Adventures of Ruth*, and *Ruth of the Rockies*, *The Avenging Arrow*, a colourful serial of the early days of California; *White Eagle* and *The Timber Queen*—which almost cost me my life with some of its hazardous feats—and the two mystery thrillers, *Haunted Valley* and *Ruth of the Range*, which are still being shown.

Desiring to return to the production of feature pictures, I have at last yielded to the plea of my thousands of fan friends, and formed another company of my own, Co-Artists' Productions.

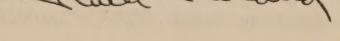
With this company I have completed two feature pictures: *Dollar Down*, in which I have the capable support of such artists as Henry B. Walthall, Maym Kelso, Earl Schenck, Lloyd Whitlock, Claire McDowell, Jane Mercer, and others.

Out Where the Worst Begins, my second feature, is a comedy-drama, replete with laughter and thrills, with an all-star cast including Matt Moore, Roy Stewart, Alec B. Francis, Grace Darmond, Derelys Perdue, Theodore Lorch and Ernie Adams.

In my brief span of years, I've played almost every conceivable part, and have always endeavoured to give my public clean, wholesome stories for entertainment only, that can be enjoyed by the whole family.

I appreciate the wonderful support I have received from everyone, and in my future work I'm going to try and make my pictures just as wholesome as in the past, and hope they will like them even better.

I have certainly worked very hard (and it's been "real" work as well as "reel" work, too), but I have been very happy in it, and want to thank those, all over the globe, who have given me their loyalty and appreciation. We all have our greatest ambition. Mine is: "To have everyone really love me the wide world over."



PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[*This is your department of* PICTUREGOER. *In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the* PICTUREGOER. *Address: "Faults," the* PICTUREGOER, 93, *Long Acre, W.C.*2.]

Strange!

In *Sinners in Heaven*, "Capt. Croft's" sister is seen seated in her car looking at an illustrated journal. A close-up of the page shows it to be a printed account of her brother's forthcoming voyage, with a small picture of Bebe Daniels inset. Yet when she lays it down on her lap, without turning over a page, it is seen to be a double-page illustration of an aeroplane.

C. H. (Exmouth).

A Movie Miracle.

In the Stoll film, *The Speed Limit*, Herman Berger, "Grease-Cup" Jackson, and the latter's sweetheart, Mamie Smith, run out of "gasoline" when going to the big motor race. They are taken in tow by an obliging policeman on a motor-bike. When they arrive at the course, "Grease-Cup" and Mamie start away *in the car* to wreck a helioscope some distance away. How did the car accomplish this feat without "gas"?

E. P. T. (Catford).

Another "Hair Raising" Stunt.

Norma Shearer, in *Nothing to Wear*, has her hair Eton cropped. But in a scene that takes place shortly after, she is shown combing out her long hair in front of a mirror. How did she grow it so quickly?

M. D. (Liverpool).

They Must Have Grown There!

In *The New Commandment*, Blanche Sweet is seen in bed, with her head resting on pillows in *plain* linen pillow-slips. Ben Lyon creeps into the room and leaves a note on her pillow. Later we see Blanche awake and reading the note; but now the pillow-slips have *lace edges*!

C. C. (Fulham).

That Shingle Again!

Richard Dix, as the Indian hero of *The Vanishing Race*, goes to visit the heroine (Lois Wilson). She opens the door to him and takes him through a room in which there are two girls, one of whom has her hair shingled with points at the side, in the latest fashion. As the picture was supposed to be before the war, how is it that she is shingled?

B. B. (Hove).

Who Took the Top off?

In *Somebody's Darling*, Betty Balfour, at breakfast cracked the top of an egg, smelt it, and immediately passed it across the table to her cousin, "Oliver," sitting opposite. The egg in transit across the table had "lost its top."

B. M. G. R. (Sydenham).

Those Film Gormandizers

Top left: Have one of Constance's dough-nuts! Below: The café scene in "Kiki."

Proving that film feasts are not always what they seem.

Films are faked so cleverly nowadays that picturegoers are even sceptical of the café scenes which are so often seen in films. Do the players really eat the enormous quantity of food which is served up to them in the play, or is it only make-believe?

Sometimes, indeed, it is trickery. For instance, there is the renowned feat accomplished by Louise Fazenda. Many readers will no doubt remember a scene in which she ate a whole bunch of bananas in record time, one after the other without pausing for breath.

This was accomplished by her taking one whole banana in a single bite. The camera then stopped "taking" in order to enable her to disgorge the banana already in her mouth, and to give her time to prepare for the next bite, when it would recommence to register.

It is true that some well-laden tables are only make-believe, the articles of food being but imitations of the real thing. But such "props" are used only in cases when it is not necessary for the actors to be seen consuming food.

On such occasions it has been known that players have rushed from the tables to the nearest real restaurant in a state bordering on starvation, the whole day having been spent on a series of rehearsals.

On other occasions players have been the unwilling victims of a superabundance of food. Whilst engaged in acting in *A Woman of Paris,* Adolphe Menjou had perforce to eat considerably more than a comfortable allowance, in the cause of realism.

One rehearsal followed another in quick succession, and with each poor Menjou had to put away a fresh supply. Every few minutes, feeling a tightness at his stomach, he would release one or two holes at his belt. He was beginning to debate the wisdom of sending for a longer belt, when to his relief they completed the "take."

While *Kiki* was being filmed, hundreds of supers experienced the sad experience of being overfed players. Clarence Brown, the director of the film, was evidently bent on understudying that apostle of realism—Von Stroheim—and from nine o'clock in the morning he had the supers training as gourmands.

Mountains of food were carried to tables on the sets, a reproduction of a famous café in Paris, practically all day long and eaten under Brown's direction.

Norma Talmadge's rôle as "Kiki"—a Paris street gamin with an excellent appetite—required her to eat heartily as the guest of the theatre manager (Ronald Colman). The scene was "shot" many times, and on each occasion Norma had to eat just as if she had not had a meal for weeks.

A portable kitchen was set up near the café. French chefs and waiters were recruited for the day by Charles Dorian, assistant director. Jean Bertin, formerly a stage manager in Paris, was responsible for all the detail in the French scenes in the production.

At the end of the day, large quantities of food remained unconsumed, so the electricians and carpenters of the studio partook of dinner as guests of Norma Talmadge and her director.

Norma's sister, Constance, dotes on doughnuts. She is really an excellent cook and can make doughnuts to perfection. So well in fact, that she is said to be responsible for the increased appetite for doughnuts of some twenty players who worked with her in the making of *Her Sister From Paris.*

In the film her sweetened bits of dough and fat were scorned by Ronald Colman, who played as her husband. But when the cameras stopped clicking he led George K. Arthur and Gertrude Claire, his co-actors, in a raid on the larder, and not far behind them followed Sidney Franklin, the director, the assistant director, and the rest of the technical crew.

Nevertheless, if film directors continue to insist on such an acute pitch of realism for café scenes, someone will really have to recommend the advisability of engaging the services of a large staff of skilled medical practitioners who would be at hand to render first-aid to these poor, unfortunate artistes who are so often the victims of overfeeding.

The Broadway Boulevardier

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Circle: Miles Mander in "The Pleasure Garden," which was shown at Loew's New York Theatre some weeks ago.

Above: Marian Nixon is coyness personified.

Our English friend in America sends further interesting data concerning the film world in New York.

These Americans are nothing if not demonstrative. When Carl Laemmle, president and founder of Universal Pictures, returned from Europe a short time back, the New York film industry treated itself to an old-fashioned children's party in honour of the occasion. Carl nearly died in Sir Douglas Shields' nursing home in London. He is said to be approaching seventy, but is now back again at the Universal helm.

Armed with streamers, rattles, banners and penny-whistles, a welcoming delegation embarked at 7.30 a.m. on a tug and set off down the harbour to meet the Aquitania. I was able to disguise myself as a favour, and so join the party unobserved.

On the poop of the tug (if tugs have poops, which some may dispute) there was a brass band, which attacked its repertoire of three tunes as soon as we were under way. "The Gang's All Here," "Home Sweet Home," and "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," followed each other in almost unbroken succession for the next hour, swelling forth twice as sonorously when we reached the Aquitania and saw the famous Laemmle smile peering down at us.

The music was a tribute to American lungs, if not to American art. Passengers on a German liner from Bremen, which we passed on our way out, blinked wonderingly over the rail at this, their first view of the New World. The fact that these people were making the morning hideous with their cacophonies did not detract from the unbounded enthusiasm for the Muse, which alone could account for a band practice in mid-Atlantic at 7.30 a.m.

When we reached the liner, we circled round it several times, the tug's siren adding to the already demoniacal din of the band, the whistles and the rattles. Carl Laemmle, who knew what it was all about, looked very pleased; but the steerage passengers, who had never heard of Laemmle and thought this was a spontaneous expression of welcome to them from the American people, were positively overcome, joining their shouts of "Hoch!" "Brava!" "Hey hey!" and "Huzzah!" to the general pandemonium. The result was indescribable. In the first-class section some British aristocrats adjusted their monocles with an air of patient resignation to American crudity.

Afterwards we boarded a fleet of char-a-bancs, the band in the front one still busy with its repertoire, and charged madly up Fifth Avenue. The police held up the traffic. Citizens of New York paused in mid-stride to boggle at the charge of the movie Djinns.

The Sorrows of D. W. Griffith.

After those celluloid atrocities, *Sally of the Sawdust* and *That Royle Girl*, nobody was exactly hopeful at the opening night of the latest Griffith production, *The Sorrows of Satan*. For myself, I found the picture not quite as bad as I expected. On several occasions Griffith showed us pictures of people doing things without inserting an explanatory title according to his custom. Apart from this,

Menjou was in the picture, and Menjou always manages to be entertaining, even against odds such as these.

Coincidental with the run of *Sorrows of Satan*, the little Cameo theatre gave a series of Griffith revival weeks, during which most of his early productions were shown. This arrangement has brought home most forcefully how much critical standards have changed in the last few years, and has left everyone wondering what they could ever have seen in Griffith.

In *Sorrows of Satan*, we see Carol Dempster nobly upholding the Gish tradition of drooling sentimentality. She weeps torrents of glycerine tears into a tea-cup decorated with forget-me-nots, while her young man (Ricardo Cortez) thoughtlessly flirts with the bathing beauties.

More Film Peeps at Publicity.

Marion Davies and Marian Nixon, both of whom have honoured New York with their presence recently, are excellent examples of the two main schools of thought in the matter of getting publicity. Each has brought her own particular manner of giving interviews to the press to a high pitch of perfection.

Marion with an "o," believes in a robust and hearty manner, relying on her slight stammer and the colony of powdery freckles on her nose, for the touch to the heart which is so necessary in order properly to subjugate the interviewer.

She smiles a broad Davies grin and shakes you by the hand as if she meant business. This blending of two different angles of appeal is considered by Miss Davies to be mortal at ten yards. It is all the more deadly for the fact that every interviewer expects great shyness and reserve, Marion being the only female star of repute who has never married.

Marian with an "a," represents the important and extensive school of thought which teaches that every man, whether an interviewer or not, will fall for a good helping of coyness. This is almost true when it comes from a girl like Marian, whom Krafft-Ebing would classify as inspirational to the protective instinct in man.

I lunched with Marian Nixon at the Biltmore, and she proved to be coyness personified, from soup to nuts. Unfortunately for the success of her tactics, I happened to know that she is married to a prize-fighter.

Having informed her of my inside information over the coffee, she breathed a relieved sigh and started to tell me some colourful stories about the leading men she has worked with. These were really too coy for repetition here. The important thing is, that when I meet Reginald Denny, Ray Griffith, Edward Horton, and the rest of them, I shall start with the advantage definitely on my side.

PICTUREGOERS' GUIDE

(*Continued from page* 58).

French, W. A. Steele, Harry Todd and Madge Hunt are good in support. Director, Edward Sedgwick. Good entertainment.

Secret Orders (F. B. O.; Jan. 17).
Spy melodrama. Improbable, but quite vigorous and exciting story of secret service during the war, with Evelyn Brent as the patriotic American heroine. She is ably supported by Robert Frazer, Harold Goodwin, John Gough, Marjorie Bonner, Brandon Hurst and Frank Leigh. Director, Chet Withey.

Silence (P. D. C.; Jan. 3).
Melodrama. A good, strong story of the tragedy of two generations, that ends a little weakly. H. B. Warner gives a fine performance in a leading rôle, and the rest of the cast, including Vera Reynolds, Raymond Hatton, Rockliffe Fellowes, Jack Mulhall and Virginia Pearson are good. Director, Rupert Julian. Good entertainment of a heavy type.

A Trip to Chinatown (Fox; Jan. 3).
Farce. Earle Foxe, Margaret Livingstone, J. Farrell MacDonald, Gladys McConnell, Hazel Howell, Harry Woods, Marie Astaire, George Kuwa and Anna May Wong in an amusing story of the adventures of a young millionaire who, believing that he has only six months to live, goes to a gay uncle in San Francisco to die, and falls into so much excitement that he is cured instead. Director, Robert Kerr. Good entertainment.

The Unchastened Woman (W. & F.; Jan. 10).
Triangle drama. Theda Bara as a neglected wife, who goes a-vamping (on old-fashioned, but harmless lines) in order to win back her husband. Wyndham Standing, Eileen Percy and Dale Fuller are good in supporting rôles. Fair entertainment.

Up In Mabel's Room (P. D. C.; Jan. 31).
Farce. Marie Prevost is a joy, as usual, in this frothy story of a wife who divorces her husband through a misunderstanding, and then proceeds to lure him back again. An excellent cast includes Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Harry Myers, Sylvia Breamer, Maud Truax, Carl Gerard and William Orlamond. Director, E. Mason Hopper. Capital entertainment.

The Volga Boatman (P. D.C.; Jan. 17).
Romantic drama. The romance of a Russian Princess who loves a Volga boatman, and the smoothing of true love by a revolution is the theme of this lavishly mounted spectacular film. A very good cast includes William Boyd, Elinor Fair, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Arthur Rankin. Director, Cecil de Mille. Colourful entertainment in the usual De Mille manner.

Walter Forde Comedies (Wardour; Jan.).
Six two-reelers starring the popular British comedian. These are always clean and amusing, and should be enjoyed by everyone. Pauline Peters is Walter's leading lady, and he is his own director and gag man.

The Wooing of Eve (U. K.; Jan. 3).
Farce. A French film with a slight plot, dealing with the affairs of two pairs of lovers, but cheerful and well acted. Warwick Ward, Ossi Oswaldi and Agnes Estahazy are featured. Good, light entertainment.

The Yokel (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Jan. 17).
Comedy. George K. Arthur and Charles Murray give excellent performances in a rather weak story, Gertrude Olmstead is a pleasant heroine, and Hank Mann and Antonio D'Algy are also quite good. Director, William Wellman. Fair entertainment.

THE PICTUREGOER

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ANOTHER GEORGE (London, S.E.).—The best way to get a signed photo of Betty Balfour is to write direct and ask for one; c/o Welsh Pearson's, Ltd., West End House, Rupert Street, W.1, will find her. Of course call me George—we've both got a proprietary right in the name, it seems.

D. W. (Plymouth).—Cheer up, old fellow—Spring's coming! Seriously, I'm sorry you've got a grievance against my friend "The Thinker." He has a kind 'art when you know him, and it's just sheer bad luck that none of your "Thinks" have been published yet. Write to him again next time you feel like boiling over about something, and I'll tell him to look out for your letter.

DOLLY (Birmingham). — Your letter (and your blessing) have been passed to me by "The Thinker." Glad to hear you're going to drink my health—I ought to flourish this year! My fertile imagination's gone on strike—so I'm afraid you'll have to do without any original suggestions. Sorry!

NOVELLO FANS.—An Ivor Novello Club is being started by Miss D. M. Ellis, 25, Mount Pleasant Avenue, Rookery Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. For particulars send a stamped addressed envelope to the lady in question.

MARY'S ADMIRER (Hounslow). — Mary Pickford has decided on her next picture and will start work on it early this year. It is to be a comedy, and she has three others, as yet unselected, scheduled for this year, so she means to be busy.

K. L. T. (London).—(1) Letter forwarded to John Barrymore. (2) Charles de Roche's last film was *The Faun*, which is released this month. (3) Edmund Lowe's latest is *One Increasing Purpose*, for which he came to England last year. The release date isn't fixed yet.

H. H. (Manitoba).—(1) Letter forwarded to Betty Balfour. (2) She's just finished a film in France, and her next picture hasn't been announced yet.

TAMARA (Durham).—So you've only just discovered PICTUREGOER. I didn't know you were so behind the times in your part of the world. (1) Clive Brook was born on June 1st, and he is in the early thirties. He started his career as a journalist, and later became an actor. It was not until August, 1920, after the war, during which he was on active service, that he started screen work. In 1924 he signed a contract with Thomas Ince, and sailed for America with his wife, Mildred Evelyn, and his little daughter, Faith, and he has been in Hollywood ever since. He is tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. (2) There was an art plate of Clive in July, 1923, PICTUREGOER. I'll see about another early this year. (3) Clive Brook, Norma Talmadge and Blanche Sweet are mentioned in the present "Who's Who." Ronald Colman and Alma Rubens will probably go into a future edition, when this one has run out. (4) I think your letters must have been mislaid, or you would have heard from your favourites by now. Try writing again.

E. B. S. (Clacton.)—I have "been a darling" as requested—in fact, I am a permanent darling.

D. W. (Leytonstone).—(1) Even if I didn't think your favourite "absolutely wonderful," my customary tact would forbid me to dispute the question with you! (2) An art plate of Richard Dix appeared in June, 1926, PICTUREGOER. (3) His address is c/o Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. (4) All film stars employ secretaries to deal with their fan mail. If they attended to it themselves they wouldn't have any time left to act in.

BOBBED HAIR (S. W. A.).—I'm afraid I can't promise you a picture of the late Valentino every month. You see most of the available photo's of him have been published already, and there is no further supply coming along from which to draw.

C. L. (Norbury).—(1) Bernard Goetzke is a German. (2) You can obtain photo's of the late Valentino from our post-card department. (3) So far as I know Youcca Troubetzkoy is no relation to the Russian princess of that name. (4) Yes, Tullio Carminati hails from Italy.

PATIENCE.—(1) Yes, it was Youcca Troubetzkoy who played with Pola Negri in *Flower of the Night*. Address him c/o Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) The same address will find Greta Nissen.

R. F. (Liverpool). — Try Famous-Players Lasky, 166-170, Wardour Street, W.1, for stills from *Beau Geste*. The usual charge there is 12/- a set of twelve.

MARY (Putney).—Constance Talmadge is in America, with her family. Her next picture has not yet been decided on, but I think I can safely say that it will be a comedy.

T. M. (Preston).—(1) I can't say when Alma Taylor's picture, *The House of Marnay*, will be shown. The release date hasn't been fixed yet. (2) She isn't working at present.

STANLEY EVERSON (The Towers, 26, Bond Street, Wakefield), announces a Ben Lyon Club. Fans who want to join should write to him for particulars, enclosing the usual stamped envelope.

W. M. B. (Dover).—(1) Laura La Plante was born in 1905—work it out for yourself. I think she would send you an autographed photo if you write to her: c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) Of course Richard Talmadge isn't dead—I can't think where you fans get hold of some of these quaint ideas. (3) I've "been a dear" and forwarded your letter to Rod La Rocque.

Cadbury means Quality
See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of chocolate

SECRETS OF THE STARS

(*Continued from page* 30.)

day, after the manner of Michael Angelo; and it did not take me a minute to pick on Sally as my subject.

When people heard this choice they decided I had gone completely mad. Sally—tomboyish, hoydenish, modern Sally—as a cherub? Impossible! I let them laugh, and took Sally away to produce the pictures. I combed her pretty hair out so that it fell in a soft cloud round her baby face and explained what I wanted her to express.

When the proofs of those pictures came through, the studio admitted I was right in my choice. As for Sally, she wriggled about excitedly, like a young imp, and exclaimed—"Ruth Harriet, they're simply CATSY!"

I love taking pictures of Carmel Myers; she came to my studio before I was engaged by M.G.M., and her wonderful magnetism—stronger than beauty—seems to reach right out of any picture one makes of her. Her eyes have an extra high-light, so an artist told me, and that helps to explain her photographic excellence.

Carmel is the most conscientious actress I know. She studies every element, every tiny detail in a picture. Even in fashion stills, which so many actresses treat in a "hurry-up-and-let's-get-this-over" manner, Carmel takes infinite pains to put herself into the right mood for each gown.

To discover new characteristics in my sitters and bring them to light by means of the camera is a great delight. In one case I was able to reveal unexpected romantic qualities in a young actor, whose work and pictures had always been associated with ultra modern parts and clothes.

This young actor, Ernest Gillen by name, was quite successful in his modern work, but I had a feeling there was something deeper and finer to be discovered in his nature if I could only drag it to light. He came to me to be photographed in ordinary lounge suits and evening dress. While he was in my studio I happened to put a really thrilling Spanish tango on my gramophone—and as the music rang out a complete change took place in Mr. Gillen.

Amazed, I watched the new look in his eyes, the new poise in his body. At the time, I said nothing. Later, with deep intent in my mind, I suddenly played that tango again, and again Mr. Gillen reacted to it. Then I asked him his nationality, and discovered he is half Mexican, a point nobody had realised before.

I told him to go away, and come back in a real Mexican costume, and *then* I would get some pictures that showed him as he ought to be, and as he ought to look! Back he came, and my new pictures helped to reveal his true characteristics to directors, with the result that he is now playing parts to which he is admirably suited.

As for Jackie Coogan, that boy is a perfect marvel. He spent an afternoon with me; the most amusing afternoon of my life. He came holding a little attaché case containing a change of clothes, and accompanied by his father. He said he would be quite happy alone with me, so his father went away.

Then Jackie proceeded to entertain me; gravely, with extreme courtesy, he discussed every subject in which he thought I might be interested: Politics, Prohibition, Real Estate, even Love. He told me about his little sweetheart, so charmingly, and showed me a silk handkerchief she had given him tucked proudly into the breast pocket of his blazer. He changed his clothes in business-like style, tied his own tie refusing my help with dignity; packed and unpacked his attaché case, and at last, bade me a grave farewell.

I'd like to have him in my studio every day, for if ever a boy—who might have been so easily spoilt—has a sweet, simple nature and a broad-minded outlook on life, that boy is Jackie Coogan.

Notes Worth Noting

A Delightful Addition.

The illustration on this page shows a 1-lb. box of Meltis "Seville" Assorted—one of the latest additions to a wonderful range which includes such old favourites as "Gaiety" and "Harlequin"—and the more recent popular "Duchess of York."

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As this is the first month of 1927, I must wish you all the customary Happy New Year before we proceed to business. May it prove a prosperous one for all of us, and a bumper one so far as films are concerned—particularly for the British industry.

A New Year's Greeting.

Fair's Fair writes: "What's the matter with young Cedric Belfrage, the fellow who wrote the 'Broadway Boulevardier,' in the August PICTUREGOER? To read his hymn of hate against *Ben Hur*, one would imagine that it was the prize lemon of the season—and it *isn't*.

A Protest.

Perhaps I shouldn't write this, only I know that there are thousands—even as I—who have eagerly waited to see *Ben Hur*, and who must have been very disappointed when they read that it was a failure. Let me say now that I've read practically every American criticism of *Ben Hur*, and that I haven't read one that did not say that it was a great picture.

"Cedric Belfrage also writes that, except for the chariot race and Betty Bronson, the picture was hardly worth seeing. Well, every critic so far has said that Ramon Novarro's acting was inspired—one of the successes of the year, while some went as far as to say that he gave the best performance they have yet seen. Cedric Balfrage must have eaten something that disagreed with him, either when he viewed the picture, or when he wrote his criticism. With all good wishes to the PICTUREGOER."

"After deep thought, I have come to the conclusion that it would be all for the good of the movie industry in general if—Cecil B. de Mille would get rid of his religion 'complex.'

Excelsior.

If there were more films like *Beau Geste*.

If Percy Marmont would bring his gorgeous sense of humour to bear on his acting.

If someone would rescue Mary Philbin from the clutches of the Universal people.

If there were more men with the distinction and breeding of Ronald Colman and Clive Brook on the screen.

If every film provided the marvellous thrill that the chariot race in *Ben Hur* does.

If the idea of talking films is abandoned. Just imagine John Gilbert, for instance, making love in Americanese!

If American film actors would refrain from wearing straw hats with their 'tuxedos.'

If cowboy films were not.

If PICTUREGOER were twice its present size.

If 'The Thinker's' page, in particular, became at least two pages. What do you think?"—*Mary* (London).

Sardanaphalus writes, "If Hollywood film producers are so hard up for new screen material, plots, ideas, etc., they might reap a harvest by looking up old 19th century novels, by writers of whom the last three generations have never heard, and yet which might still be found in the bookcases of our grandmothers and maiden aunts. These novels could be modernised, turned, twisted out of recognition, and no indignant public would raise a protest as they do when Dickens, Thackeray, and other household names are bowdlerised.

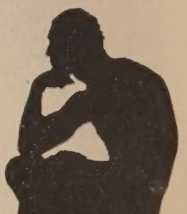
Screen Material.

"I've read several of these old books, now fallen among the limbo of forgotten things; the plots put some modern novelists to shame, and the side issues could make film stories in themselves. The titles of some of them sound laughable—'The Old Helmet,' 'He Fell in Love with his Wife,' 'From Jest to Earnest,' etc.—but an imaginative scenarist who is a skilled adaptor, would find plenty of material there."

Forgotten Things.

"I agree entirely with *Vera Paqualin's* assertion in your December issue. Ivor Novello emphatically does *not* receive adequate support from his fans. I know he must be immensely popular with thousands, but they don't take enough trouble to let the world know. As the brightest light of the British film industry he should receive *much* more genuine, whole-hearted appreciation and the right kind of publicity from both fans and press, whereas, it seems, everyone takes his ability and charm more or less for granted. I am starting an Ivor Novello Club, and shall be pleased to hear from Vera Paqualin and every other enthusiastic fan who is interested. It won't be dull I can promise." —*D. M. E.* (Birmingham).

Support for Novello.



(Those interested will find an announcement of the club on George's page.)—

THE THINKER.

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BETTY BALFOUR

Who has been aptly described as "Britain's Best Bet," and who will remain so until the Government decide to put a tax on laughter. Readers will join with us in congratulating Betty on her recovery after a dangerous illness, and echo our wish for a speedy convalescence and an early return to the screen.

The PICTUREGOER
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Our Observatory

For the Discovery of New Stars that twinkle in the Movie Firmament.

Camilla Horn.

One of the brightest planets that has ever sparkled in the European sky has suddenly appeared over Germany.

She has come most startlingly, without any heralding: nobody knows anything about her except that she is here, at the beginning of a film career which ought to be one flaming comet path of success.

Curiously enough, we owe this new discovery to Lillian Gish. I don't suppose Lillian herself is aware of it. She is not a conscious illuminant of genius. But by the very fact of her decision not to play Marguerite in the new German *Faust*, she left the sky clear for the sudden rising of Camilla Horn.

She was in Germany, all handy. And she was young. And she was lovely. And in that country of real film *feeling*, a clever director can make an actress out of the right kind of raw material in a single picture.

I don't know what Lillian Gish would have made of Marguerite. I can see her in the snow scenes, a frozen, fragile orphan of the storm, getting the most of pathos out of her handling of the dying baby, her fingers twitching forlornly round her mouth. I can see her—no, I can't. She has none of the newly-touched fire of the young Marguerite. She has none of the unconscious challenge. But I know what Camilla Horn made of Marguerite, and it was splendid. At once a glory and a pain.

CAMILLA HORN.

I have often wondered, painfully watching the sophisticated Marguerite of the opera stage, whether any woman of to-day could possibly play the jewel scene and make it convincing. Now I know that it can be done. Camilla Horn sits by her spinning wheel, with her hand on the thread and her eyes on the casket, and there is in her glance and in the tilt of her mouth, such a tumult of youth, and hope, and terror and first love as I have never seen on any screen.

Philippe de Lacey.

Night after night, month after month, year after year, I fix my telescope and focus it upon the Milky Way of baby stars, and never, never do I find a single one of them whom it is any pleasure or profit to study.

Never? Well, hardly ever.

There was Jackie Coogan once.

There was the pathetic little Cosette of Andrée Rolane in the first half of *Les Misérables*.

There was a clever child in *Coster Bill of Paris*.

But, on the whole, the children of the screen are an unprepossessing lot; stars who are not made of star stuff; little prodigies that have grown up so quickly that they seem to have lost any chance of a future.

I must confess that I have been guilty of regarding Philippe de Lacey as just one more fragment of the Milky Way, and have never, until lately, given his individual case much study.

However, I realise now that young Philippe de Lacey is an actor, and

PHILIPPE DE LACEY.

an actor of considerable genius. He did good average work in *Rosita, A Doll's House, Without Benefit of Clergy, Beau Geste*, and other films. In his short career he has worked as hard as any man jack of them. But it was in *Don Juan*, for the first time, that he showed the real star stuff that was in him.

Walking down the banqueting hall in the pride of the young Don Juan, a heart-killer at nine years old, Philippe de Lacy began to shine right out of the Milky Way.

THE ASTRONOMER.

It will not be long now before he will be a planet in his own right, visible to the naked eye among mature and more famous stars.

Above: A beautiful setting from "Faust," showing "Marguerite" (Camilla Horn) surrounded by her little friends. Below: "Mephisto" (Emil Jannings) with the casket of jewels with which he proposes to tempt "Marguerite."

The New Faust

Once again the Ufa Studios give something worth-while to the screen.

Most operas give anything but promising screen material. Their chief claim to immortality lies, not in the plots, which are usually banal, but in the music, which cannot be so easily translated into screen terms.

When Lillian Gish made *La Bohème,* everyone realised that there was no hope for it. They got what they expected—a saintly "Mimi," played according to the tearful Gish traditions, in a story that departed very far from the original.

But in the Ufa Studios, Berlin, most things are possible, and the filmed version of *Faust* justifies its existence and illustrates once more, in forcible fashion, the artistic supremacy of the Germans in motion picture production.

Although the story wanders a little from the libretto of the opera, the characters themselves have suffered little or no change.

"Mephisto" dominates the screen most of the time. This is not surprising when Emil Jannings plays the rôle.

Jannings is one of the very few film stars of repute who has never made a bad picture. His work is the most uniformly brilliant of any artiste in the world, and his rendering of the devil in *Faust* is a sheer joy to watch. He is the incarnation of all evil—his every action spiced with wicked and malicious humour.

The film opens with a prologue wonderfully done. Plague and pestilence, and all the powers of darkness are at work upon the earth, and "Mephisto," terribly and realistically presented from a cloud of drifting darkness, glories over his triumphs.

An angel of God protests against his wickedness, and when "Mephisto" boasts that he is king of the earth, challenges him by telling him that he cannot kill the spark of the divine in the soul of "Faust"—that if he can, he may indeed be king over all the earth.

There follows the tempting of "Faust," shown as a venerable old man, to whom the villagers, dying with plague, come begging for succour. All his learning fail him in effecting a cure, and at last, in despair, he turns from God to the devil for help.

There is a nightmare-like scene at the crossroads, whither he must go to invoke the spirit of the evil one. The Germans undoubtedly have a genius for this sort of thing. They suggest the supernatural by a cunning mixing up of shadow and substance so that the one seems to melt into the other.

"Faust" (excellently played by Gosta Ekman, the Swedish actor), gives his soul to the devil for twenty-four

hours, in return for the gift of healing. Then he goes out to the weeping villagers and raises a plague-stricken man from the dead.

At first he is acclaimed as a miracle worker, but when accident reveals the dark source of his power, he is spurned and stoned.

Embittered and heart-broken, he returns home and is about to end his life, when "Mephisto" appears and stays his hand, whispering that his time is not yet up, and offering instead of the power that humanity has spurned, Youth and the pleasures of the earth.

"Faust," in a reckless mood, accepts, and is transformed into a handsome youth. "Mephisto," keeping his word, gives him everything he desires, and at the end of the twenty-four hours, "Faust" renews the bargain.

There follows a return to his native village, and the meeting with "Marguerite." Camilla Horn, in the latter rôle, is ideal. She suggests youth and innocence with none of the simpering ingenue sweetness of the typical American heroine. One of the loveliest scenes in the film is the one in which he first sees her hurrying to church on Easter Sunday.

Their second meeting, in the garden of "Aunt Martha" (amusingly played by Yvette Gilbert) is beautifully presented.

From there the film moves quickly to its tragic climax, with "Mephisto" as the driving force, inexorably evil. Only at the end does the "divine spark" in "Faust" blaze up to flaunt the powers of darkness, when love for "Marguerite" drives him to share death with her at the stake.

The last scene shows "Mephisto" slinking off defeated, while the triumphant angel destroys the bond that gives "Faust's" soul to the powers of darkness.

The acting honours in this picture rest pretty evenly between the entire cast, although, the work of Emil Jannings is undoubtedly the finest thing in the production. It can be ranked amongst the few really great performances of the screen.

Good work is also done by William Dieterle as "Valentine," Marguerite's brother, and Frieda Richard as her mother.

Some of the most wonderful scenes are those in which "Mephisto" takes "Faust" on a flight over the great cities of the earth, when one gets an amazing illusion of flying with them.

The only poor scene in the whole picture is a totally unnecessary one at the end, which shows "Faust" and "Marguerite," saved by love, ascending to Paradise, in what appears to be a sort of heavenly escalator.

The crudity of the effect, coming after so much really clever camera work, is like a cold shock, and if the exhibitors of the film are wise they will cut it out before the picture is generally released.

Above: Emil Jannings as "Mephisto," appeals to the vanity of "Aunt Martha" (Yvette Gilbert) with gifts and fulsome flattery.

Right: "Faust" (Gosta Ekman, plus hirsute adornments) uses all his skill and learning in an effort to find an antidote to the plague.

Moskine from Moscow

A true son of Russia is Moskine, for he attended the School of Law at Moscow. Fate, however, intended him for the films.

Life, to the hero of two of Europe's outstanding photoplay achievements, *Michael Strogoff* and *Casanova* (who, in deference to the wishes of his manifold Anglo-Saxon fans has abandoned the name of "Mosjoukine" for the more easily pronounced one of "Moskine"), is analogous to the scenario of a motion picture, with its several sequences each of which, according to the accepted rules of scenario construction, fades in at the beginning and out at the end.

A sequence of his life has just "faded-out" and he is now, as it were, at the sub-title stage which usually precedes the beginning of a new sequence. The sub-title might read, "And, having made his last picture in France, Moskine turned his face towards California."

Yes, towards California, for Carl Laemmle, the president of the Universal Pictures Corporation, when in Paris recently, signed Moskine to a long term contract, by the conditions of which he makes his pictures at Universal City, California.

Ere these lines appear, Moskine will have crossed an ocean and a continent; he will be working on yet another sequence in the film of life. We will now view the earlier reels of the film.

If his parents' wishes had been gratified, Ivan would now be a successful, bewigged Russian lawyer; for two years after he left college, he took courses in the School of Law at Moscow. He had successfully passed his first two examinations when, during the holidays that followed the long period of close study, the temptation he had for many years felt within him, developed irresistibly. To become an actor, to tread the boards, each evening to create in himself a new personality; the siren voice of the theatre called him—and who ever turned a deaf ear to a siren?

He took steps to achieve his objective with never a word to his parents whom, he knew, would be appalled by the mere suggestion of an histrionic career.

The opening day of the new term of the Moscow seminary arrived and young Ivan duly bade his parents a fond farewell and boarded the train.

The train steamed out . . . the little group on the platform gradually faded into obscurity, and Ivan was alone—with the remorseless realisation that he was master of his own destiny! Some hours later the train came to a jerky halt at the only stopping place on the journey to Moscow. The lithe figure of a college student leaped from a carriage and boarded the already moving Kiev train.

The following day Moskine signed a contract with the manager of a little theatrical company by which he received the fabulous—to him—sum of fifteen roubles a month. Wild with joy, he immediately wired his parents, telling them that, far from being at the Law School, he was already earning his living!

He was not optimistic enough to think that the message would be received with enthusiasm, and was not therefore surprised when he received a letter predicting that he would soon be dying of starvation, and only too glad to acknowledge his rashness by throwing himself on their mercy.

Fortunately for him, their gloomy forebodings were never realised; he has never regretted not being a lawyer and he is not yet dead of hunger!

After years of hard work in which he encountered many adventures, happy and otherwise, Moskine accepted an engagement in the title rôle of *Michael Strogoff*. Previous to that he had appeared in several other French films, but to personify the gallant courier of the Czar was the apex of his ambitions.

Now he is leaving for America. What, we wonder, awaits him there?

Surely, continued happiness and success!

E. Dryhurst Roberts.

The centre picture shows Ivan Moskine in the character of "Michael Strogoff," courier of the Czar. Above: Moskine and Nathalie Kovanko in "Michael Strogoff."

Preserving Nature's Birthright

by GLADYS COOPER

Of all our actresses, Gladys Cooper is by popular vote the most beautiful. Who, then, could be better qualified to write on the subject of beauty?

A charming study of Gladys Cooper, which shows to advantage her own beautifully tended hair.

Ever since there have been chroniclers to record, poets to sing, and artists to portray, woman's hair has been lauded and immortalised, and were one of the research workers in the British Museum Library to undertake to assemble a book of quotations concerning our "crowning glory," he surely would find he had embarked on a life work.

The poets and artists have given us traditions and standards to justify, and apart from owing it to ourselves and our fellow citizens of the world, all of us whose lives are coloured by a love of beauty owe it to those lovely ghosts of the past to live up to the poets' praises by making the most of our hair and always keeping it carefully tended.

Cleanliness is the mother of all beauty, and plays as important a part in the care of the hair as in the care of the skin. It is necessary to give just as much attention to the scalp, the hair itself, and the brushes and combs used for its grooming, as to the skin and its cleansing accessories—in fact, like the ideal young cavalier, we must be "groomed to a hair."

It is imperative to use very carefully blended creams for cleansing the skin; it is equally important to use similar discrimination in the choice of the compounds for shampooing the hair; only those tested powders known to be made up of ingredients beneficial to the hair should be used, and once a good shampoo has been found, the properties of which suit the hair, it should be used regularly.

I have made a very thorough study of this point, because the health, colour and lustre of the hair depend so much on the use of the right shampoos, and also on the method of drying. After going into the matter very thoroughly and testing innumerable different recipes, I found a compound which contained properly blended vegetable and herb extracts most beneficial to the health of the hair.

When I first used this mixture it was obtainable in liquid form only; but after a good deal of experiment I have had it reduced to powder form, like any other shampoo, which is much more convenient altogether, especially when travelling.

I find a teaspoonful of lemon juice added to the rinsing water excellent for enhancing the brilliancy of the hair; I would advise all fair people to try this, whilst brunettes will find that a teaspoonful of vinegar beautifies dark hair in the same way.

People whose hair is going grey too rapidly, or has a dull, faded appearance, would do well to rub a little olive oil into the scalp the night before the morning shampoo, massaging it well into the roots of the hair with firm fingers. The properties of the oil supply the roots with the essence and nourishment necessary to their vitality, which should be obtained from the hair cells, but which, if the health of the scalp is not good, do not carry out their work.

The use of a good shampoo is a very important factor in the care of childrens' hair, for it is far more likely to grow to beauty if the early conditions are ideal; drying the hair the best way is another feature I should like to stress, both for children and grown-up people. After thorough rinsing, it should be wrung out and rubbed briskly with a towel, and then dried, if possible, *near an open window*, never in front of a fire, and whenever there is the opportunity, on a balcony or terrace in the sun.

Fresh air and sunshine are as good for the health of your hair as they are for the health of your body, and equally sound beauty doctors. If you play golf, tennis, sit on the bathing-beach, go on the river, without a hat whenever a suitable chance occurs, your hair will show its gratitude; there is nothing like sunshine for keeping the colour and burnish at its best.

Now about brushing: there are certain unreasoning people who hold the

(*Continued on page* 58.)

My Lady's Jewels

Stars will be stars, and therefore they must twinkle in unison with their celestial cousins.

Beauty unadorned may be all very well in theory but emphatically it does not apply to screen stars.

For, when it comes to adornment, especially those fascinating perquisites of womanhood that come under the heading of jewellery, film stars are certainly "adorned the most."

Some stars choose their gems for show, or because they are fond of these glittering trifles, others because jewellery is a very sound investment.

A few film luminaries have certain gems in their possession more as luck-bringers than for any other reason.

But a peep into the jewel-cases of famous film stars shows much that is interesting since most of the contents have been personally selected by their fair owners. Individuality and personality shine forth as clearly from their jewels as from their acting; witness the wide diversity of taste shown by Dorothy Gish and Mae Murray.

Dorothy Gish's taste, like that of her great friend Constance Talmadge, runs to pearls. She declared they set off one's skin so nicely, when asked the reason for her preference.

Dorothy's two pearl necklaces are both gifts from her sister Lillian; one is a "choker" collaret, which she wears but seldom, the other, seen more frequently in public is a rope made of smaller but very lustrous pearls, and finished with a pair of tassels hanging from a platinum mount set with rubies.

Above: Mae Murray specialises in coloured precious stones—ruby and turquoise being her favourites.

Top left: The number of Pola's jewels gave her trouble with the Customs. Above: Norma Shearer wearing her beautiful diamond ring.

What Dorothy has wanted for some years is a pearl necklace made of alternate pink and black pearls, but black pearls are expensive luxuries, though some of the stars possess them.

Norma Talmadge's favourite precious stone is the black opal, and she has several sets of jewellery entirely composed of these somewhat sinister gems. All the corners of the earth have contributed something to Norma's jewel-casket. Very old pieces and ultra-modern pieces lie cheek by jowl. She has diamond necklaces, both short and long, from the one with the pear-shaped diamond pendant, which has been seen in so many of her films, to long chains of emerald-cut diamonds alternating with emeralds, which she wears with her favourite white evening frocks.

Marion Davies, too, has a large fortune tucked away in her jewel-cases. She owns, however, but few heavy pieces, preferring light, though elegant settings. A long diamond, rectangular-shaped, and a watch on a long black cord are jewels she often wears. The watch is a little beauty, ball-shaped, with three rows of little diamonds

around the face of it. The other side consists of a large emerald centre, with circles of diamonds and sapphires surrounding it.

The ball-watch itself is set swivel-wise into a diamond and pearl-studded frame.

Raquel Meller, the glamorous lady from Spain, who is going to make her 1927 films in Hollywood, has a casket of jewels which is three feet long and which accompanies her at home or abroad. Some of its contents will be seen in her first film.

But, valuable though Raquel's jewels are, Peggy Hopkins Joyce's are still more noted. Peggy has four pearl necklaces, innumerable bracelets of diamonds and emeralds (the latter are her favourite stones), and cigarette-cases of crystal, onyx and jade with her initials on them in diamonds or rubies. Each case boasts a jewelled holder to match. Brooches and rings she has by the dozen, too, a couple of her favourite rings are diamond ones, one marquise, and one cut in cushion-shape. These two alone represent a fortune.

Mae Murray wears different jewels to her day-time gowns and evening gowns. She loves colour, and her favourite stones are rubies. One of her best-beloved daytime sets is made of dull gold, rather heavily carved, which was made to her own design. She wears it usually to a red frock, and it consists of a wide necklet, broad bracelets, rings, and earrings. Another set is of Turkish turquoise, with long drop earrings and a heartshaped ring.

Mae's diamond bracelets are also of her own designing, and are made in a leaf design, set into flexible platinum. These, and the diamond choker necklet have appeared in several films. Her choker necklet she wore in *The Merry Widow*, along with the pick of her collection of rings.

Constance Talmadge's rings are unique, especially a large black pearl one, and a huge square emerald. Constance favours small name-plates with diamond initials for her vanity cases, purses, hand-bags, etc., and her sets of flexible bracelets made of ruby, emerald, and diamond. She wears about a dozen at a time all on one arm.

Mary Pickford's diamond necklaces have been very much commented upon, she wore them in *Dorothy Vernon*. Both she and her mother own some marvellous diamonds.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix are great on diamonds, too. Mrs. Mix, who was Victoria Ford before she married, owns a watch, the face of which is a perfect diamond.

One of her diamond bracelets is two and a half inches wide, and amongst her many rings is one blue diamond solitaire said to be one of the most perfect stones in the world.

She has a sapphire, too, that is the size of a shilling, and is set with perfectly matched diamonds.

But her scintillating glories are dimmed by those of her lord and master who, on state occasions, wears a young diamond mine around his waist!

A large diamond buckle forms the centre of Tom's newest personal adornment. Each side of the buckle the words TOM MIX appear in diamonds, with diamonds edging them too, so that the effect in diamonds is dazzling in the extreme.

A full catalogue of Pola Negri's jewels appeared when she had her little trouble with the Customs over them. One of the most interesting of these is the diamond and sapphire bracelet Chaplin gave her in 1923. It cost five thousand dollars.

May McAvoy owns some unique and expensive trinkets too, many of which she bought abroad.

An ancient legend tells how a long extinct race of people calling themselves the "Children of the Sun" loved precious stones better than anything else in the world, believing that gems, pearls, and gold possessed magical qualities which they imparted to their possessors.

Who shall say that the present day children of the "Sunlights" are not carrying on the old tradition?

Above: Peggy Hopkins Joyce has a collection of jewels more valuable and extensive than any in Hollywood. Right: Norma's collection runs Peggy's a close second.

The Magician with a Megaphone

Left: The persecuted heroine and the unhappy lover—Ivan Petrovich and Alice Terry. Above: After the operation.

Rex Ingram, the wizard of kinematography, turns to magic for the subject of his latest film.

Rex Ingram, master of wizardry turns to Black Magic for the theme of his new film, *The Magician*, made at his Mediterranean studio, and adapted from the novel of W. Somerset Maugham.

A cosmopolitan cast of more than usually imposing calibre includes Ivan Petrovich, a Serbian actor, whose photographs would seem to indicate that he stands quite a chance of becoming a new matinée idol; Paul Wegener, who created the part of the Golem in the remarkable German film of that name; Alice Terry (Mrs. Ingram), who is at present appearing in *The Grand Galeoto* with Ramon Novarro; and Gladys Hamer, the well-known English comedienne.

Ingram is a singular exception that proves the rule that the American-trained director does not ordinarily progress abroad in picture-making. And Mr. Ingram is, significantly enough, an Irishman!

His temperament positively thrives in the Old World atmosphere, perhaps because one of this director's most admirable qualities is his feeling for "atmosphere" in his pictures. There is plenty of that amid European traditions.

As becomes a young man who has been honoured for his work by a college degree and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, Mr. Ingram strives conscientiously to be accurate in his detail and in the parts of his productions that imply historical or scientific assertion. *The Magician* fairly shouts veracity in all its scholarly and artistic aspects.

An interesting circumstance about *The Magician* is that the dancer, Hirlist Stowitts, who appears as the Faun in an allegorical sequence, partnered, some seasons ago, the famous Pavlova. Stowitts is a native Californian, and is noted for the masculine force of his art. His rôle in the Ingram picture is fantastic and arresting.

The newcomer, Ivan Petrovich, is a Serbian, and discloses a certain slight resemblance to Valentino.

He is at the present time working in a picture being made by Leonce Pery, the French director, in which Nita Naldi is also playing.

Soldier, singer and Olympic swimmer, Ivan Petrovich is also an expert horseman. He was sent as a candidate for swimming by Serbia to the Olympic Games, held at Stockholm in 1912, and was the youngest candidate there.

Paul Wegener—who plays the title rôle in *The Magician* is ostensibly a "highbrow," having studied History of Art and Philosophy at the Universities of Freiburg and Leipzig. Thence he went on the stage, playing important rôles in the provinces, principally at Wiesbaden and Hamburg, where he attracted the attention of no less a person than Max Reinhardt, who engaged him to play at the famous Deutsches Theatre in Berlin.

Wegener has played in many classic rôles, notably Othello, Macbeth, Richard III, Mephistopheles and Oedipus Rex in Reinhardt's memorable production. He has also appeared in several of Shaw's plays and in Eugene O'Neill's "Desire under the Elms."

It was in 1910 that Paul Wegener first began to take an interest in film work. He wrote scenarios himself,

produced them and acted in them. The two best-known films in which he has appeared are *The Galley Slave* and *The Golem.*

Briefly, Ingram's eerie film-drama relates how Oliver Haddo—student of the occult sciences and gifted with the power of magic—searches for years to find a formula for the creation of human life.

Dr. Porhoet (Firmin Gémier), also an occultist, has a beautiful niece, Margaret Dauncey (Alice Terry) who is a sculptor in Paris. One day a section of the huge faun on which she is working falls on her and seriously injures her spine.

Arthur Burdon (Ivan Petrovich) a noted American surgeon, performs a delicate operation on her spine at a Paris clinic before many eminent professional colleagues. One of them remarks that Burdon is nothing short of a magician, whereupon Haddo (Paul Wegener), who is standing near, turns and says: "You are mistaken, sir. The saving of human life is a comparatively simple matter. It is the creation of life that calls for the powers of a magician!"

During the long period of convalescence, Margaret and Burdon are much together, and make no secret of their devotion.

After many attempts, Haddo, by trickery, gains entrance to Margaret's room and puts her under an hypnotic spell.

On the day of their wedding, Burdon arrives at the house of his betrothed only to find a note, saying, "Have married Haddo and am on my way South with him." He pursues them, and, quite accidentally, comes upon them in Monte Carlo. The following day Margaret confides in him her fear that Haddo intends killing her in an experiment of magic. Burdon forces her to flee with him and takes her to a sanatorium.

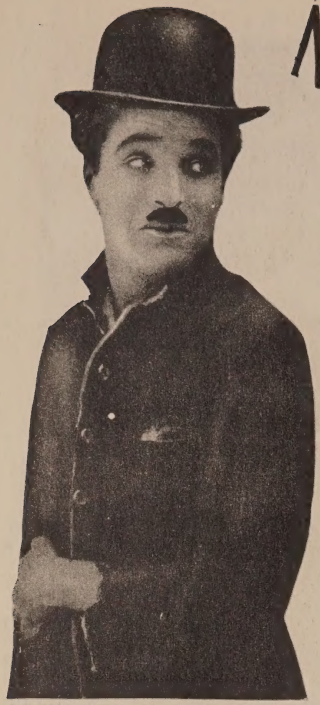
A few days later she is missing. Distracted and inconsolable, Burdon seeks the aid of Dr. Porhoet, and together they go to the Sorcerer's Tower. There they find Margaret, strapped to an operating table. Before a blazing furnace stands the Magician, reading the secret formula, which requires the life blood of a virgin.

A terrific fight follows, as it were, between the good and evil influences. Eventually the Magician falls into the leaping flames of the furnace. The room catches fire. The lovers escape. Ingram—with his magic megaphone—has confounded the fiends for their sake.

Right: Paul Wegener, the brilliant German stage and screen actor as "The Magician." Below: In the Paris studio of Margaret Dauncey (Alice Terry).

Masks for Mummers

by E. Raven



Familiarity has not altogether bred contempt of the stars, but it has certainly shattered many illusions.

In the theatres of ancient Greece it was the custom for the chorus to go masked, so that the attention of the audience might not wander from the words of the play to their faces. I would not for one moment suggest that the film stars should hide their faces, but I wish there was some way of masking their private individualities.

We know so much about them—too much. We are continually asking for more. Some of it is doubtless hero-worship. These people look so wonderful. We should like to know them intimately. And you can't be friends with anyone unless you know their favourite breakfast food and shampoo powder.

And because we are IT, the almighty public, their task masters and arbiters of their fate, they must make some sort of answer to all our demands. Their lightest words and actions are subject to our approval. We make their reputations and they must live up to them. We want to believe that they are demi-gods, but because of the nasty little streak of malice in us we are unkindly amused when they turn out to be very ordinary human beings.

For that is all we have learnt. We have parted with the glamour and illusion. We have permitted the private individual to peep from behind the part. I think we have paid too much for our curiosity.

Behind "Julio Desnoyers" and "M. Beaucaire," we can see Valentino, the young Italian, who lived, not altogether happily, the idol of the film public, which, as he said more bitter-truly than he knew, would not even let him die in peace. To know that adds nothing of delight to his films. In the light of that knowledge his comedy is a pathetic mockery, his tragedy an uncanny portent.

I want to watch the twinkling legs of Mary Pickford in complete simplicity of enjoyment. But the very name touches a button in my memory. This is Gladys Smith, whose history is almost as well known as her name. I find myself wondering how this childless woman, who hardly had a childhood of her own, can be the screen's eternal child. Why cannot I forget both Gladys Smith and Mary Pickford and remember only little Annie Rooney?

There are heartbreaks and disappointments enough in the world. Our reason tells us that the stars are not above the common lot. But need we concern ourselves with dotting the i's? Better to forget it.

Left: "An artiste's private life is surely his own affair" is Charles Chaplin's opinion.

Above: It is difficult to forget in the smiles of Mary Pickford, the rather unhappy childhood of one, Gladys Smith.

But you like to hear the amusing gossip of the studios, the ins and outs of the screen business?

Ahab Ceeley takes Esther in his arms, and a voice behind says: "They say Priscilla Bonner was to have that part, but Barrymore thought she was *too* sweet."

Little Vera Reynolds smiles her wide, friendly smile—"Funny that she got her first chance because Estelle Taylor was afraid of the water."

Ben Hur flashes by in his chariot—"It was jolly rough luck on George Walsh losing that part."

Interesting tit-bits of information, and we can't help listening. But the illusion quivers uneasily. Captain Ahab becomes John Barrymore arguing with a prospective leading lady. Behind the triumphant Ramons and Veras we see the disappointed Estelles and Walshes. We wanted to see the wheels go round—we must put up with it if they creak.

What do the stars themselves think about it?

Charlie Chaplin is, even as I write, protesting against the proposal to show a film purporting to represent scenes of his early life. "An artiste's private life is surely his own affair," he says.

Jetta Goudal, the enigma of Hollywood, refuses to discuss herself at all. To the importunate interviewer who pressed her for details she gave only a sweet smile and said: "How can you, who are a young lady so well bred, ask zees so impertinent question?" And as a final pronouncement: "You may say of the Goudal that she has beautiful hands and knows how to use them!"

Above: Priscilla Bonner, of whom it is said—"... Barrymore thought she was too sweet."

Above: Jetta Goudal, the enigma of Hollywood, refuses to discuss herself at all.

Below: Behind "M. Beaucaire" we can see Valentino, who lived, not altogether happily.

But Jetta is right, and so is Chaplin. Personally, I could never again enjoy a Chaplin comedy with a clear conscience if I went to see a film, the idea of which was so distasteful to him.

We are fond of counting up what the stars owe us. We realise that we pay them. We demand full value for our money. How we gibed at Chaplin for daring to rest for awhile when WE wanted to see him? What criticism we level at them all if they make films which do not meet with our approval?

We pay the piper.

They owe us the privilege of calling the tune.

But what do we owe them?

For all the pleasure they give us, is it enough that we pay our shillings at the door and do them the honour of asking for their autographs? Must our gratitude take the form of encroaching on every minute of their lives?

There is a wide gulf between a friendly interest and an impertinent curiosity. I think we owe it to them to keep well on the right side of it. We have in "George," a splendid ally. The restraint, for instance, of his "He isn't married now," is a real lesson in courtesy. The rest is up to us.

Let it be enough for us that they "have beautiful hands and know how to use them."

A Maori Movie

Above: "Tutenekai" faces his rival "Tai's" accusation of theft from his host. Left: The male population find shaving a painful operation.

Films of old legends often prove more interesting entertainment than Hollywood versions of modern life.

The first Maori movie to be made has reached England, where it is being shown by the Gaumont Company.

It is a screen version of the legend of "Hine-Moa," which has been described as "a jewel out of the fairy treasure of New Zealand's native lore," and it presents the natural beauties of New Zealand, the ancient Maori tribal customs, and the Maori people themselves, in a delightful and intriguing manner.

The film was produced by Gustav Pauli, an Italian, but the cast is entirely native, and although the actors have never done film work before, they show a surprising amount of dramatic talent.

"Hine-Moa," according to the ancient tale, was a Maori princess, who was loved by Tutenekai, the son of a neighbouring chieftain. The latter fell into disgrace with Hine-Moa's father, through a charge of theft trumped up against him by a rival, and the lovers were parted—until Hine-Moa, strengthened by her devotion, and the threat of a loveless marriage to an old Maori chieftain, swam Lake Rotorua to become the wife of Tutenekai on the Island of Mokoia.

Right: "Hine-Moa" prepares to swim the lake in order to reach her lover.

Gustav Pauli found his ideal "Hine-Moa" in Maata Hurihanganui, a Maori dancer, and his ideal "Tutenekai" in a Maori wrestler, Akuhato. The rôle of "Umkarai," chief of the Arawa tribe and "Hine-Moa's" father, was taken by Tingarue, who is an actual Maori chieftain in real life, and "Tai," the villain of the piece, is one, Tai Amohau by name.

These are the chief actors in the film, but there are numerous other small part people who all add to the general "atmosphere" of the picture.

The story has been filmed in the authentic locations always associated with the legend in the native mind, and some of the shots, by night, on the shores of Lake Rotorua, are hauntingly beautiful.

There is an extra thrill to be had in the scenes in The Valley of Fire, through which Tutenekai, after his quarrel with Umkarai, was compelled to make his escape, when one realises that it is no trumped up studio set, but the real thing.

These scenes were filmed in the crater of the active volcano, Whakaari, or White Island, and the players and camera-men who took part in them were in constant danger the whole of the time.

Amongst some of the intensely interesting sidelights on Maori life given in this film are scenes depicting the preparation of a feast of welcome, in which the "Haka" (war dance) and the "Poi" dance are both executed.

But to appreciate the quality of appeal that *The Romance of Hine-Moa* possesses, one must see the film. It is a refreshing piece of screen entertainment after some of the celluloid orgies of Hollywood.

E. E. Barrett.

Up the Rebels

Has a remedy at last been found guaranteed to quell the disturbances of the kinema fiend?

Worse than the scoundrel who reads the sub-titles aloud, criminal who eats oranges worse than the unhanged or sucks peppermints, is the one who knows "what is going to happen" and, in pure benevolence, passes on the information in a loud and penetrating voice to all and sundry. Possibly it is to circumvent this kinema fiend that producers, scenarists and stars are turning more and more to the unobvious, and that the unexpected is now coming into its own.

The films used to be so stereotyped not so many years ago; heroes—clean shaven, villains—moustaches; character-men—whiskers; heroines—blondes; was the Unwritten Rule in casting.

Whenever there was a child in the story and the nurse left it alone in the house, it was a dead certainty that that house would either be burgled or burned; whenever the heroine had a long lost brother who returned to her during her lover's absence, the latter, seeing on his return, the girl in a stranger's arms would immediately misunderstand, take the first train to the Great Outdoors and stay there for at least three reels. Now it is very different.

There is much less opportunity for the pest to tell the audience "what is going to happen next" for the simple reason that he, in common with the rest of us, is not sure whether or not the film will be cut to pattern.

The first film to rebel was, if I remember rightly, the British version of *The Four Just Men*, in which Cecil Humphries and the late Teddy Arundel had and took such fine opportunities. As the film progressed, the audience, totally unversed at that time to anything out of routine, waited in vain for a "love interest." There wasn't one; there wasn't even a feminine interest, for the cast was entirely masculine.

The only other film with this drastic innovation is the recently completed *Beau Geste*, which has Ronald Colman and an almost entire absence of any "love interest" to distinguish it.

Short of having no heroine, the next best way to "get out of the rut" is to have an ugly one, not a temporary duckling like Constance Talmadge in *Her Night of Romance;* or Norma Shearer in *His Secretary*, but a real "honest-to-goodness" fright. May McAvoy's clever make-up as the plainest girl in the village in that delicate work of art *The Enchanted Cottage* fits the requirements perfectly. She showed that an ugly heroine is a better rebel than an "unwhitewashed" one, such as Lya de Putti in and as *Manon Lescaut*, a lady who, quite frankly, was blessed—or cursed, with a much too elastic heart. However, this was a German picture and the Germans are notable iconoclasts.

The wonderful performance of Emil Jannings, as the hall porter in "The Last Laugh," astonished his admirers.

They "shoot" their scenes from unexpected angles, the star of one film is an extra in another, and vice-versa. Their lighting is different from that of everyone else; they use themes that no one else could, notably *The Golem*, and the fatuously titled *Warning Shadows*, and their productions in general pay scant attention to existing film or any other conventions—hence their consistent excellence.

They astonished us in *The Last Laugh* by that wonderful gyroscopic camera, and in *Vaudeville* they gave us an even greater shock. Having heard so much about "camera-hogging" it is certainly unexpected to see Emil Jannings' play in this film an extremely important sequence *with his back to the camera.* Yet he does, and the sight of a thick neck bulging with suppressed fury is infinitely more gripping in its intensity than a "close-up" of a rage distorted visage "à l'Americaine."

Almost as unexpected was the spectacle of a promising juvenile just struggling from programme pictures to rôles that really mattered, stopping on the way to accept a part that is possibly the most unsympathetic any star has been called upon to portray. I allude to John Gilbert and his excellent performance in *The Snob.*

The screen has never given us a more sustained character portrait of an utter rotter. Nothing was left undone that might serve to kill the last lingering sparks of our affection or even pity for the principal character. It was a daring venture for an actor who was just gaining his popularity—many have been forgotten for less—and had not that venture been so well attempted there was every possibility that our eyes would no longer have been gladdened by one of the Screen's "best bets."

Not only do stars dabble in the "outre" but occasionally film plays themselves revolt against film fetishes. *The Thief of Bagdad* was nothing more nor less than a de-luxe edition of "The Arabian Nights"—kinematographically illustrated. *The Black Pirate* belied its name by being filmed throughout in natural colours, which, in turn, belied *their* name by being natural.

The brain reels, imagination boggles, but the Great Unexpected, at any rate, makes both life worth living and films worth seeing.

W. B. Turner.

Blighty!

By E. E. BARRETT

Anything may happen in a film studio—shipwrecks and South Sea islands are every-day affairs.

There is always an element of excitement about visiting a film studio. You never know quite what you are going to find. From the irksome sameness of every-day things you wander straight into a world of unrealities. A Bloomsbury boarding house, a South Sea island, or a storm at sea—the genii of the studio can, apparently, conjure them all up at will.

From the drab squalor of Poole Street, Islington, on my last visit to Piccadilly Studios, I wandered into the library of a mansion somewhere in that part of London where our "best people" live to be a credit to the nation. It was a very exclusive sort of library, and one only had to glance at it to know that its owner came of the "good old stock" (whatever that may mean).

The general atmosphere smacked of ancestral halls, and if the richly solid furniture and decorative effects were not sufficient evidence of a long line of antiquity, the coat of arms over the fireplace told a tale of dignity that could not be ignored.

As though it were not enough to be transported, with hardly a moment of preparation, into the halls of the great, I found that they had put the clocks back for me, and from 1927 I had stepped clean back into the earlier war period. Khaki-clad men, strolling about the studio floor, stirred old memories of a time when nearly every man, and a good many women, wore a uniform of some sort.

Above: Jameson Thomas with Lilian Hall-Davies. Left: A portrait study of Lilian Hall-Davies.

A little group of people stood by a piano, just off the set, singing old wartime songs with sympathetic fervour, with the idea, so I afterwards learned, of spurring on a dignified, elderly gentleman with wonderful white hair, to a big emotional crisis.

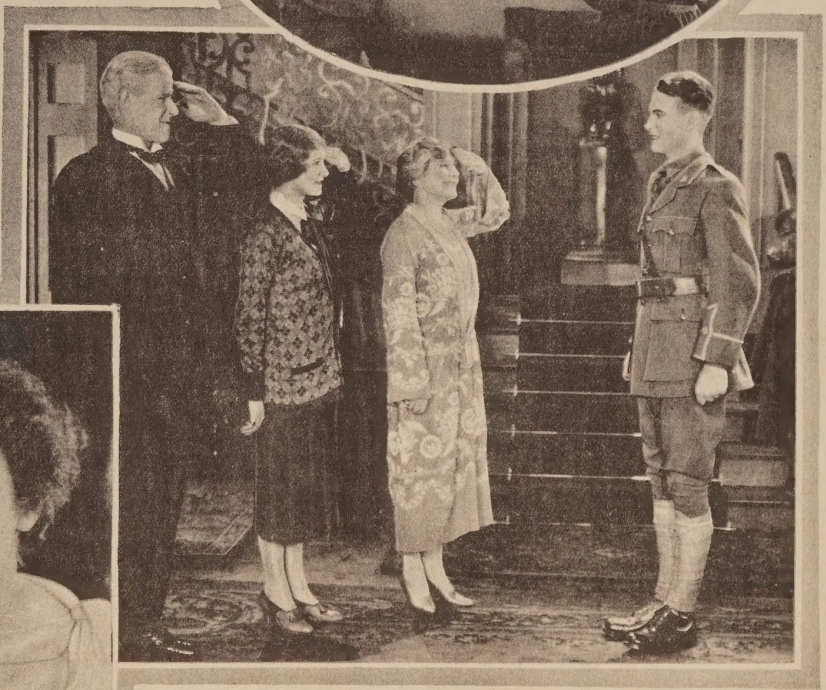
The latter was Annesley Hely, who plays "Sir Francis Villiers" the father, in *Blighty*, the film I had come down to see them making. He makes an ideal film father, and looks more picturesquely aristocratic than the majority of aristocrats. Seated at his desk, in the middle of the library, he "emoted" beautifully to the strains of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," while Adrien Brunel, the director, issued instructions, criticisms and approval.

The essentially British atmosphere of the household was subtly accentuated by a delightful bulldog, who lay on the hearth and upheld the traditions of his country by refusing to be seriously disturbed by anything. The script called for him to look up at one period of the proceedings, but he preferred to sleep. It was only when the chorus—(Jameson Thomas and Lilian Hall-Davies had obligingly volunteered for this job)—came round to a window at the side

of the set and literally sang at him, that he justified this piece of publicity and started carving a career for himself as a screen actor.

When the scene was over I made the acquaintance of the two singers. Lilian Hall-Davies plays "Ann Viliers," the daughter of the house of Villiers, in *Blighty*, and I was glad to see that she had not made the mistake, perpetrated in so many war pictures, by appearing with shingled hair at a time when the shingle was unknown. She wore a remarkably natural blonde wig over her own dark hair, with its silken tresses arranged in becoming coils over her ears.

Jameson Thomas, looking strangely unfamiliar with a moustache, told me that he has the rôle of the Villiers' chauffeur, David Marshall, who goes to the war, becomes an officer, and falls in love with "Ann." The theme of the film, incidentally, is of the levelling influence of war on class distinction, and, although the story is by no means a new one, we are promised some originality of treatment by Adrien Brunel, that should make it well worth seeing.



Oval: Godfrey Winn and Nadia Sibirskaya. Right: Godfrey Winn puts Annesly Hely, Ellaline Terriss and Lilian Hall-Davies through their paces.

Nadia Sibirskaya, the Continental actress.

I was disappointed to find that Ellaline Terriss, who plays "Lady Villiers," was not at the studio that day, but I heard a lot about her from young Godfrey Winn, who plays her son "Robin." This is Godfrey's first film rôle, although he has appeared, with great success, in some notable stage productions.

He started on the stage at the age of seventeen, and his family allowed him a year in which to make good—otherwise he was to go up to Oxford and thence into his father's business. Now, at nineteen, his career on the stage is assured, and we find him embarking on his first screen engagement, and telling us in a disarmingly frank manner how petrified with nerves he is.

"Miss Terriss is simply wonderful to work with," he told me. "I had to do a big emotional scene with her yesterday, and she was so splendid I forgot to feel nervous myself."

Certainly the atmosphere at the studio is calculated to put a young newcomer at his ease, and if the general impression it is possible to gather at a casual visit is anything to go by, *Blighty* should be another Gainsborough success.

JOHN STUART

A young English star who is just at the threshold of his career. He was born in 1899 in Edinburgh, and throughout his school, war, and short stage career, displayed the keenness and aptitude for acting which has brought him to the fore. His chief successes have been "London Love," "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," and "Venetian Lovers."

MARIE PREVOST

To whom all the complimentary adjectives beginning with "P"—pert, pretty, piquant, provocating and priceless—seem appropriate. Marie has been the cause of more screen domestic dilemmas than we care to count, yet back stage she is the ideal wife, and makes Kenneth Harlan a most contented husband. She will soon be seen in "Almost a Lady."

VIOLA DANA

A star, small in stature, but large in determination. Having made her name as a comedienne, she struck out for herself in straight drama. "The Necessary Evil" was her first dramatic success, and since then she has climbed steadily. Much of her success is due to her extraordinary versatility, for she is an accomplished dancer, swimmer and athlete, besides possessing talent and beauty.

CLIVE BROOK

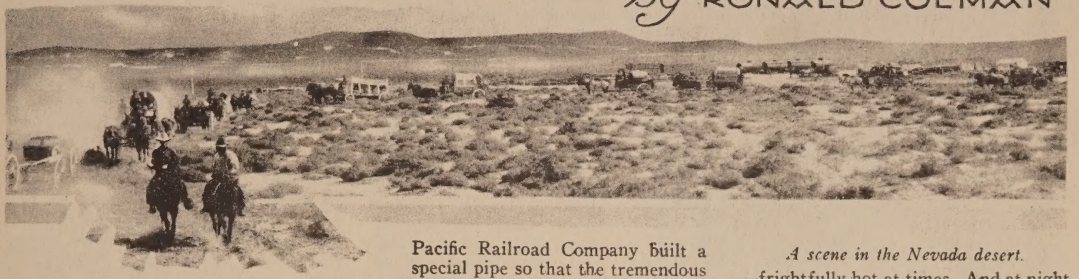
The typical English gentleman, before and behind the camera. His first starring vehicle in America was "Christine of the Hungry Heart" with Florence Vidor, and this has been followed by one success after another. His more recent pictures are "The Popular Sin," with Florence Vidor, and "Barbed Wire," with Pola Negri. He will soon be seen in "For Alimony Only."

LOUISE BROOKS

One of the most popular of the younger stars, who came into prominence in "The American Venus," in which she took the part of "Miss Bayport." She has also appeared with Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity," and with William Collier, jun., in "The Charleston Kid."

Back to the Desert

by RONALD COLMAN



A scene in the Nevada desert.

An interesting account of the filming of "Barbara Worth" told by the hero.

The Winning of Barbara Worth represents my second lengthy sojourn in the desert, inside six months. It makes me feel quite an old campaigner!

For over eight weeks Samuel Goldwyn controlled a Film City in the heart of the Nevada Desert. We lived in tents, we worked on the desert, and up in the hills. We travelled hundreds of miles and in the end, Henry King, who was our Director, took back to Hollywood several hundred thousand feet of celluloid representing the screen version of *The Winning of Barbara Worth*.

When I was talking over this picture at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City one day, with Mr. Goldwyn and Miss Vilma Banky, who played the title rôle, I heard Mr. Goldwyn give an order for the immediate departure of 150 carpenters to Winnemucca, Nevada. And that was the beginning of our Boom City, in the desert. We asked Mr. Goldwyn why he chose this particular location when there was another place—the Imperial Desert, in Southern California—a good deal nearer.

He told us that it would be so terribly hot during the day down there, that hours would be wasted. And since the desert location would cost £2,000 a day, or more, during the whole time we were away, the Company wanted to find a desert like the Imperial Valley, but with a cooler climate. They found it about 60 miles from Winnemucca, Nevada, which is a town that stands 6,000 feet above sea level.

At night, so Mr. Goldwyn told us, the temperature would drop to 32 degrees, making it possible for us to sleep in comfort—provided we had five blankets each.

So the plans began for our trip in the desert; two towns were built, called Kingston and Barba, and a third desert town known as Gerlach was converted for our use, and we called it Rubio. While the preparations went on, the Western Pacific Railroad Company built a special pipe so that the tremendous rush of water needed for our flood scenes, later on, might be available.

When people say that they are going into the desert, visions of a fairly rough existence spring to mind. But in our desert towns everything that could be done to make things easier for us was thought of, and arranged before our arrival. Of course, nobody could control the climate; and it is useless to disguise the fact that it was hot

Below: Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in working kit.

—frightfully hot at times. And at night it was cold, especially when we went trekking about 60 or 70 miles up to Devil's Canyon, for special scenes.

There it was so blazingly hot by day that we took off everything decency permitted; when night came it was so bitterly cold that we *dressed* to go to bed, instead of undressing! By which I mean that we put on every article of clothing we could find or borrow, rolled ourselves in mountains of blankets—and even then our teeth chattered!

Still, these little trials apart, desert life is quite attractive, in moderation. After nearly eight weeks of it we were not exactly sorry to get back to Hollywood; but if another desert play comes along for me I shall look forward to it with considerable joy.

To give a real idea of the completeness of Barba, Kingston, and Rubio, the three little towns comprising the location known as "Barbara Worth," is not easy. When they are seen on the screen, the straggling village streets with their wooden buildings may seem a very haphazard creation.

Actually, all those buildings were constructed from specifications made out in detail at the head office. Pictures were drawn of the appearance of each building when finished, and from these the construction engineer worked, together with models in miniature. The great joke about these houses in our desert town was the fact that they lived a double life.

In other words, they appeared to serve one purpose in the film, while we used them for a totally different one in real life. For instance, the building boldly labelled "Town Hall" was really our Mess Room; a huge place where over 500 people could feed at one time. The alleged "Restaurant" in the picture was our Post Office; the "Grocery Store" was our Newspaper Office; the "School" was a Barber's Shop, and so forth.

When the time came for us to depart to our work in the desert, aeroplanes were used to carry the company part of the way to "Barbara Worth,

Nevada." Miss Banky, Henry King, and myself together with many of the cameramen and other studio "crew," made the trip in this way. It shortened our journey by a day, and when we got to Salt Lake City we continued our way by train.

At Gerlach and Winnemucca everybody turned out to greet us; the Keys of the City were handed to Mr. King—it was a great occasion! And we were able to express thanks to the generous Nevadans who had found accommodation somehow, somewhere, for 425 carpenters, builders, plumbers, and other workmen who had been sent to construct our camps.

On we went to Kingston, which became our headquarters. About 1½ miles from this new town the train deposited us at a solitary house, which had "Barbara Worth" painted in big letters across the front. This was our station"; specially arranged for our work, with two telegraph operators and a station master installed.

There we stood, in the middle of the Black Rock Desert, gazing across the gleaming alkali to the purple hills that seemed almost within walking distance, but were really 30 miles or more away. Our location was on a lake bottom, continuing for mile upon mile across shining white alkali with dried mud below, until at last it struck the mountains. Desolate, silent, hot, with the steady chug-chugging of the train pulling away into the dim distance to remind us that our desert campaign was a reality, and not a dream.

Motor cars bumped us across the sandy flat expanse between the station and Kingston; and then we started to settle down. Our tents were splendidly fitted; wooden floors, real beds, dressing tables, chintz curtains, running water, electric light—yes, indeed, we had every modern comfort, except central heating, and that was supplied, gratis, by the climate.

They used over 500,000 feet of timber to build the three towns; and at Kingston they drilled down 185 feet to strike water for our waterworks. They were lucky in finding it; and the result was that shower baths were installed all over the camp, at the ratio of one to every five inhabitants. Not so bad, for the centre of a blazing desert, was it?

All the time we were away we had never less than 600 people living in our town; and for big crowd scenes the number went up to over 2,500, people coming in from the Nevada Desert villages to join us. Marvellous characters most of them, thrilled at being allowed to act for the "Movies."

Many of the farmers told me they'd far rather stop with us than go back to their farms, and when the time came for them to depart several of them shook our hands, weeping openly. We had over 500 horses and mules; droves of sheep, goats, pigs; cattle by the hundred; and a perfect menagerie of chickens, geese, ducks, cats and dogs.

A fleet of 25 motor trucks, and ten passenger cars were ready, all the time, to haul lumber, freight, or passengers to any desired spot. But, speaking for Miss Banky and myself, horseback was

Left: Beautiful Vilma Banky, who is Ronald Colman's leading lady in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Right: Ronald and Vilma, while on location, edited a newspaper between them.

the mode of transport we preferred, and used most frequently.

No record of our desert experiences would be complete without some reference to the weekly newspaper we published for nine weeks. It was called "The Barbara Worth Times," and its co-editors were Miss Banky and myself. We found time to make up pages and go through proofs, in spite of hard work elsewhere; and I believe this is the first instance of a Film Company printing and publishing its own newspaper, on location.

Once a week, when everyone trooped into the Mess Room for dinner they found a neatly folded copy of our paper waiting by every plate!

Two hundred and fifty tents housed most of the company; and in addition we used the wooden houses constructed for the film. As for our food, it was really marvellous. I found out that we used over three tons of food-stuffs every day, while ten water-tank-cars, each holding 50,000 gallons, were used in a week.

Ice came to us from Reno, at the rate of 100 tons every week; and we had ice-cream for dinner at least four nights a week, "Mayor" Henry King saw to that, for he likes ice cream! He was elected Mayor of our City, and the "law," to say nothing of "order" was represented by three deputy sheriffs; typical Wild West six-shooter types, whose legitimate boast was that they "always got their man!" So we had to be careful!

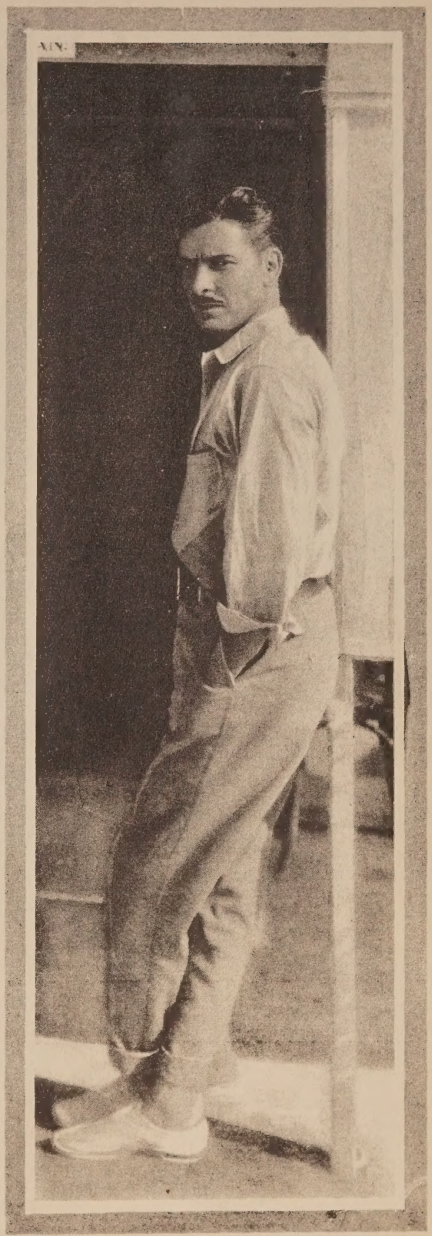
When a big crowd of people are isolated, as we were, for many weeks at a time it is never surprising if tempers become rather scratchy. So, with infinite wisdom, ample provision was made for amusements, to keep us all bright and smiling.

We had a theatre where a moving picture was shown every night; the same theatre was used to allow us to inspect the day's "rushes" of our own film, before they were hurried back to Hollywood to be developed. By air mail a new film came to us every day,

(*Continued on page* 63).

Right: Vilma took to the desert life as to the manner born, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Right: The hero of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" enjoys a well-earned rest at the door of his tent.



Black Laughter

By JOSIE P. LEDERER

Left: Louise Fazenda commenced her screen career in this guise.

Laughter is the best tonic in the world, so while there are coloured comedians we shall all enjoy good health.

There is something irresistibly contagious about the wide grin of the darky. Perhaps it is the flash of white teeth against their ebony back-ground that makes it so effective and evokes an immediate answering guffaw. Perhaps it is merely tradition, associated with the many Nigger Minstrels of one's youth, but black faces and comedy usually go together on the screen.

Harold Lloyd must be credited as one of the first fun-makers to realise this. He and a clever coloured boy, known to all kinema-goers as "Sunshine Sammy," were at one time inseparables in two-reel comedies. Then Sammy commenced to grow, and disappeared for a while. He was a clever little chap, able to perform all kinds of unexpected tricks and stunts, and possessing the comprehensive smile which earned his nickname of "Sunshine."

Quite a tower of strength to the "Our Gang" fun-makers is Master Allan Hoskins, once known as "Little Farina," the chocolate coloured coon who is always at the tail end of everything. When the kids went to Coney Island, "Farina" was the one who was left behind on the revolving floor, and whose erratic gait once he *did* reach terra firma again must have made Leon Errol envious.

"Farina's" solemn countenance seldom changes. He doesn't often smile, but he is naturally comical. It is said that being made to wear petticoats and leave his hair in two pig-tails made him so sober, but that handicap having now been removed, we can expect to see "Farina" very merry and bright this year.

But, because a black baby-girl seems an essential in "Our Gang" productions, their number has been increased by "Farina's" sister, an engaging piccaninny yclept "Aroma," who has taken to film work with surprising ability.

When the darky is frightened he is apt to roll his eyes and shake like a jelly, and the effect is nearly as funny as when he is pleased. Quite the best part of Griffith's *One Exciting Night* was the darky, in this case not a darky at all, but an exceedingly well-known "black-faced comedian." He was scheduled to make other comedies, but eventually he went back to vaudeville again.

The negro is so much a part of the daily life of America that he is seen in at least fifty per cent. of their films in his natural capacity of liftman, railway guard, porter, boot black, etc., and Nigger "Mammys" also abound, and ever faithful darky butlers.

There was a coloured maid in *The Dancer of Paris,* quite the most human personage amongst a collection of

Below: Aroma takes a lesson in screen smiles from Farina.

characters who could exist nowhere but in a Hollywood film makers' imagination.

Most film stars like to have a black maid in real life as well as on the screen, Gloria Swanson's is perhaps the best known, because she has been seen with her mistress in several films.

In the early days of comedy making, they always made one all-black one to every dozen or so others. There was one famous one with Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan in the cast, and Hughey Mack and Kate Price appeared in several.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," the well-known story of the sorrows of a slave has its comedy moments, too, and the world-famous "Topsy" has been played by Marguerite Clarke. The earliest version of "Uncle Tom" was a Vitagraph production with Florence Turner, but every picturegoer will remember the Paramount edition with Frank Losee and Marguerite Clarke.

Marguerite doubled the parts of "Topsy" and "Little Eva," a peculiar feat to attempt.

Universal's pending production of the same classic seems to be causing them some trouble. Charles Gilpin was engaged for "Uncle Tom," but this famous coloured actor had temperamental differences with the director, and work on the film had to be suspended. It had already been delayed by the illness of the director and is likely to prove a costly production.

It was a bold step to engage Pauline Frederick for "Eliza," but one which should assure its success. There are other well-known names in the cast, too, and the story is so popular that it is sure of its welcome in all countries.

No film of the Old South is complete without its coloured members of the cast. Sometimes they are not comedy creations. In *The Birth of a Nation*, the negro appears in a very sinister guise, and there have been many instances of huge, terrifying black men in sea stories.

"Captain Abner's" messmate, the gigantic, weirdly-shaven and painted black sailor, who is John Barrymore's shadow in *The Sea Beast*, is a notable example.

Very few screen orgies are seen in which negroes are not well to the fore. Sometimes they are "Sword bearers" as in Griffith's *Intolerance*. The "very young King" in this movie had a splendid specimen.

Douglas Fairbanks usually uses one or two in his productions. The one in *The Thief of Bagdad* is a prize fighter in real life, and though very ferocious-looking, an extremely good-tempered fellow who became a great favourite in the studio whilst he worked there.

Another coloured chap who played in a Fairbank's film is now "Doug's" partner in a business which the good-natured film star financed and put him into after his part in the film was finished.

Tom Mix's favourite hostler was a negro, and Mix lately put up the cash for him to open an auto-polishing business in New York, his ambition lying very much that way. It succeeded so well that the man and his wife now drive a gorgeous Cadillac of their own.

Negro humour has its own particular flavour; it sometimes appears in subtitles, but it does not appeal to everybody when written, as much as it does when acted. The American negro's fondness for chicken has been well exploited too, along with most of his other foibles.

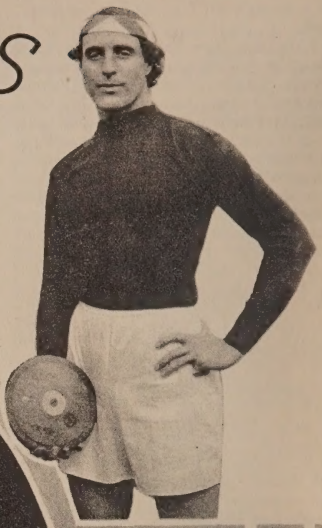
There is one black comedian of whom the kinema world never grows tired. He was born in the U.S.A. like an honest-to-goodness gentleman of colour ought to be, and his name is Felix the Cat. Felix came into the Movies some years ago, and his adventures are too numerous to relate.

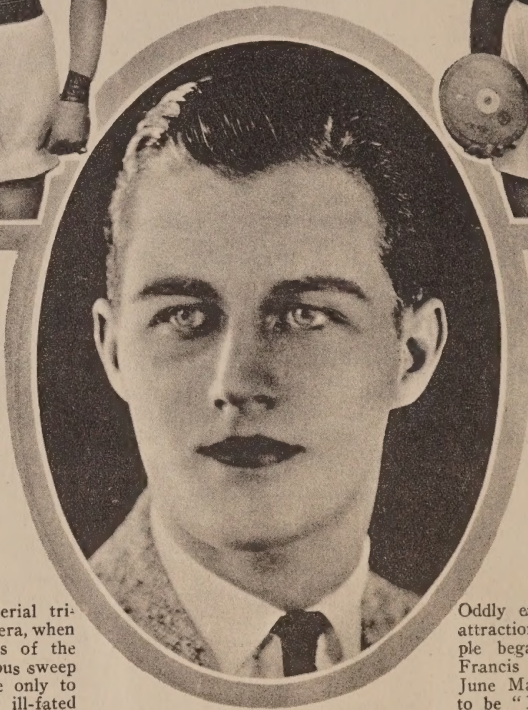
But as he has always been an "all black," this chronicle of dark laughter would not be complete without him.

Above: Margarita Fischer, who portrays the character of "Eliza" in the present Universal film version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," played the part of Topsy when it was screened in 1913. Right: Charles Gilpin, the talented coloured actor, whose differences with the director have caused delay in the making of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Francis the First!

by KATHLEEN USSHER





Above: Ralph, Francis Bushman's talented son, who will obviously follow in his father's footsteps.

After a premature retirement, an old-time favourite returns to his place amongst the celluloid celebrities.

Francis X. Bushman, who stages a sensational come-back as the muscular "Messala" in *Ben-Hur*, is an easy "first," in more ways than one.

For instance, he was the first great film star to make "personal appearances," and he is the first—and apparently, the last—"Francis" in the line of succession of royal movie monarchs.

"H.R.H." scored his Imperial triumph in that far-away screen era, when all screen heroes were gods of the household hearth. In victorious sweep his conquest was comparable only to the meteoric course of the ill-fated Valentino.

When he walked down the aisle of a kinema, people would shrink away from Bushman as from a wraith, while others would put out timorous fingers to touch him. A very god they thought, had come down from Pictureland's Olympus, and proved to be of mere flesh and blood!

I wonder if that was not the beginning of the end of screen idolatry?

For, since Bushman's rise to fame, our screen gods have been stripped of every illusion. Their age, height, colouring, present and past marital relations—everything except their fingerprints!—have all been carefully card-indexed and catalogued. No wife ever knew more about her mate than the public knows about its idols!

Our favourite of Fortune—Francis X. Bushman—made his debut in the silent drama as a young Adonis, weary of a long stage tour lasting one hundred and sixteen weeks without a break in 1910—at a time when screen credit was withheld from the actors. His first picture was *Lost Years*, in which he played no less than four rôles, that of boy, young man, middle-aged man and old man. The critics gave the incognito star extravagant praise for his work.

A long list of such successes made Francis yearn for recognition, so he was soon taking steps to have his name announced. This was a tremendous innovation, which has led to the star becoming more important than either the producer or director, and incidentally had the effect of raising Bushman's salary from $250 a week to $500 a week—a wild and dizzy figure in those dim and shadowy days!

Top left: Francis X. Bushman's powerful physique made him an ideal "Messala." Above: George Walsh, who was originally cast for the rôle of "Ben Hur."

Thenceforward his popularity increased by leaps and bounds until 1919, when he returned to the stage and vaudeville, allowing his admirers to see his charms in person. Oddly enough, after that his screen attraction suffered a long eclipse. People began to forget the handsome Francis X. Bushman. All but June Mathis, who first intended him to be "Ben Hur"—that is, until the endless arguments about the personnel began.

During the four years that *Ben Hur* took to make, Bushman's name became famous again. Everyone saw him as an ideal "Messala," and since then he finds himself sought hither and yon.

General Lew Wallace's half legendary, half-historic tale of Ancient Rome and Early Christian martyrdom, is more than a mere entertainment. It is an encyclopædic record of racial, architectural, religious and geographical fact.

Not until the screen rights of the book had soared into six figures was the tale finally secured for projection on to the silver sheet. Its transmission was accomplished only with the utmost difficulty.

Apropos of the myriad and incalculable delays that attended the making of

the picture, Bushman said "Of course, we went to Italy expecting a fair percentage of mishaps. We were not so unreasonable as to expect that we could avail ourselves of the advantages of the foreign locale, the climate, the Old World atmosphere, and the cheaper salary of the actors, without encountering disadvantages which we do not have in America. But Director Fred Niblo was not prepared for many of the irritating and exasperating incidents that came our way.

"For instance, the Italian Government refused us permission to brush up the ruins of the Circus Maximus, so Mr. Niblo bought four hundred acres of land on the quadrero, between Rome and Frascari, and we built our own circus for the chariot races.

"To our intense disappointment," he added, "we could not take the chariot scenes in Italy after all, owing to the position of the winter sun, which does not appear until ten o'clock in the morning, and is gone by three in the afternoon. Because of its low position in the heavens, its rays did not reach over the walls of the giant circus where the chariot races were to have been filmed.

"This necessitated duplicating the circus on our return to Culver City, and 'shooting' the chariot races there. Forty-two cameras worked simultaneously to get the breath-taking hurly-burly, some fixed on the backs of motors dashing along in front of the horses at express speed, others perched overhead, one even in an aeroplane to obtain a bird's-eye view of the famous race.

"Last, but not least, a particular camera was concealed in a pit, over which the chariots actually passed, with the result that horses and chariots seem about to leap clean through the screen into the kinema itself.

"Finally the team of white horses, driven by 'Ben Hur,' passes the team of black horses piloted by 'Messala.' The Jew beats the Roman who was once his friend.

Bushman's arrogant bearing as the lordly "Messala" accentuates, rather than detracts from, his magnificent appearance. Nor has it deterred eager producers from besieging our hero with attractive offers.

His next picture will be with Corinne Griffith in *The Lady in Ermine*.

Who can doubt that the one-time matinée idol has come into his own again with colours flying. First, last and always, Francis X. Bushman!

Right: Francis has a strong and attractive profile. Below: With Billie Dove in his latest picture, "The Marriage Clause."

Around & About Hollywood

Above: The huge loaves of bread used in Spain go a long way, as demonstrated by Mikhail Vavitch, Dimitri Buchowetzki, Mae Murray and Lloyd Hughes. These four film folks have been busy screening a romance of Spain entitled "Valencia," with Mae Murray, of course, as leading lady, and Buchowetzki behind the megaphone.

Above: Now that Robert Z. Leonard is married to Gertrude Olmstead, he finds it difficult to stay behind the camera watching another man make movie love to his wife. Here you see him emulating the heavy hero, while his assistant cranks the camera for a change.

Above: Al Christie, Mayor Geo. E. Cryer, of Los Angeles, and David Horsley attended the ceremony of the laying of a stone to commemorate the establishment, in 1911, of the first motion picture studio by Al Christie.

Above: Carl Laemmle congratulating Conrad Veidt at the opening of the Universal Studio hospital at Universal City recently.

Above: Little Joyce Coad regularly attends the Metro-Goldwyn School for professional children.

Above: Elsie Janis, the famous stage comedienne, recently visited John Gilbert and Greta Garbo between scenes of "Flesh and the Devil," which Clarence Brown is directing. Left: Hoot Gibson is the owner of Hollywood's smallest car, which he has had specially built for him.

Above: Sir Robert Peel travelled 6,000 miles to see his wife, Beatrice Lillie, when she was making "Exit Smiling."

New Lives for Old

By BILL BRADBURY

Aladdin had nothing on the film stars. Without the aid of a lamp they can change their personality as easily as a snake changes its skin—when the right director takes them in hand.

Left: Leatrice Joy was once a quiet, maternal type of girl, but De Mille has changed her into a modern butterfly.

The year nineteen twenty-six must be written down in film history as the year of Movie Metamorphoses. For screen stars stepped out of their accustomed shoes into characters quite different from those generally associated with them.

The true-to-types astonished everybody by breaking right away, and staying away, in many cases. Some stars are incurably versatile, but many of the most popular are more or less limited to one character rôles.

It is with some of these, who have now developed hitherto unsuspected talents in entirely new fields, that I propose to deal. It is a risky thing for an accepted screen type suddenly to desert his or her pigeonhole. Film fans are a curious race, and often hotly resent anything of the kind.

They refused to let Mary Pickford grow up, they did not like Rudolph Valentino to be good, nor do they like Ramon Novarro to be bad. Yet the most long-suffering, domestic star in screenland, Irene Rich, has escaped. No more neglected wife rôles for Irene since *Lady Windermere's Fan* made a dashing adventuress of her.

Self-effacing, pathetic Irene Rich, the long-haired, womanly heroine of so many husband-and-wife stories, bought herself a red, bobbed wig, and commenced a brand new career as a temptress. It took a Lubitsch to discover the sophisticated side of Irene Rich. He, be it remembered, cast her as the Queen in *Rosita*, and must have mentally noted her aptness for the similar characterisation of "Mrs. Erlynne."

Irene always dressed well, but her clothes were never striking until recently. Yet she remains, despite her shady pasts on the screen, always ladylike. This marks her out as something different in indiscreet ladies, most of whom, on the screen are very blatant.

Irene is not. Neither is she ever vulgar. She has a great sense of humour, which peeped out only occasionally whilst she was a screen homebird. Now that she is a bird of gayer plumage it has full play.

For a wonder, the fans approve heartily of the change for the worse in Irene's screen morals but for the better in her art.

Wallace Beery, the screen villain par excellence, has also let his sense of humour get the better of him and has gone all out for broad burlesque effects in *Behind the Front*, which is a glorious burlesque of *The Big Parade* and cleverly, if a bit cruelly, "takes off" all the big scenes of the last-named.

Raymond Hatton, Beery's co-star, has always been a master of many types, but not for a number of years has Beery set himself seriously to the task of being funny.

Lionel, the baddest of the Barrymores became good in *The Girl Who Wouldn't Work*, but he is not likely to remain so for long.

And one of Hollywood's prize "good" girls has become sparkling and very, very sophisticated all of a sudden. I mean Florence Vidor. *The Trouble With Wives* marked the debut of the new Florence, and *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter* shows that she means to keep in her new character and along the new trail she has blazed for herself.

No one would have suspected wistful Pauline Starke of playing an Elinor Glyn heroine, *and* getting away with it. But 1926 has seen her do it, and also seen her bid farewell for ever to the weepy rôles she used to take so well.

In a recent interview, Pauline stated

Left: Irene Rich, the one-time long suffering, pathetic, neglected wife of so many domestic triangles, blossomed into a really wicked, bobbed-haired temptress in "Lady Windermere's Fan." And, what's more, the rôle suited her to perfection.

the change was due to goats' milk, which she had been drinking in great quantities. I beg to differ, and to assert that Lubitsch is responsible, for he brought out undreamed-of possibilities in Pauline in *Forbidden Paradise*.

John Gilbert was always a sterling actor, but it took a Continental haircut, gorgeous uniforms and an absurd Elinor Glyn story to make the film fans perceive that he was quite as attractive as Rudolph Valentino. He is certainly a better actor, but once more a Continental director, Eric Stroheim showed him the way to go home to the hearts of susceptible feminine star worshippers.

Gilbert has been a different Gilbert since *The Merry Widow*, and traces of the two first films in which he broke right away from his previous attempts to become another Barrymore, recur again and again in his latest films. According to the public, the change is for the better, but Gilbert may change again and decide to do character parts before he is many years older. This will finish him with his present following.

Some time ago Leatrice Joy was deemed a quiet, rather maternal type of girl.

But Cecil de Mille starred her as a gay society damsel, and Leatrice lived up to it off the screen as well as on it. She has changed altogether from the Leatrice of *Bunty Pulls the Strings*, and this year has seen her in seven different varieties of Eton crops, and moods each one more masculine than the last.

When timid, dreamy, fumbling Matt Moore, the "Mutt" Moore of so many Gaumont comedy dramas, suddenly blossomed forth as a caveman in *The Cave Man*, everybody gasped. The old Matt would have staggered feebly under the weight of his pick and shovel, let his coalcart run away with him, and would have had to be rescued by some woman or other.

Right: Who would imagine this pert young lady to be the same Pauline Starke as the one who appeared in "The Forbidden Paradise."

Below: Raymond Hatton has always been a master of types, but in "Behind the Front," Wallace Beery breaks away from his accustomed rôles.

The new Matt, with a fearsome beard, and a plethora of coal-dust all over him does not heave great sighs when everyone turns against him. He heaves the heroine, Marie Prevost, into his coal cart and elopes with her, which is a refreshing change from his usual vacillating tactics on the screen.

Ever since David W. Griffith discovered her, Lillian Gish has been the little white flower of screenland. But last year marked her debut in such rôles as "Mimi" in *La Boheme*, and "Hester" in *The Scarlet Letter*.

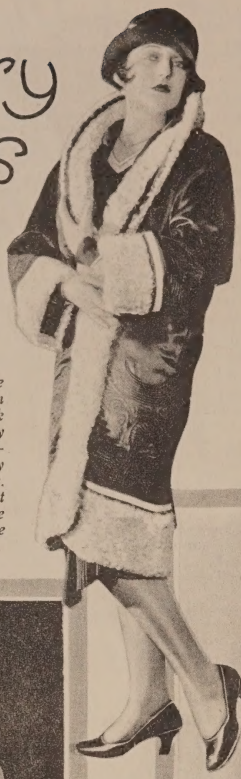
It is unlikely that this change will be permanent, for Lillian Gish's appeal is not at all of the kind one mentally associates with either of the two ladies in the well-known stories of *The Scarlet Letter* and *La Boheme*.

With honourable mention of Madge Bellamy, who has discarded a very colourless screen personality in favour of vivacious *Sandy*, with more like that to follow, and of Patsy Ruth Miller, a pleasant-little-nobody-in-particular-though-a-star of whom Lubitsch is making a real artist, my list must close.

Change is good for everybody, so why shouldn't the stars have new screen lives for old?

February Fancies

The problem of correct wear for this difficult between-seasons month is solved by some of the leading lights of Hollywood.

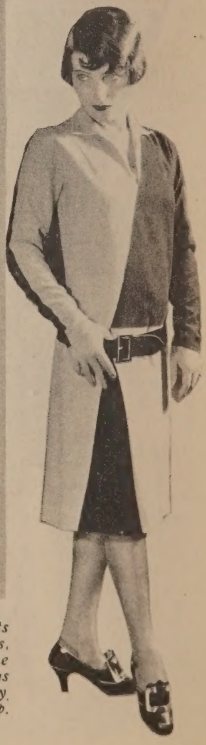


Right: Carmel Myers is to be congratulated on her choice in street attire, for this black satin coat is most exquisitely embroidered, as well as boasting something new in the way of white astrakhan trimming. The shoes, too, patent court with the latest French heel, are in pleasant harmony with the whole rig-out.

Above: Clara Bow, wearing her new riding habit, with its original headgear, looks more coy than ever.

Above: One can always look to Laura La Plante for "chic" and originality in clothes. This smart afternoon frock is of green, with deep cream lace for relief.

Above: This evening gown of Marion Nixon's boasts many new notes in fashion. To wit, head-dress, Elizabethan collar, and heavy feather trimmings. The bodice is rucked at the waist, and the net overskirt hangs fully six inches below the satin slip. Right: Why Pauline Starke should look so shy in this charming rep. morning frock it is difficult to say.



The Lodger

JOHN FLEMING

A little crowd gathered round something on the steps of the Thames Embankment — furtively gathered, their shoulders hunched mysteriously, their faces unseen, for their faces were turned in and down, on the something that held them like a spell. Daisy Bunting quickened her step.

Sometimes, on a fine evening, Daisy walked home from her work along the Embankment; but there was something in the sinister group at the top of the steps that told her she would not walk home this way after to-night for very many nights. Daisy was fair, with pale gold hair, you see.

Over the river an electric sign lit up the wintry evening with an exasperating repetition of the words: "GAIETY THEATRE. TO-NIGHT. 'GOLDEN CURLS.'"

Daisy shuddered at the twinkling words and forced herself to join the crowd and stare. Over the bowed heads a policeman's helmet suddenly appeared and a sigh that was almost a hiss was heard.

"She's dead, all right. Not more than twenty-two, but she's gone!"

Daisy's eyes met those of one of the lookers on.

"Another——?" she asked.

"Another!" said the man, gravely.

"Here's a paper tucked inside her coat," said somebody. "A paper in the shape of a triangle. It says—but we know what it says."

"It says THE AVENGER—nothing else," said the policeman, and he raised his whistle and sent out a call for assistance.

"No fair-haired girl will be safe in the streets of London if this sort of thing goes on," said the first man. "Every night this Avenger fellow gets a fresh victim—and every time it's a fair-haired girl."

"Who can he be?" asked another.

"Nobody knows," was the reply. "Some blonde must have let him down pretty heavily once on a time—and this is his way of taking revenge. If I was a fair-haired one I'd put ink on my hair till the scare's over."

Daisy tore herself away, smothering a little cry of fear. To walk farther through the dark night was impossible.

Characters:

The Lodger -	Ivor Novello
Mr. Bunting -	Arthur Chesney
Mrs. Bunting - -	Marie Ault
Daisy Bunting - - -	June
Joe Chandler -	Malcolm Keen

(Narrated by permission from the W. & F. film, based on the novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.)

She boarded the first tram that came along, and when she was in the bright and busy parts, changed to the Tube. When she reached the little suburb in which her parents had made their home, she ran through the last dark street as far as the door.

"Why, Daisy!" said her mother, when she stumbled inside. "How pale you are. What is the matter?"

"The Avenger has taken another victim—down on the Embankment steps. I—saw her!"

Mrs. Bunting gasped. Elderly Mr. Bunting took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the mantel-shelf. A younger man, broad of shoulder and sprightly of step, whom Daisy had scarcely noticed up till now, came forward out of the shadows beyond the hearth and took her hand.

"Sit down, Daisy," he said. "It's shaken you up."

"I'm all right, Joe," said Daisy. "But it was—terrible. I felt so unsafe coming home."

Joe Chandler nodded, patted her hand and sat, deep in thought, on the edge of the table.

"It's becoming a fine business, this," he said.

"I shall keep the doors locked all day," declared Mrs. Bunting.

"You needn't," said Mr. Bunting. "It's the young un's he's after. So long as you keep 'em locked all night."

"If you take my advice," said Joe Chandler, "you'll let Daisy give up the business in the City until this fellow is caught. It's not safe for any young woman to be about the streets of London unprotected."

"You know that's impossible, Joe," said Daisy. "Mother needs my money now more than she ever needed it. Times get no easier."

Chandler nodded.

"Not let the top room yet?" he asked.

"Nor never shall," returned Mr. Bunting, gloomily. "Our palmy days is over. Not since Timson left have we had a lodger—and that's seven weeks ago."

The old man came closer to Joe and pulled his sleeve.

"What are you fellows doing about it—that's what I want to know," he said.

"They've got the case in hand at the Yard," said Joe.

"They always have," grumbled Bunting.

A little crowd was gathered round something on the steps of the Thames Embankment . . . something that held it like a spell.

"I'm sure they're doing their best," Daisy put in.

"Under the worst difficulties," Joe added. "We've not one half of a clue to the man's identity. We don't know who he is, where he comes from, what he looks like. But we're not asleep, I can tell you. Every man in the force is on the job, one way and another. I've not been detailed to the case yet, but, unofficially, I'm putting in every moment I'm awake in an endeavour to get at the mystery. I make a mental note of every man that passes me in the streets. Oh, it's no easy job, finding a chap of whom you know nothing at all."

He picked up his hat and walked to the door.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "I won't ask Daisy to come for a walk to-night. And I'd better be toddling along myself. In our business, with a case like this on, you never know when you're wanted. Good-night, everybody. Hope you get a lodger for the top room soon."

When he was gone there was silence in the Bunting household for a few seconds. Mr. Bunting fumbled for his pipe and pouch, while Mrs. Bunting made preparations for supper, and Daisy took off her things and hung them in the tiny hall. But presently the discussion was as hot and eager as ever; and it was in the midst of this discussion that the knock came to the door.

A strangely suggestive, mysterious knock.

The Buntings looked at each other and back at the door.

"Somebody's knocking," said Mr. Bunting, with rare futility.

"I'll go," said Daisy.

"Stay where you are," said her mother. "I'll go."

She went.

A man was standing on the top step—a strikingly handsome young man, what could be seen of him, which wasn't much. A soft hat was pulled down over his eyes, without hiding the grave, hunted look they held. And the lower half of his face was swathed in a dark-coloured muffler—though this may have been on account of the fog which was rising. In his hand he carried a small black bag.

Mrs. Bunting blinked at him.

"Well?" she said.

"You have a card in your window," he said. "Apartments."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bunting, a note of relief coming into her voice. "Won't you step inside, sir?"

The stranger stepped inside, and found Daisy and Mr. Bunting regarding him with peculiar curiosity.

"A gentleman to see about the top room," Mrs. Bunting explained.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bunting.

Daisy said nothing, but she and the stranger exchanged a glance.

"Won't you come upstairs, sir, and look at the room?" said Mrs. Bunting.

"Thank you," said the stranger.

"I'll come, too," said Mr. Bunting. "Better come with us, Daisy."

So that presently all of the Bunting family, as well as the stranger, were standing in the long-untenanted top room, looking round its walls with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

The stranger walked to the middle of the floor and pulled up abruptly. He had a peculiar nervous manner, and more than once he looked over his shoulder and peered at them as they stood watching him.

"I do hope you'll like the place, sir," ventured Mrs. Bunting, timidly.

At that moment came the cry of a newsboy from the street below.

"Avenger! Avenger! 'Nother 'orrible crime in Lunnon to-night! Special!"

The stranger leapt across the room and flung up the window, stood listening a moment to the newsboy's cry, his figure tense. Then quietly he lowered the sash and came back to the middle of the room.

"Yes, I'll take the room," he said.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said Mrs. Bunting.

"But first you must take down these pictures," the new lodger added.

Mrs. Bunting was surprised to say the least. She was rather fond of "these pictures." She had collected them over a number of years, and had had them framed. They were coloured supplements from weekly journals, pictures of women in the poses of "Love," "Faith," "Yesterday," "The Windows of the Soul," and "On the Threshold of Womanhood."

"I would think they were forever watching me," the Lodger explained. "I dislike being followed round a room by women's eyes."

"As you wish," said Mrs. Bunting; and while Mr. Bunting repaired downstairs to see about a bit of supper for the young man, Daisy and her mother set to and removed the offending pictures from the walls.

"That will do nicely," said the Lodger. "Thank you very much."

"Then if that's all," said Mrs. Bunting, "I'll go down and help Bunting hurry with your supper."

It was Daisy who closed the Lodger's door.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night," said the Lodger.

Downstairs she found her parents comparing notes.

"A peculiar young man," said Mrs. Bunting.

"Jumpy," said Mr. Bunting.

"Acts as if he thought the divil was after him," said Mrs. Bunting.

"Wonder what his name is," said Mr. Bunting.

"And why he wants to take our room," said Mrs. Bunting. "He's much too classy for a neighbourhood like this."

"Mebbe he's been turned out of home?" suggested Mr. Bunting.

"Who'll take his supper up?" said Mrs. Bunting.

"I'll take his supper up," said Daisy.

She was just in time to see him locking away his strange black handbag, in a cupboard across the room.

Two evenings later occurred an incident that deserves notice in this history.

Joe Chandler called round with news.

"I've been given the Avenger case," he announced, proudly. "From this moment on, it's up to me."

"That's good, my boy. The best of luck to you," said Mr. Bunting; and Mrs. Bunting, who had always rather fancied Joe as a son-in-law, now fancied him more than ever, with the prospect of fame within his grasp.

"I thought I'd drop in and tell you," said Joe. "Where's Daisy?"

"She's upstairs playing chess with the Lodger," said Mr. Bunting.

"Oh, got a lodger, eh?" said Joe.

"Regular high-brow. Plays chess and all that," said Mrs. Bunting.

"So that we're all in the way of luck," said Joe, with a grin. "All right. Well, I can't stop now. Got to be getting along. See you later."

The Buntings were early risers, but not for a long time had Mrs. Bunting risen so early as she rose on the following morning. Indeed, it only just was the following morning. Mrs. Bunting struck a match and glanced at the watch which they kept hanging over the head of the bed. It was two minutes past twelve, just turned midnight. She was about to turn over and go to sleep again, when it occurred to her to wonder why she was awake.

She sat up and listened.

Were those footsteps? Mrs. Bunting literally jumped—jumped out of bed. Yes! Somebody creeping downstairs!

She crossed the room on tip-toe and opened the door an inch. It was the Lodger! He was carrying his little black bag and his face was hidden once more behind that dark coloured muffler. Even as Mrs. Bunting watched, he drew the bolts in the hall and let himself out. A wisp of fog remained where he had stood; nothing more.

"Oh, my lor!" gasped Mrs. Bunting. "What shall I do?"

She did nothing until next morning, except to go back to bed. But when breakfast was cleared away and Daisy had set out for business, Mrs. Bunting drew up a chair beside her husband's in the little living-room and sat down.

"What's on your mind?" asked Bunting suspiciously.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Bunting. "That there lodger upstairs, he was out all last night."

"What!"

"With his face muffled up and his little black bag in his hand."

Mr. Bunting whistled.

"He's a rum cuss, that Lodger. Mebbe we ought to have known more about him before we took him in."

"And now," continued Mrs. Bunting, "have you seen the paper this morning?"

"Never had a minute," said Mr. Bunting.

"Then spare a minute now," said Mrs. Bunting. "Look at— that."

Mr. Bunting looked at—that!

THE AVENGER.
NEW CRIME.
GIRL DEAD IN BOW.

"Phew!" exclaimed Mr. Bunting. "What ought we to do?"

"Only one thing we can do, said Mrs. Bunting. "Send for Joe, and tell him."

"That——?"

"That the Avenger is our Lodger here!"

"H'm!" said Mr. Bunting. "But maybe he ain't."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Bunting.

"Women always are," Mr. Bunting reflected. "Well, if you like," he said, "I'll pop round to the pub at the corner and telephone Joe and see what he says."

There were various goings and comings in the Bunting household that day. First the Lodger went out for the morning, so that when Joe Chandler arrived Mrs. Bunting's chief exhibit was missing. Then Joe got a call from headquarters about a clue in Brixton, and had to leave Mrs. Bunting's suggestions unexamined for the time being.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Bunting went out for his accustomed stroll, and after Mrs. Bunting had gone round to dilate on her suspicions to Mrs. Brown at No. 7, the Lodger came in and found he had the house to himself. Presently, however, Daisy came home from business, and when the Lodger suggested a little walk before supper she was quick to agree.

"I'll leave a little note on the table," she said, "or Mum will be thinking the Avenger has got me."

When Mr. and Mrs. Bunting returned they found only the note, and what they would have done had not Joe Chandler at that moment come to their aid would be difficult to imagine.

"They've gone out together," the poor woman gasped. "My Daisy and that man. I'm sure he's the Avenger! Oh, Joe—save her! save her!"

"They can't have got far," said Joe. "I'll follow 'em."

A little questioning of neighbours and neighbour's children soon put him on the trail. He had not far to seek. He found them in the shadow of the old church across the square. The Lodger was not killing Daisy. He was kissing her.

"One moment," said Joe, stepping up.

"How dare you!" flared Daisy.

"How dare I what?" snapped Joe. "You followed us and spied on us. What right had you to do that? I don't love you, Joe, and you know it, and you have no right to interfere."

"Let me take you home," said the Lodger.

When they were gone, Joe Chandler stood where they had stood and did a little steady thinking. How did the Avenger always get his victims so easily? How was it no screams were ever heard—no signs of a struggle seen? There was only one way in which a man could get a girl willingly in his power—by making love to her first. Chandler snapped his fingers and hurried away. Half an hour later he was back at the Bunting home. In his pocket was a search warrant.

"I've got a warrant here giving me power to go through your possessions," he said to the Lodger.

"Why should you do that?" the Lodger asked.

"Tell you when I've done it," returned Joe, grimly, commencing on his search.

There was only one thing that told him anything, but it seemed to tell him enough. In the little black bag were a number of clippings from newspapers relating to the Avenger murders, and a map marked with the locations of the different crimes.

"Got anything to say?" asked Joe.

"Yes," said the Lodger. "I have. The Avenger has claimed many

When Mr. and Mrs. Bunting returned they found only the note, and what they would have done had not Joe Chandler come to their aid would be difficult to imagine.

The Lodger seemed very ill and weak after the startling events of the last half-hour.

victims, but I am only interested in one—the first. She was my sister."

"Yes?" said Joe. "In that case, why do you take lodgings in a street like this and go out at night with your face covered?"

"I hope, one day, to find the Avenger," said the Lodger.

"The law can do that," said Joe.

"Not as I want it doing," said the Lodger, grimly.

"Well, it's a good tale, but I don't believe it," said Joe. "I've got two men downstairs. You'll have to come along with me. I've got a warrant for that, too."

He took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and slipped them over the unprotesting Lodger's wrists; after which, he led the way downstairs.

There had never been excitement like the excitement which followed the arrest in the Bunting home; and for the excitement Daisy was more than thankful. Under it's cover she managed to open a side door and get the Lodger out. A thick fog was over London again that night. It proved comparatively easy to elude pursuit, at least for a little while.

The Lodger seemed very ill and weak after the startling events of the last half hour. Daisy took him into the little public house across the square, where he could rest for a moment and take something to give him strength. By keeping his cloak over his hands he contrived to hide his handcuffs, but when Daisy had to raise the glass to his lips they found themselves the objects of an attention they were far from desiring.

"Bloke's got no arms," said somebody in the crowd; and a murmur of sympathy went round the pub.

Then suddenly somebody said:

"Yes he has! I seen 'im move 'em just then!"

"Come quickly!" whispered Daisy, and they made their way into the fog once more.

Only a few seconds later, and whilst the crowd was still endeavouring to make up its mind, in walked Joe Chandler.

"Anybody seen a girl and a fellow with a soft hat and a cloak?" he asked.

They told him, and he shot across the room like a blob of spilt mercury.

"Follow 'em! Get 'em quick!" he shouted. And he leapt across the bar and grabbed the telephone while the crowd tumbled out in willing pursuit of the mysterious pair.

The magic words that Joe Chandler spoke into the telephone got him connection with Scotland Yard at once.

"Chandler speaking," he said. "I'm after the Avenger and want a dozen men sending round at once to—— What? What! Good lord! All right! Good-bye."

He tossed the receiver aside and ran into the street. A confused shouting told him which direction the pursuit had taken. He swung round and made his way through the fog as quickly as he could.

Meantime the handcuffed man was running for his life before the infuriated mob. There was no doubt about the crowd's intentions. Once they could lay hands on him they would lynch him—string him up to the nearest lamp-post. Daisy already had dropped behind, so hot was the chase. He stumbled round a corner into a dark square, and suddenly he had the idea of eluding pursuit by climbing over the railing of the gardens and hiding until the mob had gone past.

But he was handicapped by the handcuffs, and when he gained the top of the rails he slipped and plunged and his handcuffs caught on one of the spikes and held him there, a helpless prisoner. Just when he had counted most surely on freedom, the mob was upon him, clutching at him, tearing him down.

So Chandler found him, just in time. His great shoulders thrusting this way and that, Joe barged the mob aside and fought his way to the helpless captive.

"Stand off there and listen to me!" Joe shouted. "I'm Inspector Chandler, of Scotland Yard, and the first man that gets too lively I'll put under arrest. This man is not the Avenger. I've just heard by telephone. The Avenger was captured at Victoria an hour ago. Hallo! catch that girl there—she's fainting."

That girl was Daisy.

"No," said the Lodger, two hours later, to his sweetheart, his sweetheart's mother and his sweetheart's father, "I don't think we'll celebrate it here, in your home. Just for a change we'll celebrate it in *my* home."

"I forgot to ask you," said Daisy. "Where is your home? You never told me."

"I'll tell the taxi man," said the Lodger, with a smile. "All of you get your best things on and we'll start now."

They got their best things on and went out to the taxi.

"Where to, sir," said the taxi man.

"Park Lane," said the Lodger.

A few minutes later an awe-inspired Mr. and Mrs. Bunting had entered the imposing portals of the Lodger's Park Lane mansion with Daisy, who to their amazement, looked just as comfortable as though she was at home.

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The Business Comedian

By Margaret Chute

Being funny isn't easy—its real hard work.

Not so very long ago, Harold Lloyd was to me what he is to millions of film fans and picture-goers—just an irresponsible, care-free boy; full of larks, falling into and out of trouble every hour of his waking day, smiling happily behind his famous horn-rimmed glasses. And now I know what he is *really like*.

Not a boisterous boy, but a sane, sober, serious, hard-working business man. A man who realises that being funny is a hard job, not a soft joke. A man who works without sparing himself, and who treats his laugh-making film productions as an Art—which they are.

A soothing pipe, to while away the time between the strenuous business of fishing.

Though he is a man, Harold Lloyd is a young man still, and I think he will always be the same. He has that indescribable, Peter-Pannish quality that will keep him from growing old, as the years mount up. Perhaps it is his indomitable spirit. Perhaps it is his gay, brave heart that has lived through so many hardships, and come out on top of everything, gentle and unembittered.

I don't know why, but I'm positive that Harold Lloyd will always be what he is to-day; a serious, conscientious, painstaking man, with the happy nature of a schoolboy.

Of course, you like him, nobody could help doing that. If you like him on the screen, let me tell you that if you could talk to him even for five minutes you would like him ten times as much. I'm not going to pretend that he could make you scream with laughter. In all probability he would not, for he talks very seriously, very thoughtfully about most things, until he mentions his wife Mildred—"Mid" is his name for her—or that adorable infant aged two and a bit, called Mildred Gloria Lloyd.

Once they butt into any conversation business-like Harold vanishes before you can blink, and a beaming father, a fond, protective husband takes his place. If you want to see Harold smile off the screen, just mention his daughter and his wife; he will smile all right then, and keep on smiling. Most probably he'll start telling you about Gloria; what she said the other morning, what she did the other afternoon—and don't you think she's the most marvellous kid in creation?

That's what he did to me, anyway. We were standing on the set one afternoon at the Metropolitan Studios, in a dingy room, leaning against the back of an old broken-down sofa bulging with horse-hair that wanted to escape. The room represented Harold's simple home, in a very rural hill-village in his latest picture, *The Kid Brother*. And Harold himself, wearing a suit of dirty blue dungarees, a collarless shirt, his face pale, his dark hair all tousled, had been discussing his work without the vestige of a smile, as is his habit.

Then Gloria's name dropped into a sentence — and we were off! Beaming with pride, that fond father gave me a character sketch of his daughter, work forgotten, world forgotten, in his pride and joy at her baby charms. One broad grin, he was recounting the great party "Mid" gave on Gloria's second birthday last Spring; how every star in Hollywood sent along car loads of jolly kids; how wild flirtations flourished between infants of five and six mighty years, how ice cream vanished in quarts; and how Gloria neglected her duties as hostess, being discovered seated solemnly in a corner playing peacefully with a string of bright beads.

And of another day, Harold's birthday on April 20th last, when that paragon of a child trotted into his room in the morning to blurt out—"Happy Birthday, Daddy!"—after weeks of careful coaching by her Mother! Harold thought that was the world's best joke; he took a whole day's holiday on the strength of it, and hasn't got over it yet.

As for his daughter's toys, he told me with a really pained look in his kind, dark eyes, that he *cannot* understand why a kid must play with an old rag doll, when her nursery simply groans with stacks of the most novel, expensive toys in Toyland. Why? It grieved him, though he grinned about it; and I had to say that most children seemed to be the same.

"Uh-huh; s'pose they are!" mused the comedian; and then told me some more stories about Gloria. All of this sounds rather far away from the picture I started out to write; a picture of Harold Lloyd as a serious man of business—the business that has brought him fame. He is thirty-three years old, and I suppose he is numbered among the twenty best-known people in the world. He has taken slap-stick comedy

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P.415.

and lifted it to a high comedy level, by making it sincere.

In everything he does, everything he says, that same sincerity is found. It is part of his composition; he can't get away from it. Talking to him is a great pleasure, because he looks straight at you all the time, with those keen, all-seeing brown eyes that are so kind and yet so shrewd. His attention never wavers from the matter of the moment. When he talks to you he has the enviable gift of convincing you that all his interest, all his thought, is centred in YOU, and what you are saying or asking him to say. He makes you feel you mean something to him, though he may not have seen you before, and may never meet you again. And there lies one explanation of his charm.

Whether the delightful characteristic is natural or acquired, Harold Lloyd uses it right through his life, and it has helped him over many stiff fences. Personally, I believe it is a perfectly natural trait, and a very charming one. He is so intensely human that he has a vital interest in everything, in everybody. That interest has helped to develop his insight into the weaknesses and susceptibilities of human nature, and so has helped to give his comedy its real, deep-reaching strength.

There is no harder worker in screenland than Harold Lloyd, the man who has made a fortune in a few years with the help of a pair of glassless horn-rimmed spectacles, entire absence of physical fear, and supremely intelligent brain.

This straight-forward, cards-on-the-table business comedian does not possess a scrap of the temperament—it should be written without the last five letters, really—that is associated with so many alleged artists and geniuses. His days are almost monotonously regular. Up in the morning about 7; a romp with his enormous Great Dane, Prince, who sleeps on a rug at the foot of his bed.

A simple breakfast out on the sun-porch; another romp, this time with Baby Gloria and Prince, and any other dogs that happen to dash in. At nine his chauffeur, Henry, a sturdy Norwegian, who has been with him for years and is the only member of his staff who is permitted to be a "Yes" man, calls at the house and drives Harold to the Studio, several miles away.

His first task is to see yesterday's "rushes," once his "office" is reached —for the studio is an office to him, just as any suite of rooms is an office to a stock-broker or lawyer. Then he makes up, having talked over with his staff the scenes that must be re-taken, and planned a new series of gags.

After that, nothing but work, hard, concentrated work, with perhaps half-an-hour for lunch round about noon. But in that luncheon interval, Harold is still working, for he collects his staff round him, and they talk "film" for all they are worth while they eat. Harold told me that many a good "gag" in his pictures was born at the studio luncheon table.

"Shooting" goes on, with intervals of steady planning and timing of action, till about 5 o'clock, when it is time for the daily game of handball, which is Harold's favourite sport. His keenness for the game is proved by the two enclosed courts he has had built at the studio; and there he plays this rapid, exhausting game with almost his entire staff as opponents. It is only by keeping in such fine physical condition that he can get through the stunts he performs in front of the camera; many of them are really dangerous, though he hates being called a "stunt" comedian.

Harold is at his best amid the rural surroundings of "The Kid Brother."

Harold has never used a "double," and never will, just as he says he will never put glass in his horn-rimmed spectacles, and will never appear on the screen without them! His theory about employing a double is that he will not ask anybody to take a risk he would not face himself. So doubles are OUT.

Remembering the wild things he does in his pictures—*Safety Last,* with his hair-raising acrobatics on the clock at the top of a huge building, is one example—it is amazing that he has never been seriously injured during his work.

He managed to pull his right arm out of its socket when he jerked the face out of that clock in *Safety Last,* and has thrown out his right shoulder several times. In his last picture, *For Heaven's Sake,* he was tossed over the side of a motor 'bus travelling at thirty miles an hour, but by a stroke of sheer luck managed to cling to the top rail long enough for the driver to pull the 'bus to a standstill, to the accompaniment of frenzied shouts from onlookers and studio staff. If Harold had missed that rail it would have been a miracle if he had come out of that little episode with his life.

His narrowest escapes have happened outside the studio. He manages to save his employees, as well as himself, from disastrous situations. Once, an assistant director, who was sleeping in Harold's dressing-room after working most of the night, turned on the gas and went to sleep, forgetting it.

During the night it blew out, and Harold when he arrived in the morning found his room full of gas, and his assistant director unconscious. Dragging him into the fresh air, Mr. Lloyd telephoned for a doctor, and then applied first aid himself, with success.

Another day, Henry, the Norwegian chauffeur, descended to the cellar in the Lloyd's house to investigate a gas leak. He looked for the leak with a match. There was a terrifying explosion that blew part of the cellar into small pieces. Harold rushed down just in time to find his chauffeur unconscious, and hauled him upstairs, saving his life.

One of the nicest things about this very nice young man is the fact that he is not an off-stage clown. He never "acts" in public; he detests public appearances, and chortles with joy when he can get through a crowd without being recognised.

He has never made a speech in public and says he never will. He puts his foot down firmly about personal appearances, and refuses to make any. He loves to play pranks and pull jokes on his studio staff, with whom he is on the friendliest terms, but that is as far as his off-stage laugh-making goes.

He reads a lot and watches his fellow-creatures with keen, wise eyes. He told me that he gets many of the ideas he uses on the screen from incidents he has actually seen in the streets; but he has to exaggerate them, of course, to make them funny.

As for his income, which has been reported as varying from a hundred thousand to several million dollars a year, not even his closest, most intimate friends know what it is. I don't think Harold does himself, for he never talks about money. In fact, he never thinks about it, apparently, for money values seem to mean nothing to him. Where another man would be

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adding up costs all the time, Harold just goes ahead and makes pictures; good pictures, too.

If a picture costs £50,000, well all right. If it costs £100,000, well that's all right, too. "It's got to be made, so why talk about what it is going to cost," appears to be Harold's argument. "If it is good, the cost doesn't matter. If it is bad, we must try again!" He says that, and means it. All he wants is good pictures regardless of cost. Which is why the level of his work is so consistently high.

He does not drink, and smokes so little that he may almost be called a non-smoker. If other people want to drink and smoke he likes to watch 'em—but he doesn't believe that a man can do these things and still keep in the best possible physical condition, so he doesn't do them himself.

When we were talking in his studio, one afternoon, I asked him what he wants to do when he feels he has come to an end of his acting career on the screen. Thoughtfully, he looked at me for several seconds, before he said:

"Can't say I've given much thought to that, just yet. But I'll tell you this; I've always been a great student of Motion Pictures, not my own work, but the industry as a whole. I see such a vast future for it, and I'm inclined to think that the destiny of the kinema lies in the hands of the directors rather than the players. When I don't act any more I should like to direct; produce pictures in which I didn't have to give one thought to what *I* was doing, or whether this action or that situation would make the public laugh at Harold Lloyd. Gee, that would be great!"

His eyes sparkled, and then became introspective. He wandered away, to work out a new sequence of scenes, thinking ahead—always ahead. *He* did not tell me—though other people did—that he is reckoned the best "gag" man in the kinema world; that his powers of organisation are great, and that his knowledge of picture-making is so thorough that he could not fail to be as successful when directing other players as he has been in his own screen ventures.

It was during this conversation that a man who has known Harold Lloyd intimately for many years told me the comedian is exactly the same to-day as when he first broke into pictures, as a Yaqui Indian, at the large salary of three dollars (12/-) a day. Which rather confirms my own remarks earlier in this article to the effect that Harold will never alter, but will always be the same unaffected, unassuming man he is to-day. He has had enough flattery, success, and adulation to turn the heads of a dozen men, but he remains unchanged.

Though he spends his life before a moving picture camera it is the hardest task under heaven to get him to be photographed in an ordinary photographer's studio. He says he gets "stage fright." Anyhow, whether he does or not, he has only had three sets of studio portraits made of himself in the last five years.

Watching him at work is not a funny matter. Gravely, with intense concentration he plans out every movement, every situation. He walks "through" each scene by himself, with his gagmen close at hand, till he is sure the point of every joke has been timed to perfection. For "timing" is the secret of success, in comedy-making.

Here are some of the things Harold Lloyd said to me about his work: "It is not easy to make a funny picture. We may work for days, weeks perhaps, and then the scenes won't raise a smile. With comedy, you never know. It is only the public who can tell you if you are on the right road. Drama is easier; if a scene or situation is strong it is bound to "get across" on the screen, provided it is produced with care.

"But that does not apply to comedy . . . *with comedy you never know.* And there is this in it, too; a comedian must never be consciously funny. If he is, he ceases to impress others as being in the least amusing. In fact, of many comedies and comedians it is certainly true to say—'Smile, and you smile alone!' I work for laughs, of course, and if they aren't forthcoming I know there's only one thing to do—Quit, and start all over again."

Harold witnesses the arrival of the Medicine Show in the village from the steps of his home. A scene from "The Kid Brother."

Notes Worth Noting

A 'Flu Fighter.

If we were only to take heed of all the trite truths the advertisements give us, there would be no need to let our health suffer during these hard, winter months.

For instance, "Ovaltine" is invaluable just now. For breakfast, mid-morning lunch, or supper, it is a delightful beverage, invigorating tired nerves and warming chilled blood. 'Flu, which always attacks those who are run down and "nervy," does not have a chance with "Ovaltine" enthusiasts.

Save your Wright's Wrappers.

When looking through this month's PICTUREGOER advertisements, do not miss the splendid offer that the Wright's Coal Tar Soap people are making.

A beautiful Shingle Brush and Mirror combined, with mock tortoiseshell top and real silver fittings, all complete with leather calf case, is being offered FREE, in exchange for seventy wrappers from tablets of Wright's Soap.

By the consistent use of this ideal toilet and nursery soap you will gain, not only this charming gift, but what is of greater value, a beautiful complexion. This particular make of soap has been renowned for years for its health-giving, antiseptic and beautifying qualities. It is a soap we can thoroughly recommend to discriminating people who value the health of their skin.

Don't miss this unique opportunity, but start saving your wrappers now.

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"4711" Cold Cream applied before retiring at night, both soothes and cleanses a skin clogged with the dust and soil which it must inevitably collect during the day. In the morning, the Vanishing Cream makes a splendid foundation for powder, and will stay on the whole day, protecting the delicate skin tissues against the roughening effects of sun and wind.

A little of the famous Eau-de-Cologne poured into the morning bath water or washing basin, has a wonderfully invigorating effect on the whole body, and a little applied to the head soon banishes the worst of headaches.

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Warner Baxter
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Wallace Beery
Madge Bellamy
Constance Bennett
Edna Best
Constance Binney (2)
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Monte Blue (2)
Betty Blythe (2)
Eleanor Boardman
Clara Bow
John Bowers (2)
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Flora le Breton (2)
Mary Brian
Betty Bronson (2)
Clive Brook (3)
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Mae Busch

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Charles Chaplin (4)
Syd Chaplin
Georges Carpentier
Betty Chester
Ethel Clayton
Lew Cody (2)
Jose Collins
Ronald Colman
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Gladys Cooper
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Mildred Davis (2)
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Ivy Duke (2)
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Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
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Elsie Ferguson
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Jetta Goudal
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Wm. Haines

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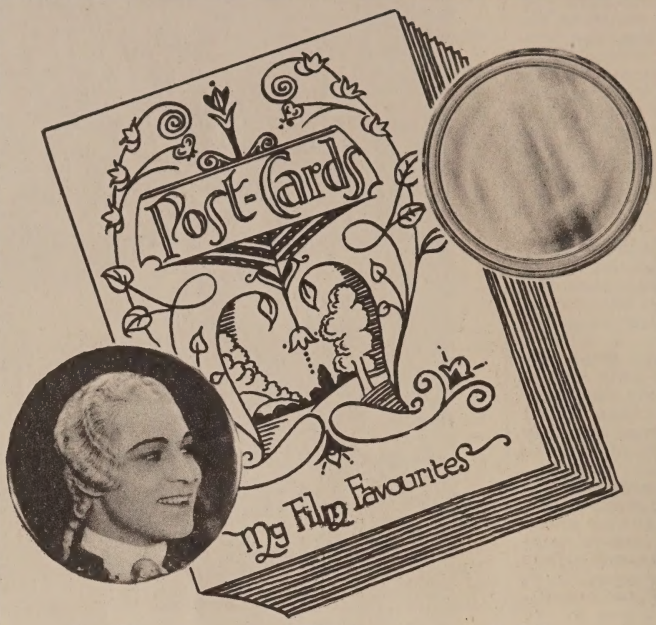

A Dainty Vanity Mirror and a 5/- Album FREE!

Our Special New Year Offer has proved so tremendously popular that we repeat it again this month.

IF you were one of those who missed this great opportunity last month, there is still time to take advantage of it if you act promptly. Here is the offer: Every new member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club will receive not only a 5/- Postcard Album, handsomely bound to hold 500 cards, but *in addition* a beautiful Vanity Mirror, the reverse side of which bears a portrait of Rudolph Valentino in the role of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Anyone may join the Club and the only stipulation is, that with your application for membership you forward us an order for "Picturegoer" Sepia Glossy Postcards (real photos), amounting to not less than 5/-. You will then be entitled to full membership privileges, membership card, the Free Vanity Mirror, and the Free 5/- Album. After your first order you are entitled as a member of the Club to the following liberal reductions.

6d. discount on orders of 12 *Postcards*
1/- " " " " 24 "
1/6 " " " " 36 "
and so on.

Should you desire the 5/- Album only, with your membership, then you may send an order for Sepia Glossy Postcards of not less than 2/6.

Mirrors may be purchased separately.

Feeling that many old members as well as new will desire these charming Vanity Mirrors, we will supply them separately for 1/3, post free.

Guinea Voucher FREE!

The member who purchases the largest number of Sepia Glossy Postcards during February will receive a Guinea Voucher Free, which may be exchanged for goods other than Sepia Glossy Cards. The December winner is:—

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Violet Hopson
Jack Hoxie
Lloyd Hughes
Charles Hutchison

Rex Ingram

Edith Johnson
Julanne Johnston
Justine Johnstone
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy (2)
Alice Joyce (2)
June

Buster Keaton
Doris Kenyon
J. Warren Kerrigan
Norman Kerry (2)
James Kirkwood

Cullen Landis (2)
Matheson Lang (2)
Sir Harry Lauder
Evelyn Laye
Lila Lee (2)
Elmo Lincoln
Harold Lloyd (2)
Jacqueline Logan
Louise Lovely
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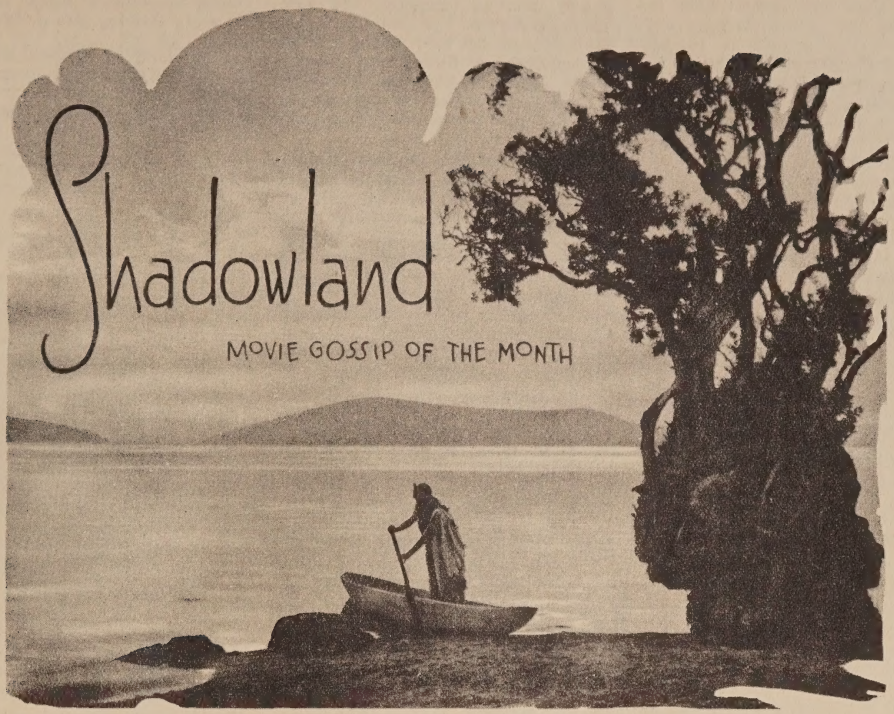


Marshall Neilan has nearly finished work on his latest film, *Carlotta*, starring Constance Talmadge. The story has been written by Hans Kraley.

Maurice Elvey seems to be turning his attention almost exclusively to war pictures lately. His next will be *Roses of Picardy*, which is an original story with a war-time flavour.

Harold Lloyd's latest comedy has been completed, and both the comedy and the star should be over here early this year. *The Kid Brother* is the title chosen for this new feature.

Norman Trevor, the Britisher who, it will be remembered, scored heavily in *Beau Geste* as "Major de Beaujolais," has been given an important rôle as the "Duke" in Paramount's new picture, *Children of Divorce*.

Another Britisher in Hollywood who is making a name for herself is Emily Fitzroy, who has an important rôle with Colleen Moore in *Orchids and Ermine*.

Edna Purviance, Charlie Chaplin's one-time leading lady, is to play lead in a French film, *L'Indiscretion Du Prince*. In all probability she will be in France, at work on the new film, by the time this appears in print.

Our congratulations to Juliette Compton, the popular young American actress, who has been in this country for so long that she may almost be considered British. Juliette was recently married to James Bartram.

Work on *Madame Pompadour* has at last been started at the new Elstree studios. Dorothy Gish, of course, is in the title rôle, and Antonio Moreno has been engaged to play opposite. Nelson Keys is also in the cast, and there is a strong British support.

Since Fatty Arbuckle's enforced retirement, some years ago, he has been devoting his time to directing, working under the name of William Goodrich. He recently wielded the megaphone for Marion Davies in *The Red Mill*, and his next job is to direct Eddie Cantor in *Special Delivery*.

Corinne Griffith expects to visit Europe shortly, for a brief vacation, but she has not yet decided whether she will visit London. In any case, she will not make any pictures over this side, but will return to finish her contract with First National in America.

We hear that M. A. Wetherell, who has been producing *Robinson Crusoe* in natural surroundings in Tobago, has finished work on the picture, and sailed for home last month. Mr. Wetherell himself plays the title rôle, and his "Man Friday" is a native Carib who was "discovered" on the spot, and has proved himself a natural born actor.

A film that should interest all picturegoers who enjoy something out of the ordinary will be presented by Gaumont early this year. It is a Chinese production with an all-Chinese cast. Its theme is "The Legend of the Willow Pattern," and it has been produced by Captain Pogson, a Britisher.

We shan't believe it until she's actually here, but rumour hath it that Pauline Frederick is under contract with Herbert Wilcox to play in his next picture, after he has finished directing *Pompadour*. He intends then to become an independent producer, and his first subject will be Edward Knoblock's play, "Mumsee."

Mr. Wu, the play in which Matheson Lang made one of his biggest successes, is to be brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Most people will not be surprised to hear that Lon Chaney has been chosen for the title rôle, although the news that Renée Adorée will play the Chinese girl is a little unexpected. Those who have seen Renée in her make-up say it is impossible to tell her from the real thing.

Colleen Moore has several films in view for 1927, and all of them will be comedies. The first is to be, *Naughty, But Nice,* a comedy of an exclusive girls' finishing school. The next is titled, at present, *Oh, What a Life!* and in it she plays the part of a little performer in an itinerant theatrical troupe.

Admirers of Baby Peggy, who have been wondering what has become of the little star, will be interested to hear that she is playing in vaudeville in the States. At present there seems to be no intention of her returning to the screen—like Jackie Coogan, alas, she is growing up and reaching the "awkward" age.

There is a distinct comedy vein in Milton Sills' new starring vehicle, now being produced by Carey Wilson for First National. The story is adapted from a magazine tale, "The Runaway Enchantress." Mary Astor is the leading lady, and other important members of the cast are Larry Kent, Arthur Stone and Kate Price.

Reginald Denny, apparently not content with being a movie star, is bidding for honours as a lyric writer. Inspired by the blonde beauty of his popular leading lady, he has written a song called "Laura." It has been set to lively fox-trot music by Edward D. Roberts, an English friend of Denny's, and is being published over here by Francis Day & Hunter's.

United Artists' Studios, in Hollywood, are preparing for a busy year. Buster Keaton, whose latest comedy, *The General,* was shown last month at the New Gallery Kinema, is starting work immediately on his next production. Norma Talmadge, and sister Constance, who has joined the United Artists' Corporation now that her contract with First National has expired, are also busy on forthcoming productions, and so are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

After seeing the excellent work Ivor Novello did under Alfred Hitchcock's direction in *The Lodger,* we are looking forward with interest to the film version of his play, *Downhill,* in the production of which, the two will again be associated. Gainsborough Pictures are sponsoring the film, and they are fortunate in having secured the services of one of the finest cameramen in Europe — Claude McDonnell—who was chief cameraman to Rex Ingram on *Mare Nostrum* and *The Magician.*

A newcomer to the British screen who should go far, is little Arnold Wauber, a baby film actor of two and a bit, whom we recently met at the Piccadilly Studios. It was his first day in any film studio, but shyness and self-consciousness are an unknown quality to Arnold, and if anybody asks him what he is going to be when he grows up, he answers promptly, and with superb confidence, "A film star." He went through his first scene without any trouble, and then retired to play with a toy engine, and coax rides from anybody in the studio who happened to catch his most persuasive eyes.

Inspiration Pictures are very anxious that there should be no misunderstanding as to the position held by Gardner James, their latest star, who has been signed up on a long term contract. Several papers have stated that he will take the place of Richard Barthelmess, who, after five years with Inspiration, has joined First National. But the unfairness of heralding anyone as "taking the place" of another star has been illustrated before, and so they prefer to speak of Gardner James as a young actor of great promise, who is going to be given a chance to make the most of his own particular gifts. His first starring feature will be *Quality,* a story that has been specially selected for him.

Otis Harlan, the rotund comedian, recently became a grandfather, when his daughter Marian Harlan became the mother of a baby girl.

Sessue Hayakawa, of whom little has been heard in the screen world recently, is branching out in another field of art—that of the novelist. He has just published his first book called "The Bandit Prince," and has received some very favourable notices up to the present.

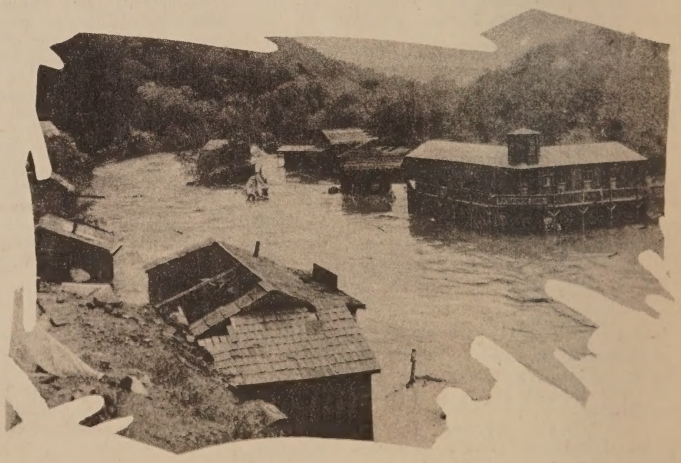
A new cowboy star is rising in the film firmament. His name is "Gary" Cooper, and he recently made such an impression by his work in *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* that Paramount immediately signed him up and they are starring him in Westerns.

When Dorothy Mackaill left England to find fame and fortune on the movies in Hollywood, she promised her parents that she wouldn't marry. But all promises melted before the persistent wooing of Lothar Mendes, America's latest German producer, and the two were married recently in New York.

You have one, of course, or else you have admired the one that your friend has. We refer to the Vanity Mirrors (with the picture of Valentino on the back) which are being presented free to those who join the Picturegoer Postcard Club, that lusty young organisation that already has thousands of members. The mirror, be it understood, is given *in addition* to the 5/- Postcard Album which every new member receives on joining. This double gift offer was intended for the month of January only, but so popular has it been that readers are again invited to share in the offer this month. Full particulars will be found on page 50.

Passion Island, the W. W. Jacobs' story being brought to the screen by Manning Haynes, is finished so far as the Corsican scenes are concerned, and the company are at present at Nice, where interiors are being made at the Rex Ingram studios. The picture should be in England, all complete, early this month.

Mildred Davis, who, as everybody knows is Mrs. Harold Lloyd in private life, will play the leading feminine rôle in *Too Many Crooks,* a Paramount production. The director will be either Larry Semon or Donald Crisp.



During the making of "Born to the West," this ready-made, but unwanted flood occurred, and held up the production of the picture. Jack Holt, Margaret Morris, Arlette Marchal and Raymond Hatton are in the cast.

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The Pick of the Pictures

LONDON LOVE (*Gaumont*).

Here is good, sound melodrama, hackneyed as to plot, a little obvious in development, but offering first class entertainment of a popular type.

In spite of pleas for "artistic pictures which shall not be an insult to the average man's intelligence," the public still flocks to films in which sex appeal, punch, sensational drama and comedy predominate. "People go to the pictures for two things," said a kinema proprietor of my acquaintance, "to hold hands or to be amused. The men behind the scenes in Movies are there for the purpose of making money. They don't care a darn for the highbrows, because there aren't enough of them to make highbrow pictures pay, and they haven't got time to worry about educating a public who'll pay their admission money whether they're educated or not."

Manning Haynes, in common with the men who financed this picture, apparently realised this, and set to work in real earnest to make a film purely to please the public. They took a story in which the long arm of coincidence figured not wisely but uncommonly well; they copied the American's method of injecting into it sensational dramatic incidents which should have had their day way back in the days of the very first Movie; they put in a whole lot of purely British East and West London "atmosphere"; garnished the mixture with heart interest and comedy as fine as any the screen has ever seen, and added a first class star in an absolutely novel rôle. The result? A film certain to be a big box office proposition and guaranteed to send any alleged highbrow into the nearest bunshop to tear his hair!

Among the picture's good points may be counted the comedy scenes between the two Jews, Aaron Lerinsky and Angus MacDonald (alias Ikey), and the "Down East" scenes with Fay Compton in a tailor's workshop. The bad ones I intend to leave for your own selection!

John Stuart is a good hero, Fay Compton an attractive heroine. Sound work is put over in the supporting cast by A. B. Imeson, Leal Douglas and Alexander Boss.

Lya de Putti in "Her Betrayal," does not entirely win the sympathy of her audience.

Circle: John Stuart and Fay Compton as the hero and heroine in "London Love."

Below: The Three Bad Men of "Three Bad Men"—and they look it!

THREE BAD MEN (*Fox*).

This fine picture of the most exciting period in the history of the goldfields is a notable example of a type in which the American producer has no equal. The story is forceful and well constructed, the characterisation excellent, the production is on a colossal scale, and the whole well-spiced with humour.

Tom Santschi, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Frank Campeau, as the three bad men, are magnificent. Olive Borden is a fascinating heroine, and George O'Brien an attractive hero.

In brief, it is best described as "The *real* Gold Rush." A vast crowd of wagons and horses stretch across the plains as far as the eye can see, and men, women and children stand, tense with anxiety, waiting for the signal from the gun that is to start the rush.

The spectator forgets that it is just another scene on the evanescent flicker of the silver sheet. Theatre and orchestra fade away—the men and women on the screen are real, living, vital human beings, and as the signal is given and the horde surges forward, kicking and fighting madly, running over one another in their frantic struggle to be first in the field, we feel ourselves to be amongst them, with the gold fever running fire in our veins, the lure of the great open spaces stirring us to our very depths!

Beside this, the actual story seems almost banal. Amongst the thousands of settlers waiting to start for Dakota are three notorious outlaws—Bull Stanley, Mike Costigan and Spade Allen. Major Carleton, who has come from Virginia with his daughter Lee, is shot by horse thieves, and the bad men, riding up to see how much of the spoil they can appropriate for themselves, are touched by the girl's distress.

Constituting themselves her guardians, they engage the services of young Dan O'Malley, a likely looking husband. They get well ahead when the big rush starts, but are caught in a narrow pass by the sheriff and his gang. Realising that a fight is imminent, the outlaws send the lovers on ahead, and stay behind to cover their retreat.

Had they stayed together, sensibly hloding their own behind the boulders with which the mouth of the pass abounds, the most discriminating picturegoer would have had no fault to find with any part of the production. But the producer, wishing to extract the maximum amount of sob stuff from the material at his command, ordained differently. "This scene's great! Let it rip! Everyone's gotta go home with sore eyes," said he. So we get the bad men bidding one another soulful farewells, and staying behind, *one* at a time. Each man does his bit with a sharp shooter and lays him down to die, and although only nine or ten gang-men appear at the commencement of the fracas—at least a baker's dozen. are accounted for!

BATTLING BUTLER (*J.M.G.*).

Buster Keaton's funniest film to date! Most picturegoers will remember the stage play which was produced with such success by Jack Buchanan at the Oxford Theatre a few years ago. The film, with Buster in the lead, has it "beaten to a frazzle."

In the beginning Buster is a weakling. As Alfred Butler, pampered son of wealthy parents, he is induced to go to the mountains where he falls in love with a beautiful girl.

Her gigantic father and hefty brother are inclined to resent his attentions until news leaks out that he is none other than Battling Butler, the celebrated prize fighter, who is booked to contest the world's championship with the Alabama Murderer.

Alfred is infatuated enough to go through a long and indescribably ridiculous course of training for the girl's sake, but his courage evaporates with the coming of the great day. It transpires, however, that Battling Butler and the trainer are merely having a joke with Alfred. But his pride is aroused when the Champion begins to sneer at him, and, making the most of his training, he beats him to a jelly, thus covering himself with glory.

The opening scenes are a little on the quiet side, but with the development of the "training," the action gradually works up into a riot of laughter.

HER BETRAYAL (*W. & F.*).

It is difficult to understand how films of this type get past the British Board of Film Censors. *Her Betrayal*, meriting mention on this page, because the month's worst as well as the month's best in pictures must needs be included amongst "The Pick," is all that its title suggests—unsavoury, sordid, morbid, and thoroughly unpleasant! I cannot imagine any British picturegoer sitting through and enjoying eight thousand feet of film devoted to a woman's frantic search for the father of an illegitimate child.

Here is the stark outline of the story. A young girl, returning home late one night, is subjected to outrage by three drunken officers of the Russian Imperial Guard. Her father complains to the Emperor, who orders a parade of the Guard to see if the girl can identify any of the men. The three step forward to confess that they were implicated in the affair, but refuse to say who was responsible for the outrage. Then comes the crux of the plot. The Emperor commands that the elder of the three shall marry the girl, who goes through the ceremony to realise afterwards that the man she has married is in all probability not the father of her child. Thereafter she devotes her life to finding the father. Many of her efforts touch the verge of absurdity, all are calculated to make any right minded spectator feel thoroughly uncomfortable.

IRIS N. CARPENTER.

Teeth Made White —Glorious, Gleaming

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2069
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Name.....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. Picturegoer, Feb./1927.

Battling Butler (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; Feb. 21).
Farce-comedy. An amusing screen version of the musical play, which deals with the difficulties of a luxury-loving young man, forced by circumstances to impersonate a famous boxer. Buster Keaton, smileless as usual, is as funny as ever, and there is an excellent supporting cast that includes Sally O'Neil, Snitz Edwards, Francis McDonald, Mary O'Brien, Tom Wilson, Eddie Borden, Walter James and Buddy Fine. Directed by Buster Keaton. Capital entertainment.

The Blind Goddess (Paramount; Feb. 7).
Mystery drama. Rather mechanical murder mystery, with familiar trial and last-minute acquittal climax. Some good acting from a strong cast which includes Louise Dresser, Jack Holt, Esther Ralston, Ward Crane, Richard Tucker, Louise Payne, Charles Clary, Erwin Connelly, and Charles Lane. Director Victor Fleming. Fair entertainment.

The Black Flash (Ideal; Feb. 7).
Crook melodrama. Richard Talmadge stars as vigorously as ever, as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. A sound supporting cast includes Nola Luxford and Brinsley Shaw.

The Boy Friend (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; Feb. 7).
Sentimental comedy. A pleasant love story on farcical lines, of a "small-town" girl with New York ambitions. Marceline Day, John Harron, George K. Arthur, Ward Crane, Gertrude Astor, Otto Hoffman, and Elizabeth Patterson form a very good cast. Director Monta Bell. Good light entertainment.

The Crown of Lies (Paramount; Feb. 14).
Romantic drama. Pola Negri as a boarding-house slavey, who is declared the banished queen of a mythical Balkan kingdom. A typical Ruritanian plot, but the whole thing is pleasant to watch, and has been directed with polish by Dimitri Buchowetski. Noah Beery, Robert Ames, Charles Post, Arthur Hoyt, Cissie Fitzgerald, Frankie Bailey and Erwin Connelly form a good supporting cast.

The Dangerous Dude (Butcher; Feb. 28).
Stunt melodrama. Reed Howes in a weak story that relies more upon brawn than brain for its appeal. An adequate supporting cast includes Dorothy Dwan, Richard Graves, Henry Barrows, Bruce Gordon, David Kirby, and Billy Franey.

The Family Upstairs (Fox; Feb. 28).
Domestic comedy. The romance of a refined girl, whose working-class family's well-meaning, but tactless, interference in her love affair, nearly wrecks her happiness. A competent cast include Virginia Valli, Allan Simpson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Lillian Elliott, Edward Peil, Jnr., Dot Farley, and Jacqueline Wells. Director J. G. Blystone. Good light entertainment. There is some good character work.

The Flying Horseman (Fox; Feb. 14).
Western drama. Buck Jones as the usual cowboy hero of the usual hard-riding Western. Quite good entertainment of its type.

Footlights (P. D. C.; Feb. 14).
Comedy-melodrama. Vera Reynolds justifies her rise to stardom in this well-acted story of a little pickle-factory girl who goes on the stage. She is very piquant, and is ably supported by Edmund Burns, George K. Arthur, Zasu Pitts, Ethel Clayton, Louis Natheaux, Sally Rand, Jocelyn Lee, and Majel Coleman. Director, Donald Crisp. Good entertainment.

The Golden Butterfly (Stoll; Feb. 21).
Light drama. Lili Damita, Niele Astor, Jack Trevor, Charles Platen and Kurt Bois in a rather lengthy story of the theatre. Some gorgeous settings for unreasonable characters. Director, Michael Courtice. Fair entertainment.

Her Betrayal (W. & F. Feb. 21).
Drama. An unusual plot, with Lya de Putti in the leading feminine rôle. Some excellent direction by a man whose name is not mentioned.

Her Big Night (European; Feb 28).
Comedy. Laura La Plante, as a little shop girl who is persuaded to impersonate a famous film star, carries off a series of embarrassing situations with her usual charm and delicious sense of comedy. Lee Moran, William Austin, Mack Swain, Einar Hanson, John Roche, Zasu Pitts and Tully Marshall are good in supporting rôles. Director Melville Brown. Excellent entertainment.

Her Man o' War (P. D. C.; Feb. 21).
War melodrama. A spy story set in Alsace with frequent conflicts between love and duty, starring Jetta Goudal—who overacts most of the time. William Boyd gives the most effective performance, and a competent supporting cast includes Jimmie Adams, Grace Darmond, Kay Deslys, Frank Reicher, Michael Vavitch, Robert Edeson, Junior Coghlan.

Human Law (Astra-National; Feb. 28).
Marriage drama. Anglo-German film of a heavy theatrical type, with sex as its chief appeal. Isobel Elsom stars, and is ably supported by M. Abel and a continental cast. Director Maurice Elvey. Those who find entertainment in the frankly sordid will like it.

The Hypocrite (Gaumont; Feb. 28).
Melodrama. A well-acted family feud story on somewhat unusual lines, with some excellent character studies—notably, Gardner James as "Rufe Pryor," a religious half-wit. Patsy Ruth Miller stars, and John Harron, Gayne Whitman, Wilfred North, Evelyn Selbie and James Marcus support. Director Stuart Blackton. Good entertainment.

Below: A tense scene between Matthew Betz and Seena Owen in "Shipwrecked."

Above: *Cissie Fitzgerald, Nat Carr and Laura La Plante in "Her Big Night."*

The King of the Turf (Pathé; Feb. 14).
Melodrama. Straightforward mixture of every kind of screen hokum, with a race-track victory climax. A satisfactory cast includes Patsy Ruth Miller, Kenneth Harlan, George Irving, David Torrence, Al Roscoe, Dave Kirby, William Franey, and Ed Phillips. Director, James Hogan. Sound and unpretentious entertainment.

The Lodger (W. & F.; Feb. 14).
Mystery drama. The most brilliant and polished British picture yet made. It grips from start to finish, and although there is little of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' story left, the result leaves nothing to be desired. Director, Alfred Hitchcock. Ivor Novello, Malcolm Keen, Marie Ault, June and Arthur Chesney all do excellent work in the cast. A film that every one should see.

London Love (Gaumont; Feb. 7).
Melodrama. A British picture of very good, all-round entertainment value, featuring Fay Compton and Moore Marriott. The latter gives a fine character study, a kindly little Jew. A good supporting cast includes John Stuart, A. B. Imeson, Laura Walker, Miles Mander, Leal Douglas, Grace Vicat, Arthur Walcott, Alexander Boss and Humberson Wright. Director, Manning Haynes. Good entertainment.

The Love Test (Ideal; Feb. 21).
Drama. Clara Bow, George Fawcett, Allan Forrest and Wallace MacDonald are the principal players in a love story that breaks away from hackneyed ideas. It is a little melodramatic, but the characterisation is sympathetic. Director, Nat Ross. Quite good entertainment.

The Man Who Sold Himself (Stoll; Feb. 28).
Melodrama. Somewhat jerkily told story with a fairly well-contrived murder mystery and a poor climax. Rather theatrical acting from a cast that includes Olaf Fjord, John Mierendorff, Nora Gregor, Bruno Kastner, Vivian Gibson and Harry Lambert. Mediocre entertainment.

Men of Steel (First Nat.; Feb. 21).
Melodrama. Very heavy melodrama with wonderfully vivid steel-works settings and some magnificent thrills. Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon, Mae Allison, Victor McLaglen, Frank Currier, George Fawcett, John Kobb, Harry Lee, Henry West and Taylor Graves form a capable cast. Director, George Archainbaud. Much of the sentiment is crude, but it has plenty of entertaining points.

The Midnight Kiss (Fox; Feb. 21).
Comedy drama. A clean, refreshing story of youth triumphant. Janet Gaynor, Richard Walling, and Doris Lloyd are good in leading rôles. Pleasant light entertainment.

Morganson's Finish (B. E. F.; Feb. 21).
Melodrama. A familiar story of love and jealousy, set in the gold-fields. Johnny Walker, Anita Stewart and Mahlon Hamilton are the three sides of the inevitable triangle. Mediocre entertainment.

Paradise (First Nat.; Feb. 21).
Melodrama. Milton Sills in a virile story of the scapegoat son of an English earl, who makes good on a South Sea island and finds his manhood. Betty Bronson, Noah Beery, Lloyd Whitlock, Kate Price, Charlie Murray, Claude King, Charles Brooke, and Ashley Cooper form a capable cast. Director, Irvin Willat. Quite good entertainment of a full-blooded type.

The Princess and the Clown (Stoll; Feb. 14).
Ruritanian romance. Huguette Duflos and Charles de Roche in a delightful and whimsical story out of the rut of ordinary Ruritanian romance. Excellent entertainment.

The Reckless Lady (First Nat.; Feb. 14).
Drama. Belle Bennett and Lois Moran in another drama of mother love, a screen version of the story by Sir Philip Gibbs. A good supporting cast includes James Kirkwood, Ben Lyon, Marcia Harris and Charlie Murray. Director, Howard Higgin. Poor entertainment.

A Social Celebrity (Paramount; Feb. 21).
Comedy. Adolphe Menjou, as usual, carries off the chief honours, in this pleasantly polished story of a small town barber with New York ambitions. Louise Brooks, Elsie Lawson, Roger Davis, Hugh Huntley, Chester Conklin, Freeman Jones, Josephine Drake, and Ida Waterman form a capable cast. Director, Mal. St. Clair. Very good light entertainment.

Sea Horses (Paramount; Feb. 28).
Melodrama. Full-blooded, somewhat brutal story of the tropics, featuring Jack Holt and Florence Vidor. A competent supporting cast includes William Powell, George Bancroft, Mack Swain, Frank Campeau, Allan Simpson, George Nichols, Mary E. Dow and Dick La Reno. Director, Allan Dwan.

Shipwrecked (P. D. C.; Feb. 7).
Melodrama. Seena Owen, Joseph Schildkraut, Mathew Betz, Clarence Burton, Laska Winter, Lionel Belmore, and Erwin Connelly in a story of love and adventures on the high seas. Director, Joseph Henabery. Fair entertainment.

Take It From Me (European; Feb. 14).
Farce. Reginald Denny in one of the funniest films seen for some time. He is ably supported by Blanche Mehaffey, Ben Hendricks, Jnr., Lee Moran, Lucien Littlefield, Ethel Wales, Bertram Johns, Jean Tolley, Vera Lewis and Tom O'Brien. Director, William A. Seiter.

Three Bad Men (Fox; Feb. 7).
Drama. Story of "three bad men" who champion a young girl during the 1877 gold rush, and finally sacrifice their lives for her. Tom Santschi, J. Farrell MacDonald and Frank Campeau give excellent character studies in the title rôles, and George O'Brien, Lou Tellegen, Olive Borden and Phyllis Haver are also good. Director, John Ford.

The Waning Sex (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; Feb. 24).
Comedy. A slight, sex-rivalry story that is pleasantly amusing all through. Norma Shearer, George K. Arthur and Conrad Nagel are the chief members of an excellent cast. Director, Robert Z. Leonard. Excellent light entertainment.

Why Girls Go Back Home (Gaumont; Feb. 14).
Comedy. The infatuation of a small town girl for a matinée idol, featuring Patsy Ruth Miller and Clive Brook. George O'Hara, Joseph Dowling, Myrna Loy and Jane Wilton support. Director, James Flood. Good entertainment.

Young April (P. D. C.; Feb. 28).
Ruritanian romance. A well-acted story of love and intrigue in a mythical Balkan kingdom, with some good comedy situations. Joseph Schildkraut, Rudolph Schildkraut, Bessie Love, Bryant Washburn, Clarence Geldert, Alan Brooks, Dot Farley, Carrie Daumerey, and Baldy Belmont form a good cast. Director, Donald Crisp. Good light entertainment.

You Can't Figure Women (Western Import; Feb. 14).
Social comedy. Slight, but fairly amusing story of a pretty little snob, and a battle between true love and false pride. Wanda Hawley, Edwin Stevens, Sylvia Ashton, W. E. Lawrence, Richard Wayne, Walter Hiers, and Julia Faye.

VEET

1. Spread it on—
2. Wait a few minutes—
3. Rinse it off—and
4. *The Hair is gone!*

Razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet is a perfumed, velvety cream that is put up in a tube ready for instant use. Just spread it on, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Veet will not stimulate hair growth. It leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Used by millions. It may be obtained from all chemists, hairdressers and stores for 1/6 and 3/-. A trial sample tube will be sent in plain wrapper for 6d. in stamps by Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 545) 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

Grey Hair
EVAN WILLIAMS
Tunisian Henna
It's safe

WARNING TO FROTHBLOWERS

Froth blowers, and others who want the laugh of their lives, should not miss the special Froth Blowers' Number of "The Passing Show" out Friday, Feb. 18, 2d. as usual

NO SUBSTITUTE or FANCY FLOUR has ever equalled
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
for giving the best results in home baking.

PRESERVING NATURE'S BIRTHRIGHT

(*Continued from page* 11).

mistaken idea that having their hair shingled relieves them of all further obligation in the way of brushing their remaining tresses, apparently considering combing to be all the grooming required, and further, believing that brushing spells "good-bye" to carefully ironed waves.

This, of course, is an entirely incorrect point of view, which is most harmful to the appearance, and the sooner it is relegated to the limbo of fallacies where it belongs, the better for the standard of British beauty.

Brushing the hair very thoroughly for some minutes, even bending the head down and brushing the hair from underneath, and then shaking it back to brush it with swift firm strokes the right way, to settle it back into place, *improves* the appearance of the waves, because it lets the air in between the hairs and stimulates them to "go the way they are meant" with an added soft smoothness.

If, when the brushing is finished, the waves are "set" again by the simple method of placing the palm of the hand flat on the head and pressing the concave parts of the waves together between the extended fingers, a lovely smooth, natural effect will result, which gives the appearance of the head a far greater charm.

The old Victorian custom of polishing the hair with a velvet pad, like a shoe pad, is extremely good; it only means two minutes more energy expended on your toilet and the resultant satin smoothness repays your patience a dozen times over.

Personally, I am an advocate of the stiff brush; a good boar-bristle hair-brush, which not only brushes the dust right out of the hair, but also brushes it from the scalp. Whatever you economise in, don't let it be hair-brushes—you want your hair to add charm to your appearance, so do your share by giving it the best you can afford. Do not leave the brushes you use on your toilet table to collect the inevitable dust, and always keep them very carefully and very regularly washed.

If you are fortunate enough to possess lovely hair, do not sit back content that it is beautiful—if you do it will not remain so. Show your gratitude by maintaining its health and lustre always at the highest standard.

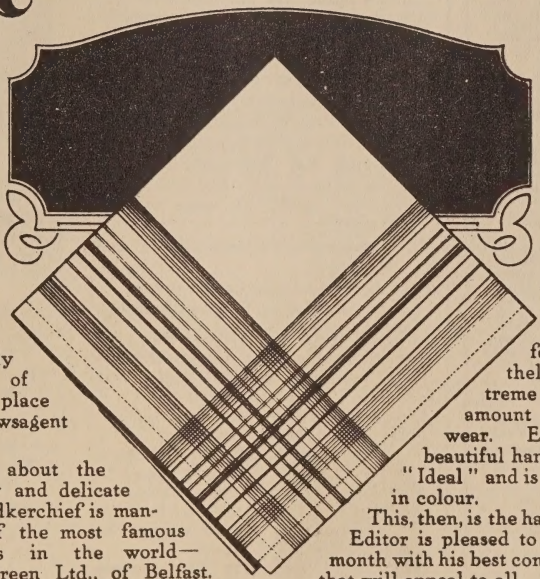
If you do not possess beautiful hair, then do not relinquish your claim to "woman's crowning glory." By proper washing, thorough brushing, and unremitting care, you *can* acquire a faultlessly groomed head, which, even if the colour of your hair is not lovely, will give pleasure to all who see it.

Every woman, however small her potential claims to beauty, who possesses that spirit of making the very best of herself, will hold her own, for exquisitely groomed, the plainest woman will be admired, even in an assembly of the loveliest ladies in the land.

There are many thrilling moments in the steel works scenes in Milton Sills' latest picture, "Men of Steel." Above he is seen with Mae Allison.

In next month's Picturegoer

Another Wonderful FREE GIFT!



OUR readers will be pleased to know that we have decided to insert another Free Gift in the March number. This time the Gift will take the form of one of the famous "Ideal" Handkerchiefs.

Naturally the demand for the March number will be tremendous, and the only way to be certain of obtaining a copy is to place an order with your Newsagent to-day!

Make no mistake about the quality of this dainty and delicate gift. The "Ideal" Handkerchief is manufactured by one of the most famous Handkerchief makers in the world—Messrs. Douglas & Green Ltd., of Belfast. The fact that the "Ideal" Handkerchief is manufactured by a firm of such high repute is in itself a guarantee of the quality and excellence of the gift which will be inserted in each copy of our next number.

Of fine gossamer-like material, made from Egyptian yarn of high quality, the "Ideal" Handkerchief as sold in the best shops at 6½d. each, is highly mercerised, which gives it a permanent lustre and sheen. The "Ideal" Handkerchief is one that will appeal to the most fastidious. It is made in a wonderful range of fashionable colours and fancy borders. Although so dainty and charmingly feminine, it is nevertheless durable in the extreme and will stand any amount of washing and hard wear. Every one of these beautiful handkerchiefs is labelled "Ideal" and is guaranteed to be fast in colour.

This, then, is the handkerchief which The Editor is pleased to present to you next month with his best compliments. It is a Gift that will appeal to all.

Tell Your Friends!

Your friends will be grateful if you tell them about this charming handkerchief. They would not like to miss so dainty a gift. Ask them to place an order with their Newsagent for the March number and so be sure of a copy.

Owing to difficulties in transport and packing, this Free Gift offer naturally cannot be extended to foreign and Colonial readers. Every copy of "The Picturegoer" however, with the exception of those circulating outside the British Isles, will contain one of these delightful handkerchiefs.

What all good Picturegoers Should have

Kinema Stars at Home

12 Famous Film Stars "snapped" in their own homes just as as they are in real life. Real photographs in wallet. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Betty Compson, Conway Tearle and Adele Rowland, Claire Windsor and her son Billy, Jackie Coogan and his dog "Watch," Corinne Griffith, Warren Kerrigan, Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore and John McCormick.

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Contains the answers to over 1,000 questions you want to know about your favourites. Printed in Sepia photogravure and enclosed in art cover, heavily embossed in gold. The most informative work about filmland ever published.

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Contains the following SIXTEEN photogravure portraits, size 9½ in. x 6½ in.; Betty Blythe, Ethel Clayton, Betty Compson, Corinne Griffith, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Pola Negri, Ramon Novarro, Ivor Novello, Marie Prevost, Milton Sills, Gloria Swanson, Conway Tearle, Alice Terry, Rudolph Valentino, George Walsh. SPECIAL EDITION DE LUXE of this series enclosed in a magnificent case embossed in gold on heavy art paper can be supplied for 2/- post free,

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HOW TO WRITE A FILM STORY	RADIO DRAMA & HOW TO WRITE IT
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"Pictures" Packet of Picture Postcards

All in brown photogravure.
:: Wonderful Value ::

109 all different Film Favourites as selected by us from our 1d. series for 3/- post free, or can be had in two packets (A and B) of 50 each, containing different cards, 1/9 each. **Post Free.**

(As the contents of these packets are constantly changing, no list can be given.)

Picturegoer Salon
23 Endell Street, W.C.2

KINEMA NIGHTMARE.

They were showing *Ben Hur* at last!
And the wonderful chariot race.
But instead of Ramon Novarro,
Was Bull Montana's sweet face.
Nita Naldi and Barrymore
Were Wendy and Peter Pan.
Mix couldn't ride, Tony had died,
And Charlie was property man.
Who do you think were extra girls?
Why Gloria, Norma and Mae,
With Constance T. in a weeping part,
And Lillian Gish was gay.
The red sea parted in *La Bohème*,
Road to Yesterday had no smash;
The Big Parade was a mannequin tale,
Don Juan was Denny and dash.
But the sight of little Mary's curls,
Was too much. I woke with a scream.
The famous ringlets were shingled and straight!
Thanks be—it was only a dream.

B. M. D. (Shepherd's Bush).

NORMA TALMADGE.

Stars that shine for an instant bright—
Then something brighter dims their light
And they fade out—we soon forget,
There is no time for sad regret.

NORMA TALMADGE.

But one star stays, though years have passed,
And each new film excels the last.
For time *cannot* dim Norma's power—
She did not shine for one brief hour.
Her talent brought her to the fore.
That and sweet beauty—nothing more.
But they have served her in good part,
For she has captured every heart.
Norma will shine forever bright.
Nothing for me could dim her light.
That sweet, sad face I *can't* forget,
And in my heart there's no regret.

"F. DE L."

EMIL JANNINGS.

I come to woo the pensive Muse,
Upon a movie star's behalf.
(But not, my dear Anita Loos,
The kind that gentlemen would choose!)

EMIL JANNINGS.

No fair-haired vamp, with taking ways
Enslaves me with her roguish laugh.
Nay, 'tis no woman that I raise
On high, with my emphatic praise.
Nor is the man who fills my heart
An idol in th' accepted sense.
His claim to notice is his art—
Which marks him out a star apart!

M. B. (Henley).

TO A MOVIE QUEEN.

Ah, well may you be proud
To act before the screen,
For great indeed the crowd
Swayed by each passing scene.

And you portray it all
Without the spoken word;
No voice's moving call,
No eloquence is heard.

How many myriad eyes
Look on your mobile face,
As each emotion flies
And leaves its fleeting trace!

A thousand lovers' eyes
Your beauty nightly see;
And each one vainly sighs
And wishes he were *he*.

His pulses thrill and beat
At your bewitching smiles;
And oh! how passing sweet
Seem all your charming wiles?

Long may you scintillate
To brighten filmdom's skies;
And may no cloud of fate
Hide you from our eyes.

L. M. G.

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[*This is your department of* PICTUREGOER. *In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the* PICTUREGOER. *Address: "Faults," the* PICTUREGOER, 93, *Long Acre, W.C.2.*]

When Did He Change?

In *The American Venus,* Lawrence Gray is talking to Ford Sterling by a desk. Gray is wearing plus-fours. The next full-length picture shows him in long trousers. Did he change while he stood there?

C. D. (Surrey).

A New Order of Months.

In *The New Commandment,* a Mr. Darcourt receives a letter from a firm of publishers, stating that they cannot publish his manuscript, "French Culture." This was dated June 16, 1914. Some time later, a Mr. Wm. Morrow reads a newspaper which, although it comes after the letter episode, is dated May 26, 1914.

F. G. (London).

Where Did He Get That Hat?

In *Pluck,* Blaze Derringer (Mr. George Walsh) is sent away by his father, an irate colonel, and dashes out *hatless* to his motor-car, in which he drives about 500 miles to overtake the train that carries the heroine. We see Mr. Walsh, still hatless, flying up one road and down another, and turning very sharp corners; he just fails to come up with the train, and next he is shown sitting by the railway lines, in despairing attitude, head on hands—and a hat on his head! But he cannot have had time to enter a shop; whence, then, the hat?

H. A. G. P. (Eastbourne).

No Woodcutter Would!

In the picture, *The Ancient Highway,* Jack Holt is seen walking into the lumber camp with an axe over his shoulder. The axe should have been carried short by the head—head downwards and at arm's length with the sharp bit turned away from the leg, and not over his shoulder. Some axe man!

F. O. (Keighley).

A Strange Slip.

In *The Cohens and the Kellys,* a "Faultless Picture," the Jew, Nathan Cohen, receives a letter from the "Wholesale Credit Association." When he opens it in the shop, it is signed "F. W. Golden" in a sloping hand, and the word "Golden" is written beneath the word "Association." Upon going upstairs to show his wife (after the quarrel on the landing), the signature appears written in an upright hand, and the word "Golden" is now below the word "Credit." Ink "runs," but not to this extent.

C. W. T. (Luton).

There's Hair!

In *The Vanishing Race,* Richard Dix comes home from war with his hair short, yet a few days after he has it down to his shoulders. How did he manage to grow it so quickly?

HAVE YOU TRIED

Lavender Skin Food
Lemon Cleansing Cream
Foundation Cream ?

Telephone: Mayfair 5083

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WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to recreate, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong and luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' *certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use.*"—

"*There are other points which commend it; its admirable effects upon the* general health and condition of the hair, *and so on; but it is in its* wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour *to the hair that its chief interest lies.*"

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' *is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise.* . . . I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."

—*HYGEIA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty.")*

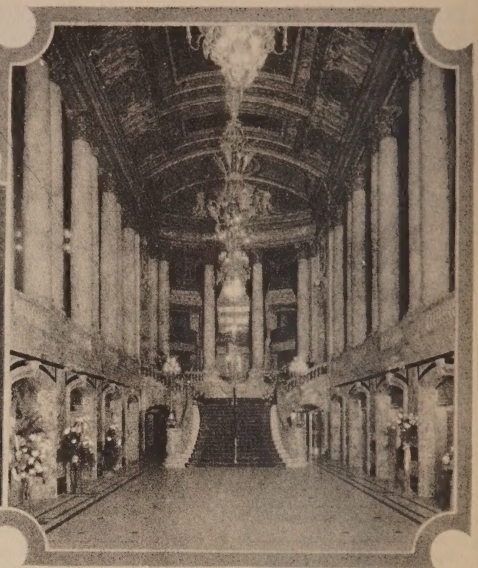
☞ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* "Facktative" Co. (Suite 27), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

BOOK OF HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded, or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write to-day to the "Facktative" Co. (Suite 27), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains. Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

The Broadway Boulevardier

CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Further news and views of American films from our English friend.

All previous superlatives have been obliterated by the motion picture's latest and greatest temple, the Paramount Theatre in Times Square, New York.

Picture to yourself an auditorium which is an aggregation of every other kinema's gaudiest trappings; a collection under one roof of the most unfortunate aspect of each London theatre—the proscenium curtain of Drury Lane, the colour-scheme of the Tivoli, the acute discomfort of the Capitol, the ceiling decoration of the Plaza; so replete with mechanical contraptions for the rapid disposal of the orchestra, the performers and the audience, that the London Coliseum fades back by comparison into the Ice Age; with corridors and anterooms like those of the National Liberal Club, hung with vast chandeliers and ornamented with statues such as may have peopled Queen Victoria's nightmare visions of the Other World; the whole furnished on the instalment plan, liberally coated with gilt paint, and the walls decorated as a finishing touch with pictures such as might be bought up in lots of a hundred at the annual spring-cleaning of the Royal Academy.

If you can summon up this composite picture in your mind, you will have just a very faint suggestion of what visitors to New York are now paying £18,000 a week to see. The Paramount Theatre.

On Saturdays and Sundays it costs you a dollar to get in—but if you are gifted with any sense of humour it's easily worth it. The "Hall of Nations" alone is worth it. This deftly christened spot consists of one wall in which square pieces of stone taken from all the world's famous buildings are arranged. One has delightful visions of Paramount emissaries slinking about the Vatican and the Taj Mahal at dusk, furtively producing a chisel and hammer, and working far, far into the night in the cause of enlightenment for American picturegoers.

In a glass case nearby are a lot of documents, which from the way they are exhibited would seem to be pages from Shakespeare first folios, but which on examination prove to be portions of Mr. Adolph Zukor's private correspondence, including a very flattering commendation from Will Hays in a kind of lyrical free-verse.

Lest it be thought that the Paramount officials are under any illusions as to the beauties of their new theatre, I should explain that their avowed intention is to impress out-of-towners. The place was constructed to the lowest common denominator of American taste, the same policy being followed in the programmes by showing the worst pictures made by the company. The first time I went there they had three mistakes in spelling and grammar in one sub-title, which taken all in all was just as it should be.

Advertising America.

Howard Dietz, Metro-Goldwyn's crafty publicity chieftain, has been having a great time advertising his firm's latest big productions with the modest aid of the marines and the fire brigade. Metro, having decided that it's far less trouble to sell pictures to the public on publicity than on production values, have abandoned their last year's efforts towards sophisticating the screen in favour of a general policy of "tie-ups" with various national institutions, by which the latter help to advertise the pictures in return for the publicity they get out of them.

Top left: Von Stroheim and Fay Wray in a scene from "The Wedding March." Above: The grand foyer of the Paramount Theatre.

In spite of the big money which will come Marcus Loew's way for a time on this policy, there may be disaster waiting for him if he continues it. It's perfectly reasonable from the entertainment standpoint to make screen "epics" of the firemen and the marines, but when the more heroic institutions are exhausted, and it comes to glorifying the gas-fitters and the cats' homes, it will begin to pall.

On the opening night of *The Fire Brigade*, which "features the fire-fighters of America," the Brigade band stationed itself in the centre of Times Square, made everybody late for the theatres, and quite unconcernedly played "Fireman, Save My Child," and that ever-frolicsome march, "Blaze Away." By an accident that was nothing if not providential, the canopy over the theatre entrance fell down shortly before the performance.

People soon began whispering that the place had caught fire, and indeed it might well have appeared so, for the Grand Vizier of America's firemen personally led a cavalcade of fire-engines to the spot, and in a moment a gallant band was swarming over the wreckage on the pavement. A battery of search-lights, which also happened to be passing at the time, was brought into service to illuminate the scene with a strong red glow.

By this time there must have been,

at a modest estimate, ten thousand people jamming round the theatre, some because they believed the thing was genuine, and others, the gum-chewing sort, because they wanted to see what these movie guys would be up to next, anyway. The hand-picked premiere audience had some difficulty in breaking into the theatre through the crowd and over the debris of glass, ironwork, and earnest-looking firemen.

The same thing, presumably, will happen in every town in America when the picture is shown.

England has a long way to go before she can appreciate this sort of thing. But there isn't only one way of looking at it. While our institutions preserve their dignified poverty, the American firemen's charities will get 25 per cent. of the profits on *The Fire Brigade* for their work during and after the production, while at the same time America as a nation gathers to herself more glory for her patriotism, bravery and sacrifice.

An Earful for the Marines.

Tell it to the Marines, Metro's second publicity epic, was told with music on the opening night to an audience fully representative of the august corps of amphibians in question. Ever since, with *The Fire Brigade* now in full blast just across the street, the din in Times Square between 8.30 and 11 p.m. has been indescribable.

At each theatre the orchestra has been provided with hooters, sirens, alarm bells, klaxon horns, whistles and other cacophonous instruments. At about ten o'clock each evening both firemen and marines get going properly, the former to save the innocent babes in the blazing orphanage, and the latter to rescue the heroine from the Chinese rebels who have her cornered in the old mission-house.

Apparently the advances of these fighting corps of war and peace are accompanied by a babel of sound which, by itself, should do much to demoralise the most persistent flames or Chinese. The orchestras have only to get one look out of the corner of an eye at the Stars and Stripes, and immediately they lose all sense of restraint. As both the theatres are small, and Old Glory has in each case a protracted innings, the result is very hard on the hearing.

Lady Slips on Peel.

In her first American picture, *Exit Smiling,* Beatrice Lillie has slipped, to paraphrase Mr. Grossmith, on a very old piece of peel that lies on the door-step between stage and screen acting. She does all her delicious stage stunts without once making one laugh—save, perhaps, for a reminiscent chuckle now and again, which is not directly inspired by the picture. This is not to suggest that the picture is bad. It is much above the average, having about as good a story as could have been written for the star's peculiar talent. But Beatrice has not yet succeeded in translating the flavour of her voice into terms of pictures.

On the whole, the Union Jack achieves an excellent score for the month, first-rate performances coming from William Powell in *The Great Gatsby,* and from Clive Brook and Philip Strange in *The Popular Sin.* The former picture also chalks up a real triumph for Herbert Brenon, its British director. It reveals both him and his two leading players, Warner Baxter and Lois Wilson, in an entirely new light as truly distinctive artists. *The Popular Sin* is just a frothy affair in which Malcolm St. Clair is at several moments guilty of becoming a bore, but nobody cares with Florence Vidor in the leading rôle looking more exquisite and queenly than ever.

Frank Tuttle, who has made many of the world's worst pictures, at last gives some evidence of his much-boosted ability in *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em,* a really worth-while comedy. Evelyn Brent, making her debut with the important producers, fulfils all the promise of her earlier efforts here, commanding very respectful attention in spite of the constant proximity of Louise Brooks, the baby princess of the vampires. Another star to win her spurs with Famous is Virginia Valli, who after her performance in a splendid independent production called *Flames,* was chosen by Adolphe Menjou as his next leading lady.

Spondulics v. Genius.

That erratic and temperamental genius of the screen, Eric von Stroheim, becomes steadily less fruitful as his financial affairs get more and more tangled. Stroheim has given us nothing since *The Merry Widow,* which was completed well over a year ago. Since then he has been engaged in the production of *The Wedding March.*

Persistent rumours have circulated about this picture—some to the effect that it was finished, and some that it had collapsed owing to lack of funds. The actual position, at the time of writing, is that production is still going on sporadically, financed now by Famous Players.

The schedule of expenses originally called for 750,000 dollars to be spent, but Eric, in his usual haphazard way, succeeded in spending that much on slightly over half the film. Pat Powers, the unfortunate gentleman who provided the money, appealed desperately to Famous Players for further funds. Having announced the picture as a special feature of their 1927 programme, they were compelled, in spite of their horror at Eric's naughtiness, to see it through.

Stroheim is still spending at a mile-a-minute rate. Every week or so the activities have to cease while a further parley is held with Paramount executives in the matter of getting some more pin-money. One day—who knows?—we shall see the picture.

BACK TO THE DESERT

(*Continued from page 29.*)

and the old one was returned, together with the precious tin boxes containing "Barbara Worth" in celluloid form.

Several wireless sets were installed, and we could listen to the finest concerts from Los Angeles and San Francisco if we felt inclined. There was our special orchestra too; it accompanied us on location, as is the custom in the up-to-date film world, playing while scenes were shot.

In the evening it became a competent dance band, and dances were given for those who cared to attend them; though candidly, most of us were too tired for Charlestoning, or the fascinations of the Fox-trot. Still, the chance was there if we cared to take it and most of us had our portable gramophones, to discourse sweet music outside our tents while we sat under the canopy writing letters, or smoking an after-dinner pipe.

Five o'clock in the morning, and time to get up! Away with blankets, and out to breakfast which was served from 5.30 to 6.30. Nobody talking much; everyone in a hurry to eat and be gone. The barber, who played the 'cello in the orchestra in his "off" time, was kept busy between 6 and 7, and long before 7.30 Kingston was a very deserted village. Most of us by that time were far away being photographed by energetic cameramen.

Nearly everybody returned to headquarters for lunch; and then the afternoon's work began about 1.30, helped out by five gallon jars of lemonade, which were badly needed in the midday heat. Round about 5 o'clock the homeward trek began. Hot, dusty people would ride into Kingston, to disappear into shady tents. Windstorms blew fine powdered dust over all of us, most days; and within five minutes of our return to camp, figures emerged from tents, left and right, bath towels slung over shoulders—all bound for the nearest shower bath.

We climbed into fresh, clean clothes, and had breathing space to admire the marvellous mountains outlined in an uneven ridge against the sky, a sight of unbelievable beauty. One day I asked Vilma Banky what she thought of it all, and she said: "I love ect, the wide open spaces! Am I not Cow-boy's Girl?" She had heard the expression "Cow-Girl," and that was what her quaint Hungarian English made of those words. And then she said: "But those water-machines; how strange they are! Two little knobs! Turn on HOT; comes COLD. Turn on COLD; comes HOT. Oh, those Baths! Ter—r—rible!"

Dinner was the crowning point of each day; some music, perhaps a dance. And then to bed by 9 o'clock or even sooner, ready for the hard work of to-morrow.

George is a human encyclopædia, and his mission in life is to tell you all you wish to know concerning film stars. Write him c/o Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BONZO (Yorkshire).—You fans aren't usually shy! (1) John Bowers is married to Marguerite de la Motte. (2) Harrison Ford is married to a non-professional. (3) David Butler and Leslie Fenton are not married. The latter is in his early twenties.

LEO (Surrey).—(1) Write to Youcca Troubetzkoy, c/o Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) If you are submitting a story to a film company, send it in brief synopsis form first of all.

R. W. C. (Kensal Rise).—(1) Your letter is too late for "The Thinker's" page. As you will see, somebody else has raised the same point. (2) I never give opinions. It's too dangerous.

BELLA DONNA (London).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER and appreciate my own unique brilliance. (1) Pola Negri's address is c/o Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California.

BRITISH FILM ENTHUSIAST.—(1) I've handed your letter to "Thinker." (2) Some stars send photos to their fans when they write, without being asked to do so. But if you want one I should ask to make sure.

G. L. M. R. (Canterbury).—(1) Letter forwarded to Constance Talmadge. (2) Her address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California.

BROOK FAN (Glasgow).—(1) You'll find the longed for art plate of Clive Brook in this issue. (2) Yes, Clive is British, although he plays in American pictures nowadays. (3) He has fair hair and blue eyes.

LOVER OF PICTUREGOER (Hampstead).—(1) Vilma Banky's address is c/o United Artists, Hollywood, California. (2) Ivor Novello has no intention of staging *The Triumph of the Rat* at present. He is busy on a screen version of *Downhill*. (3) *The Lodger* is generally released this month.

TINO.—(1) You might be able to get stills of *Monsieur Beaucaire* from Famous-Lasky Films, 166-170, Wardour Street, W.1, but I doubt if they have many left. (2) A copy of Valentino's book, "Day Dreams," can be obtained from Messrs. Hutchinson's, 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4. (3) Sorry, but I have no record of Walter Rilla's address.

D. H. T. (Maidstone).—(1) If I print all those addresses for you we shall have to get out a special edition of PICTUREGOER for your benefit. Send the letters to me to be forwarded. (2) Reginald Denny's most recent films are, *Oh, Doctor, Take It From Me, I'll Show You the Town, What Happened to Jones, Sporting Youth, California Straight Ahead, Skinner's Dress Suit,* and *The Cheerful Fraud*. (3) Vilma Banky played with Valentino in *The Eagle*.

EVE (Brockley).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Francis X. Bushman played "Bob McAndrews" in *Brown, of Harvard*.

M. S. (Clapton).—(1) Letters forwarded. A three half-penny stamp should be attached to each letter.

ARDENT FAN (Cumberland).—You're pardoned under the First Offender's Act. (1) Lois Wilson isn't married. (2) Jean Acker is still on the screen. I believe her last picture was *The Nest*, with Pauline Frederick. (3) Lillian Gish isn't married. (4) Mary Pickford was born April 8th, 1893. (5) Gosta Ekman plays the title rôle in *Faust*.

L. C .M. (Kent).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks' next film, rumour hath it, will be a super production based on the progress of civilisation throughout the ages. (2) Colleen Moore is American born, but of Irish descent. (3) Letter forwarded to Mae Murray.

DOLORES (Lowestoft).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) *In the Name of Love* was released last April. (2) Gloria Swanson's latest picture is *Sunya*. She was born in 1899. (3) Write to our Publishing Dept., 85, Long Acre, for particulars of back numbers. (4) Pola Negri's latest film is *Hotel Imperial*. She was born January 3rd, 1899.

ILONKA (Jersey).—(1) Raymond Keane is in his early twenties. He isn't married or engaged. (2) Monte Blue and Tove Jansen have one baby girl. (3) With the exception of Isabel Elsom, the cast of *The Awakening* was continental.

TANQUERAY FAN (Somewhere).—(1) *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is a play by Sir Arthur Pinero. It has no connection with any Mrs. Tanqueray who has ever existed. (2) Florence Vidor was married to King Vidor, but she isn't married now. (3) Greta Garbo is in her early twenties. She is a blonde.

TOPSY.—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) I don't want to dampen your young enthusiasm too much, but there honestly isn't a living for anyone on the British screen at present. Take my advice and forget about it—unless you have a private income and can afford to face constant unemployment.

J. M. B. M. (Glasgow).—Glad you've managed to overcome your shyness. I'm not such a terrible fellow when you really know me, and my bark is always worse than my bite. (1) There was an art plate of Dick Barthelmess in May, 1925, issue of PICTUREGOER, obtainable at our Publishing Department, 85, Long Acre, price 1/3, post free. (2) There was also an interview in the Christmas number, but I expect you've seen that. (3) Dick's an American, born in New York City, May 9th, 1895. (4) He is married to Mary Hay, but they have recently separated. He has a three year old baby, Mary. Yes, write again—only don't use up too many question marks.

L. N. R. (Manchester).—(1) Letter forwarded to Vilma Banky. (2) Glad you had good luck with your last fan letter.

FRISKY (Brondesbury).—(1) I'm afraid it is impossible to get a signed photo of Valentino now. (2) Clive Brook is in his early thirties. (3) His present marriage is his first and only one. (4) Rod La Rocque isn't married.

J. T. (Edinburgh).—Letter forwarded to Dorothy Gish. Thanks for thanks!

PHANTOM (Eccles). — (1) Geraldine Farrar is no relation to Gwen Farrar.

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(2) Richard Talmadge is still going strong. You'll see a release of his mentioned in "Guide" this month. (3) There was an article on Betty Balfour at work in September, 1926, PICTUREGOER. So you hope I'm not overworked. You're an optimist.

A. E. R. (London).—Sorry, but I have no news of the player you mention.

FLEUR DE LYS (Hants).—(1) Carol forwarded with the usual recommendation to mercy. (2) *Nell Gwyn* is released this month. (3) *Fortune's Fool* was filmed by a British company last year. Madge Stuart was starred. (4) There isn't, strictly speaking, a "leading lady" in *Beau Geste*. Mary Brian and Alice Joyce are the only women in the cast. (5) Norma Talmadge's next film is a new version of *Camille*.

RAMEH (Surrey).—(1) John Barrymore was born in 1882. (2) He's married. (3) The picture he is at work on at present is *The Vagabond Lover*, but he has also finished a version of *Manon Lescaut*, re-written to give him a starring part, which has not yet been shown over here. *Don Juan* is also waiting for release to the public, so there are plenty of your favourite films to come. (3) I've forwarded your letters for you.

G. M. R. (Camberley).—(1) Virginia Lee Corbin was born in 1912. Work that out. (2) Care of First National Studios, Burbank, California, would find her if you want to write to her.

VERA (Blackpool).—Letters forwarded. Write to the postcard department if you have any suggestions to make as to postcards, and I'm sure they will give your little wants every consideration.

PIP (Reading).—(1) Ramon Novarro's next picture will be *Old Heidelberg*, which will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. (2) Alice Terry's latest was *The Magician*, made by husband, Rex Ingram, in Nice.

M. J. C. (Leicester).—(1) Letter forwarded to Ivor Novello. His address is 11, Aldwych, W.C.2. (2) Yes, I think he would send you a signed photo.

M. T. (Tottenham).—(1) Harold Lloyd's new film will probably be shown early this year. (2) It is called *The Mountain Boy*.

ONLY A RUMOUR.—(1) An article on Valentino's career was published in May, 1923, PICTUREGOER. (2) Valentino was about twenty-five when *The Four Horsemen* was made. (3) Yes, it was Ricardo Cortez in *In The Name of Love*. (4) Star Clubs are institutions where rabid fans can burble together anent the charms of a communal idol, and give their friends and relatives a rest.

GIPSY (Berks).—(1) Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samoniegos. He was born at Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1899, and he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, with black hair and eyes. (2) There was an art plate in October, 1926, PICTUREGOER. All right, Gipsy, you're forgiven.

P. L. (Lincoln).—(1) Jackie Coogan is twelve years old, and his birthday is October 31st. He certainly looks much older with his hair cut. (2) His next picture will be *Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut*, in which he plays the rôle of a boy jockey.

M. L. (Edinburgh).—(1) Constance Binney doesn't appear to have done any screen work for some time. (2) She is twenty-seven years old.

P. O. (Henley).—(1) Rex Ingram certainly has strong Mohammedan tendencies, even if he is not actually one.

E. B. (London).—Carol forwarded with the usual blessing.

J. W. (Surbiton Hill).—The plague spots in my otherwise happy life are numerous—you're only one of them. (1) Monte Blue's address is c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, California. (2) Mary and Doug. are back in California, and both preparing to start work on new pictures.

ONE WHO HAS NEVER ASKED (Bath).—(1) Sorry to refuse your first request, but it can't be done. If I did it for you, I'd have to do it for others, too. The cast of *Monsieur Beaucaire* was: Lois Wilson, "The Queen"; Lowell Sherman, "The King"; Valentino, "Beaucaire"; Doris Kenyon, "Lady Mary"; and Bebe Daniels, "The Princess."

M. B. (Huntingdon).—(1) Tony Moreno is over here at the time of writing, playing with Dorothy Gish in *Madame Pompadour*. (2) There will be an interview with him in March PICTUREGOER, so look out for him.

MARY (Rotherhithe).—(1) Leatrice Joy's little daughter was born on Sept. 6, 1924, so she is now 2 years and four months.

AMAZING
FREE GIFT OFFER

Every copy of the March "Picturegoer" (foreign and colonial issues excepted) will contain a dainty Ideal handkerchief. Turn to page 59 for full particulars of this generous offer.

HOPEFUL (Sussex).—(1) Constance Talmadge's separation from her husband was, I believe, a perfectly amicable one. She simply decided that marriage did not fit in with a career—and she preferred the latter. (2) Norma Talmadge's latest film is an up-to-date version of *Camille*. It won't be shown over here for some little time. (3) An interview with the two Talmadge sisters appeared in July, 1921, PICTUREGOER.

K. K. W. (Newton Abbott).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER. (1) Letter forwarded to John Barrymore. (2) I'll do my best to get you an art plate of John some time in the near future.

JOAN (Oxford).—(1) Dolores Costello is in her early twenties. Her latest films are *The Third Degree* and *His Lady*. She isn't married. (2) No, Maurice Costello was not in the cast of *Lady Windermere's Fan*. (3) Jane Winton started her career as a dancer, and belonged to the famous Ziegfeld Follies. She made her screen debut in *To-Morrow's Love*, for Famous-Players. Her other films include *The Love Toy*, *Why Girls Go Back Home*, *Don Juan* and *Across the Pacific*. (4) An art plate of Dolores Costello appeared in August, 1926, PICTUREGOER.

M. B. (Bristol).—(1) No, Lillian Gish has never had her hair bobbed. (2) Neither has her sister Dorothy. (3) The last time I heard of Pearl White she was living in France.

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Last year was a pretty good one so far as films were concerned. Looking back, the average fan can remember quite a good proportion of films that were well worth seeing (and the average fan, if he or she is not too rabid an animal, is a pretty competent critic). But the thing that strikes one most forcibly in looking over the film triumphs of the last few months, is the number of unknown people who have come to the fore and contributed really fine work in comparatively small rôles. Individual performances stand out, and very few of the players who have scored most heavily have been official stars. It makes one wonder if the star system is doomed. Will this year see an end to it, or does the hero worshipping public demand its stars, irrespective of dramatic talent? What do you think about it, fans?

The Star System.

"Having seen *Ben Hur* three times each, we fully agree with *Fair's Fair*, that the criticism of it by Cedric Belfrage in the August PICTUREGOER was absurd. We are both convinced that this film is the best ever produced, and, judging by other people's remarks, we are not alone in our opinion. The scenes of the chariot race and the battle were the most thrilling ever seen. The parts about Christ were reverent, and unlikely to give offence to anyone, and the acting was remarkably good. The film was so perfect, even down to its most minute detail, that for two-and-a-half hours one was transported to Ancient Rome and its conquests.

A Protest.

"We cannot imagine anyone who has seen *Ben Hur* being able to say that Ramon Novarro's acting was not all it should have been," writes *E. B.* and *B. T.*

Peter writes: "I have just seen, for the fourth time, Richard Barthelmess in his latest delightful picture, *Shore Leave*, and I cannot help wondering why the producers do not give us more of this type of film. *Shore Leave* is a refreshingly simple story, full of spicy humour, wonderfully true to life, and with an absence of anything unpleasant, a truly welcome change after sordid sex stories, intricate mystery plays, and so-called supers, such as *Les Miserables*, *Stella Dallas*, etc. In my opinion, Richard Barthelmess is quite one of the greatest actors on the stage to-day; far ahead of Ramon Novarro, Ivor Novello, Rod la Rocque, and others of that ilk, of whom some people like to rave. Dicky has the rare gift of being able to make us forget for an hour the monotony of life.

A Refreshing Change.

"I may be one of a small number of like picturegoers, but when I go to a kinema, I like to be entertained. I do not care to be worried and harrowed by the long, drawn-out troubles of imaginary people. *Ben Hur* is gorgeous and worth seeing but it is not entertainment in the true sense of the word. The conflicting emotions which attack one while seeing it are too wearying. *Shore Leave* is a delight from beginning to end. One leaves the theatre feeling that life is worth living, despite the gruesome supers which are 'coming shortly.' So, producers, why not more of this type?"

Entertainment First.

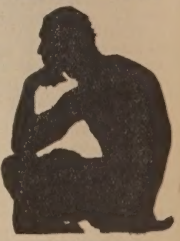
"Dear Mr. Thinker," writes *A British Film Fan*, "since you so cordially invite opinions, I venture to send a little 'think.' Up to a short time ago, I thought American films and actors were far the best, but, having seen some very excellent British films recently, I am delighted to acknowledge I am quite wrong. British artists make me realise what poor stuff I have been satisfied with from some American 'stars.' Especially do I like Mr. Jack Buchanan, and sincerely hope the American producers don't succeed in getting him."

Bouquets for Britishers.

"In reply to the letter by *Vera Paqualin*, which appeared in the December PICTUREGOER, I quite agree with her when she says that Ivor Novello, and not Ramon Novarro, should play 'Romeo.' If this, the greatest of all Shakespearean romances is screened, of course it should be British, with a British cast, and I think that Fay Compton would make an ideal 'Juliet. I too, have noticed and wondered at the lack of letters in praise of Ivor. It is a great pity, for he deserves all the loyal support that his admirers can give him. I think it splendid the way he has stuck to British pictures, when so many of our actors have found the lure of the American dollar stronger than loyalty to their own country. A Novello Club would certainly do a lot of good, and I think it would be a splendid idea to have a British popularity contest; what do you say? So wake up Novello fans, and let's show 'em what we can do!" writes *A British Film Enthusiast.*

In Agreement.

(A Novello Fan Club has already been started. Did you read the announcement in the "George" columns of January PICTUREGOER?



THE THINKER.

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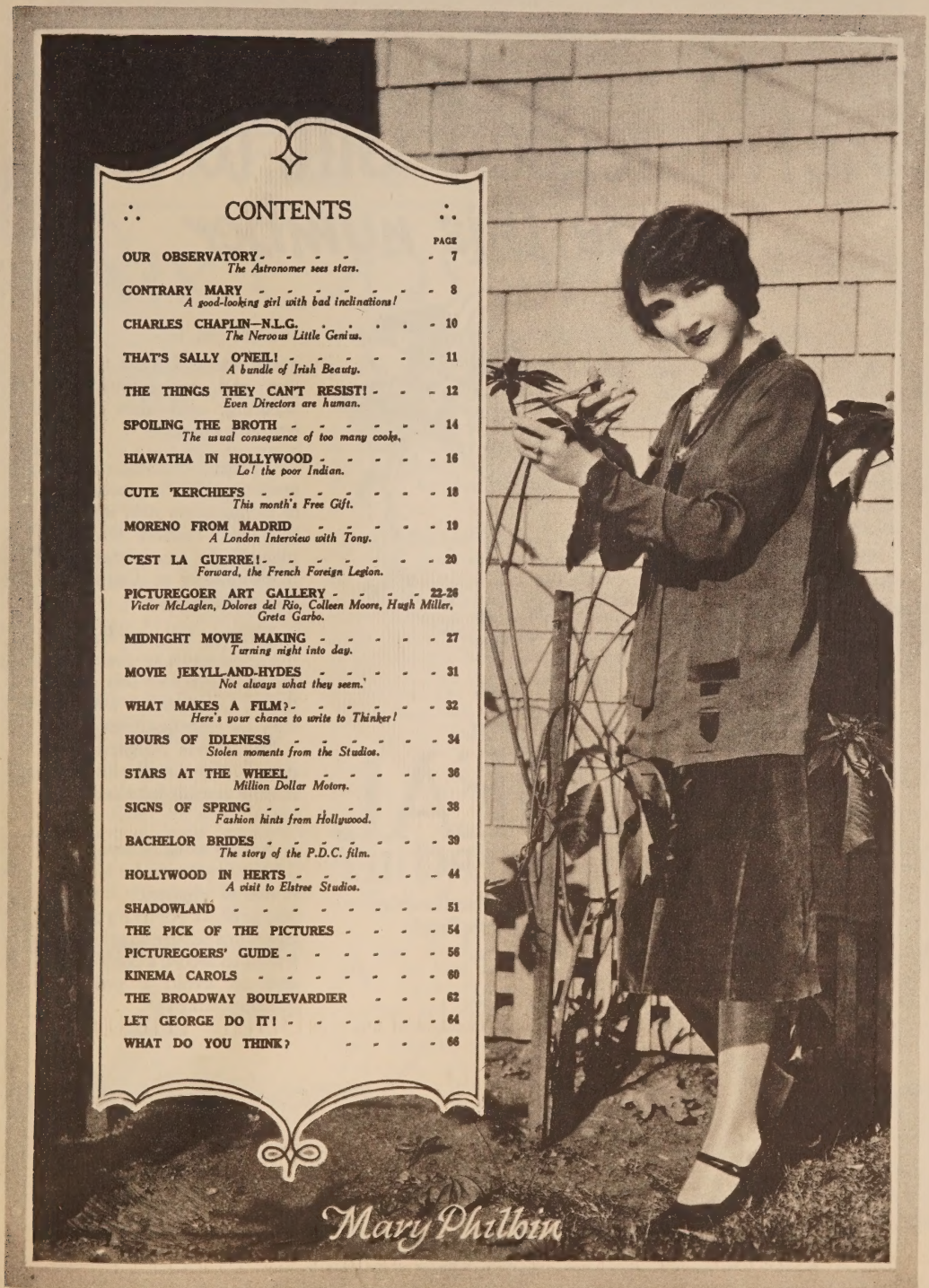


An Announcement by the Editor

The Picturegoer's Gift to You *inside this number*

AS announced last month we are inserting in every copy of this issue a dainty Gift Handkerchief. We are sure that it will win the unqualified approval of our readers.

In deciding upon a Gift, the greatest care was taken to choose something really worth while—something dainty and chic which would appeal to the most fastidious. We were fortunate in selecting "Ideal" Handkerchiefs, made by one of the most famous handkerchief makers in the world—Messrs. Douglas & Green of Belfast. Of fine gossamer-like material made from Egyptian cotton highly mercerised, silky, lustrous, these Handkerchiefs are dainty and deliciously feminine in the extreme. The beautiful and gaily bedecked borders are a sheer delight to the eye and no amount of washing will dim their brilliant colours.

"Ideal" Handkerchiefs are, we think, something of a discovery and we feel that our readers will be pleased to be introduced to something so distinctive and so attractive.

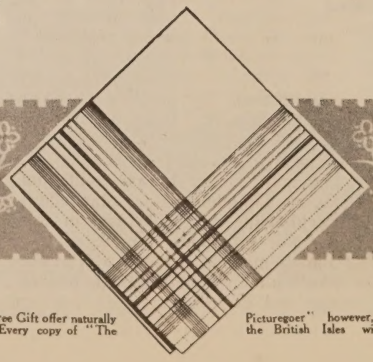
Why not tell your friends the good news so that they too may share in this wonderful Gift Offer? Should they be unacquainted with "The Movie Magazine de luxe" they will have a double reason for thanking you.

A little word of warning! There is sure to be a phenomenal demand for the March "Picturegoer," therefore be sure to ask your friend to secure a copy early and so avoid a possible disappointment.

An IDEAL HANDKERCHIEF

The Dainty Handkerchief for Dainty People

Messrs. Douglas & Green Ltd., Belfast, are the sole manufacturers of the famous "Ideal" and "Elegante" Art Silk Handkerchiefs.



Both "Ideal" and "Elegante" Handkerchiefs are sold at the best shops at 6¾d. each.

"Owing to difficulties in transport and packing, this Free Gift offer naturally cannot be extended to foreign and colonial readers. Every copy of "The Picturegoer" however, with the exception of those circulating outside the British Isles will contain one of these delightful handkerchiefs.

The PICTUREGOER
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Our Observatory

For the Discovery of New Stars that twinkle in the Movie Firmament.

Janet Gaynor.

It will be in *Sunrise* that this star will really shine.

She is a day-star. She has nothing to do with the emotional night. An every-day, freckled, jolly little girl not long out of high school, with no affectations and no temperament, little experience and no technique.

Janet Gaynor is a star by instinct. She knows naturally, without knowing that she knows, what other people may take years to learn. That is why F. W. Murnau, the famous German director of *Faust* and *The Last Laugh*, chose her out of all the young actresses in Hollywood for the leading woman's part in *Sunrise*, his first American film.

Murnau is a man who knows. He can see through inexperience to genius. In *Faust* he made young Camilla Horn a great emotional actress. In *Sunrise* he will let America realise the potentiality of its own Janet Gaynor. If ever a girl were headed straight for glory this one is!

The interesting thing about Janet is, that without any special backing, any publicity, any sudden stroke of fortune, she has made her way from success to success since the beginning of her short career in pictures. She isn't beautiful. She hasn't influence. She doesn't think she is a genius.

JANET GAYNOR.

But the fact remains that as soon as Janet appeared in Hollywood she got extra parts on her own merits, and as soon as she had begun to play extra parts she was given comedy leads; and as soon as she had begun to play comedy leads she was chosen by Fox to play the best part in his melodrama, *The Flood*.

And Janet rode triumphantly over *The Flood*. George O'Brien and Florence Gilbert, the stars, were nowhere. She was cast in *The Shamrock Handicap*. She carried off *The Midnight Kiss*. She was the best reason for seeing *The Return of Peter Grimm*. And now Murnau has picked her for *Sunrise*.

She's one of those stars who *will* shine.

Harry Langdon.

A new star has risen from the sea, over the same bit of the Pacific that gave us Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost. It comes from the bathing beaches of Mack Sennett, where the beauties congregate, and talent splashes newly born. But the new star isn't exactly a beauty. It dazzles the mind and not the eye. You see, it's a comedian, and a *he*.

Mack Sennett always said that Harry Langdon would startle the world some day. He saw in this cherubic little man a piece of raw comedy material that was full of the possibilities of genius. He trained him and backed him as a coming star. And when the time came for Harry Langdon to leave the bathing belles and set up with First National on his own, it became suddenly and overwhelmingly apparent that Mack had done the star-trick again.

Harry Langdon's first two films, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, and *The Strong Man*, leave one with no doubts about the future. Here is a genuine comedian at last, whom only inexperience keeps from ranking with Chaplin, Lloyd, and Buster Keaton in the first comic trio of the screen. His pantomiming makes the work of the other "comics" look crude.

HARRY LANGDON.

His little, checked movements, like those of an excited child, are a joy to watch, but they are not yet harnessed up to a fully comic theme. A great director could make of Harry Langdon the greatest comedian since Chaplin. But even a poor director could not prevent him from being a star.

THE ASTRONOMER.

Contrary Mary

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

In which Mary Brian demonstrates that an onion a day keeps Stardom away.

Richard Dix, sitting hunched up on a bench in a convict cell, vowing by all that's blue to go straight for her sweet sake . . . and standing by him, eyes bright with tears of brave pride in her man, a slip of a girl known as Mary Brian.

Such was the affecting tableau that I saw filmed twenty-three times at the Paramount eastern studio the other day: in long shots, close-ups, mid-shots and semi-close-ups; with the camera on the floor, in the air, on its tripod and hitched to a hickory limb; and the cameraman lying on his stomach, hanging by his teeth, kneeling on a girder and standing on his head.

In explanation I need only say that Mr. Dix, as "Knockout Reilly," in a new picture of that name, had been the victim of one of those tough babies of the movie underworld who plant stolen pearls in the pockets of the men they love to hate. Mr. Dix could have poked his fist through the three-ply wood of the prison wall, but it just so happened that Jesse Lasky had made it worth his while to sit there and look as if all were lost.

Osgood Perkins, the villain who did the dirty doings, stood behind the camera a few feet from his victim and chatted pleasantly with me about the political tension in Nicaragua.

With the cameraman suspended by his hair from a girder, in order to show the breadth of the Dix shoulders, the scene was shot for the twenty-third and last time. This concession to Richard's girlish admirers having been made, my friend Osgood stepped in front of the camera to perform in the next episode.

I turned and saw that Mary Brian was unconcernedly parking herself in a chair labelled "Mr. Lasky—Private." Occupying its neighbour, which was plainly marked "Mr. Dix—Keep Off," I doffed the old Henry Heath and introduced myself.

Now this little girl, who looks like the whole catalogue of Wordsworth maidens, from Lucy Grey to the one with the porringer, and who has been described under countless magazine art-plates as the girl every nice boy hopes some day to marry, toyed shamelessly with an onion as she told me about the beautiful tears that had been in her eyes on the set.

We all know what onions are, so I need not go into the little deception now. One thing I can reassure Mary's countless boy-friends about—those long eyelashes are genuine.

"I'm never nervous except when I give interviews," she said with a disarming smile in answer to my question. "I'm so afraid people will expect me to be the same as I am on the screen—coy, demure and sweet. But how could you act a coy rôle properly if you were like that in real life? You would be far too nervous to act at all as soon as the camera started humming.

"This sweet girlish stuff makes me sick," she said emphatically after a pause. "I'm by no means hard-boiled, but give me a little sinning to do or I shall scream for help."

Above: The real Mary Brian—distinguished, sympathetic, characterful, and lovely. Right: Even in gypsy clothes she still has to be "the gypsy that made me remember!"

Some of us may have imagined at one time or another that Menjou would like to play in slapstick, or that Snookums might find his true form as Hamlet, but who in the world could have guessed that the ambition of little Mary Brian is to play subtle and sophisticated rôles?

Yet such is the case; Mary, aged 18, the girl every nice boy hopes some day to marry, is an embryo Florence Vidor. She wants to make advances to ambassadors under a Venetian moon by faintly raising her right eyebrow. She would die for a moment with George K. Arthur and a lily.

And all Jesse Lasky can do about it is to put her opposite all his male stars in snug knee-length dresses with an onion. No wonder she calls him "Jesse."

Left: "The girl every nice boy wants some day to marry"—Mary Brian registering sweetness. Circle: Mary in her new picture, "Knockout Reilly."

She made her debut little over two years ago in *Peter Pan*. Since then she has played in nearly twenty pictures. Recently Lasky loaned her out to some other producers, but the onion came too. Now she is back in the Paramount fold with Richard Dix, and this time she has to be the absolute essence of all that is sweetest and noblest in American girlhood.

This, she says, may be more than she can bear. She fears she may develop movie rabies and bite Richard in a close-up, just to show that all is not sweet that has long eyelashes.

The secret history of Mary Brian is this. She went to Hollywood at the age of sixteen from Dallas, Texas, which is the place the commercial travellers come from in American funny stories. She was just a film-struck girl wearing long hair down her back, with a film-struck momma whose hair didn't matter much either way.

She called at all the studios and asked in her polite Dallas accent for work as an extra. Then for six months she sat by the telephone reading the advertisements in the "Saturday Evening Post." At the end of this time she was suddenly startled by a ring.

It appeared that Lasky wanted something very sweet and awfully sixteen to play Wendy. So Mary stepped right into a big rôle and had a steak for dinner on the strength of it. Lasky signed her up for five years and has since used her as a sort of human candy for his productions.

Let it not be supposed that she is what the Americans call a Dumb Dora. She has more natural intelligence and personality than fifty average screen juniors. Give her time, and give Mr. Lasky air, and she will be one of Hollywood's great ones.

Meanwhile, it is her considered opinion that too many onions spoil the broth. She wants to become a star and she can't see how it's going to be done until she has a chance to show some versatility. She sends her love to all her boy-friends and asks them to wait until she gets into Greta Garbo's négligées.

It won't be long before she gets what she wants. She sits in Mr. Lasky's private chair on the floor and calls him "Jesse." Even movie magnates are human enough to be self-conscious about names like that.

Charles Chaplin, N.L.G.

By Elsie Codd

Formerly an assistant at the Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, the writer of this article gives an interesting pen picture of "The Nervous Little Genius."

In the old days at the Chaplin Studio, the current nickname for the Chief used to be "The Nervous Little Genius," usually abbreviated into the N. L. G. Since then, I suppose, he has had many others, but none, I feel sure, that suited him better.

Charlie had the artistic temperament all right, though none of its customary affectations. He would have scorned to receive a visitor, as one of the lesser lights of the profession was wont to do, in a species of sanctuary reminiscent of a Gothic cathedral crypt, and would have howled his derision, had any one of his own staff ever ventured to address him as "Master."

To most of the old-timers around the "lot" he was just "Charlie," and there was no man in the film industry more easy to get on with, if you only exercised a little common sense and were at some pains to follow and understand the workings of his mind.

Of course, he had his moods, as most of us have, and when he was suffering from one of his frequent bad spells of insomnia, he could be as unreasonable as any fractious child. Nothing at such times was ever right, nobody was of any help to him and he would call the high heavens to witness that he was the most ill-used man on earth and that his entire staff consisted of hopeless incompetents.

Charlie had all the natural indolence of the artistic temperament, liked to contemplate his work, as it were, from afar, discuss it from every angle with any sympathetic listener, but hated the almost superhuman effort of making a start.

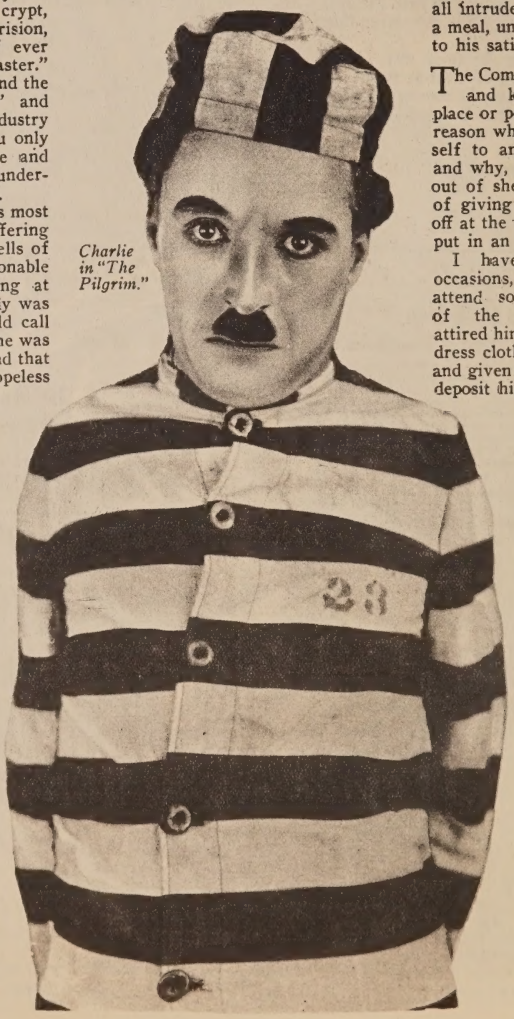
He also hates system and time-schedules, in short, any form of mechanical routine which is usually supposed to be synonymous with 100 per cent. business efficiency. He used to complain about the meticulous order in which his studio was kept and say that he would feel a good deal more in his element if there were a few dust-heaps lying carelessly round in odd corners.

His passionate devotion to the very oldest garments in his wardrobe used to be the despair of his faithful valet. He would arrive at the studio of a morning in a multi-thousand dollar car, wearing more often than not a faded shirt with frayed cuffs, an old pair of boots minus half the buttons and a three days' growth on his chin.

He took his meals at all sorts of odd times, and the studio lunch-hour was a movable feast dependent entirely on the erratic programme of the day. We have been known to have lunch as early as half-past ten, and on other occasions have been dismissed with growling "tummies" to the Boulevard restaurants as late as half-past three.

Once Charlie had fixed his mind on his work, nothing could stop him. The "picture" was with him in all his waking hours, which, more often than not, coincided with those when the rest of the world was fast asleep. I have known him in the midst of his work on the "set" suddenly to break off and organise an impromptu ball-game in order to rouse his flagging energies. "I've not had a wink of sleep for three nights," he would tell us, "and I'm feeling quite dazed."

When he found himself confronted by some unusually knotty problem in the construction of his "story," he used to shut himself up his room at the Athletic Club, bolt the door against all intruders and not even emerge for a meal, until he had solved the problem to his satisfaction.



Charlie in "The Pilgrim."

The Comedy Muse is a capricious jade and knows no respect for time, place or personalities. She is the main reason why Charlie hates binding himself to any kind of social obligation and why, if he has committed himself out of sheer good nature, or for fear of giving offence, he frequently cries off at the very last moment and fails to put in an appearance.

I have heard that on certain occasions, when he has been invited to attend some function as the guest of the evening, his valet has attired him, despite his struggles, in his dress clothes, bundled him into his car and given the chauffeur strict orders to deposit him at a certain address. Also that Charlie has been known to countermand the order *en route* and has spent the rest of the evening at his studio in solitary communion with his wayward Muse.

To the conventional type of mind, Charlie Chaplin may seem erratic, not to say "impossible." We would grumble over his ever-changing moods, but not one of us could have found it in his heart to bear him resentment for long.

On one occasion, I remember, there were high words between the Chief and an old and trusty member of his staff. Charlie was unreasonable, the other man lost his temper and "fired himself" on the spot. The next day they came unexpectedly face to face on the lawn just outside my office window, and I was regaled with the spectacle of the most famous man in the world in an expressive pantomime pose inviting his employee to "kick him and forget it!"

That's Sally O'Neil

Take a large amount of personality, add a dash of pep, roll the whole into a piece of delightful femininity and—that's Sally O'Neil.

This time last year film fans had never heard of Sally O'Neil—which is hardly a surprising thing when one takes into consideration the fact that Sally hadn't either!

That sounds almost as typically Irish as Sally herself, but it's quite reasonable really.

You see, Sally was christened Virginia Noonan. As a matter of fact nobody ever called her that. It was always "Chotsie," although why that peculiar nickname should be given her isn't quite clear. It's just another of those delightfully Irish things about her.

Her father was an Irish-American, and a Judge of the State of New Jersey. He died when she was a tiny baby and one of ten other children, the eldest barely in his teens. In course of time the mother married again, and the whole family moved to a big, old fashioned house in Bayonne, where the children grew up in wild and harum-scarum fashion, and "Chotsie," romping with her many brothers all day, grew into as captivating a little tomboy as you could wish to meet.

Came the war, and five of the boys joined up. "Chotsie" did her bit by knitting them socks and comforters, and sending them from the convent school where she had been placed. Then, when peace was declared, the family moved to California, where they lived first in Los Angeles and later in Hollywood.

Here the little Irish girl developed a keen interest in films and film people, but, strangely enough, she never thought of embarking on a screen career herself. She would stand and watch the taking of street scenes, and haunt the lobbies of the Los Angeles kinemas on first nights, to spot the stars who usually attend these affairs in a body, but little did she dream that one day she, too, would stand amongst them, a star herself!

She was just little sixteen year-old "Chotsie" Noonan when she attracted the attention of Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet one evening, while she was dancing with a boy friend at a big Los Angeles hotel.

It sounds almost like a fairy tale, but the big director, attracted by a certain irresistible something in the child's personality—or was it the charm of that tip-tilted nose and misty Irish eyes that made their appeal to Micky Neilan's Irish heart?—immediately sought an introduction and invited her to come down to the studio next day.

Of course she was very thrilled at the idea of actually getting inside a film studio—hitherto her knowledge of them had been confined to the outside, with occasional, awe-struck peeps through half-open doors when some fortunate being passed the portals.

The visit was made at the appointed time, and after they had talked for a little while, to her immense excitement, Marshall Neilan asked her if she would like to make a film test. "Chotsie" said "yes" with alacrity, and the upshot of the whole matter was that Micky Neilan offered her, not a small part, which is the most the average beginner has to hope for, but the starring rôle in *Mike*.

From that day Chotsie Noonan vanished to be replaced by Sally O'Neil, the new film discovery, the latter, apparently being considered an easier name to remember.

When *Mike* was shown everybody agreed that Marshall Neilan had picked a winner, and now at the age of eighteen she has a lot of good work to her credit.

Most notable amongst the pictures that followed *Mike*, are *Don't, Sally, Irene and Mary, The Auction Block*, and *The Waning Sex*. Sally's bright and breezy personality, combined with a real natural acting ability, whenever she is called upon to use it, have made her more than a screen star.

A personality, vivid as the shamrock green of the land of her ancestors—a flapper, but a flapper with a style of her own, and a warmly human heart behind it all.

That's Sally O'Neil! E. E. B.

The Things They Can't Resist!

By JOSIE P. LEDERER

Left: Rex Ingram and "Shorty," Ben Mairech, his Arab mascot.

Even directors have their fads, and the observant fan may discover for himself the weaknesses of the megaphone men.

This is a directorial dissertation.

Discerning picturegoers of to-day, unlike those of ten years ago, are just as interested in the men who make the films as they are in the stars who act in them.

For, thanks to the film periodicals, they have discovered how much of their enjoyment they owe to the patient ones behind the megaphones.

Therefore, instead of writing about film favourites and their "trade marks," I propose to deal with directors, and their "hall marks."

Being very human, film directors too, find certain things quite irresistible, and one way or another invariably introduce them into their films.

Witness the quantities of books found in any and every film directed by George Cooper. No matter what kind of a story it has, there are sure to be a few interior "sets," and the most prominent piece of furniture in these interiors is always a bookcase, bulging with books.

Even Jack Buchanan's bungalow by the river in *The Unhappy Ending* boasted of more than the usual share of volumes commonly found in edifices of that sort.

Passing a very big "set" at Stolls one morning, the sight of a tall bookcase being filled with "property" books by a studio assistant, made me wonder whether the "set" was destined to grace a George Cooper production. Sure enough, after lunch, I watched Betty Balfour attending a very smart party on that very "set," which everybody saw in *Somebody's Darling.*

George Cooper is a regular bookworm himself; but does that explain why his hobby should overflow into his work?

Graham Cutts has two little weaknesses. One is for a pair of beautifully wrought iron gates which were first seen in his *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing,* and have been featured along with the

Above: The sign of Stroheim—Norman Kerry in "The Merry-go-Round." Left: Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law."

stars of every other film he has made except *The Cabaret Kid.* I should not be at all surprised if they had originally appeared in that, too, but had been removed in the cutting room.

The other article he likes to display prominently is a four-poster bedstead.

In time to come Graham Cutts and his four-poster will be as inseparable in the minds of the public as Cecil B. De Mille and his baths-de-luxe.

Cutts has several times been hailed as the British C. B. De Mille, so we must give him leave to show us his gates and his four-poster as much as he pleases.

Delving carefully into his past record of productions one afternoon, neither Herbert Wilcox nor myself could put a finger upon his particular trade mark.

But, after watching *The Only Way*, *Nell Gwynne*, and *London*, I have succeeded in locating it.

Wilcox, a most peaceable soul to all appearances, and a universal favourite "on the floor," must have a blood-thirsty disposition hidden away somewhere beneath that disarming exterior of his.

Otherwise, why should he insist upon killing off his principal characters in the way he so persistently does?

Cast your mind back to the first directorial effort of Herbert Wilcox, *The Wonderful Story*, and remember what happened to poor Herbert Langley.

In his next, *Chu-Chin-Chow*, Herbert killed Herbert again with great relish; in *Decameron Nights* he altered the story so as to be able to make his hero, heroine, villain, and father die the death.

Circle: Creighton Hale and Mae Busch in "Name the Man." Note the sunlight. Below: Norma Talmadge and Frank Lloyd in an out-door setting. Note the tree trunk in the left-hand corner.

Incidentally, this wholesale holocaust spoilt the film for a great many of the public who dislike unhappy endings.

The Only Way ended in the only way possible with Wilcox at the megaphone, and in the final scenes of *Nell Gwynne* you may watch King Charles the Second being "a long time a-dying."

Frankly, I cannot account for Herbert Wilcox's screen partnership with death; but wouldn't he revel in filming the last act of "Hamlet?"

Amongst American directors these predilections are even more pronounced. Has anyone ever seen a Tod Browning picture in which huge shadows did not play a large part in telling the story.

Priscilla Dean cowering before the enlarged shadow of a man with a revolver in a crook drama; Lon Chaney and a shadow, and then again the shadow of Lon Chaney in *The Unholy Three*.

Evelyn Brent's lover in *Silk Stocking Sal*, shrinking from the shadow of a police officer, about to tell him his hour had come—any film fan can readily recall other instances.

Victor Seastrom, the screen's second greatest director, cannot resist interpolating the play of sunlight filtering through trees into one love-scene, at least, in each and every one of his productions.

For choice he will have sunlight in a wood, as in *He Who Gets Slapped*, *The Tower of Lies*, and *The Scarlet Letter*.

If that is not possible, he contents himself with moonbeams in a garden (*Name the Man*), and in every case the effect is charming.

He also likes to emphasise the death of any of his characters by showing some sort of psychic phenomenon immediately before it. In one film he will show a picture falling down; in another

(*Continued on page* 61.)

Spoiling The Broth

by E. RAVEN

Another proof of the old adage, showing how disastrously directors, stars and scenario writers can distort the best of tales.

Gene Tunney is champion of the world. That title was held by Cashel Byron once. Cashel was a boxer of some fifty years ago, when you fought with bare fists in an open field like as not, with one eye open for the police.

Cashel described himself as prize-fighter to the world at large for fifty guineas a side, without regard to weight or colour. He would have opened his eyes at film-rights. Unfortunately Cashel was never an honest-to-goodness boxer, but the creation of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who tells his story in a book called "Cashel Byron's Profession."

Gene is a very modern product. He wouldn't box an exhibition bout for fifty guineas, and he probably has a great deal of regard for the weight and colour of his opponents.

Not unnaturally he has a poor opinion of Cashel. He pronounces him rude, vulgar, lacking in intellect, not at all in the heroic mould. He thinks he would have no chance at all with the heroine in real life. He kindly adds that of course, Mr. Shaw couldn't be expected to know much about fighting men, and that the novel was written when the author was very young.

Mr. Shaw, with a pleasantry as reassuring as the purring of a volcano, acknowledges the justice of Gene's strictures and suggests that he might like to re-write the book in his spare time.

What has all this to do with picturegoers? Everything! For Paramount have been trying to buy the film rights of "Cashel Byron's Profession" with the object of starring Gene Tunney in the name part. And Gene refuses to look at it unless he can alter the character, remould it nearer to his heart's desire.

Top: Bernard Shaw. Centre: A scene from "A Kiss for Cinderella." Left: Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl."

It is easy to guess the sort of transformation Cashel would suffer at Gene's hands. He wouldn't turn out much like Jem Mace or any other of the old-timers. He wouldn't be much like Dempsey or Wells or Carpentier. He wouldn't even be much like Gene Tunney, though he might bear a resemblance to Gene edited by his publicity agent. Least of all would he be anything like Cashel Byron as Shaw conceived him.

It would be going over ancient battlefields to ask once more why a story can never reach the screen in a recog-

nisable form. We are dully inured to the fact that producers pay untold gold for a name and then make no use of it.

It is not remotely possible that Gene Tunney or anyone else in the film world will think that some of the public at least would rather see Shaw's Cashel Byron. Such bright ideas do not occur to people in filmland. If ever you had a glimmer of hope, say, after seeing *Lord Jim*, go and see *The Lady of the Harem*, adapted from Flecker's "Hassan" and quench that spark for ever.

We can expect no help from the film-makers. They are encased in a brazen armour of impudence or stupidity which no criticism can pierce. But has the author no rights or duties towards the child of his brain?

Film companies are not buying for mere songs the work of unknown men. They pay huge sums to men whose names are household words. So far, most of the writers have pocketed the price, washed their hands of the results, and then joined in the general outcry against the murderous methods of the screen.

The remedy is in their own hands, and it is their duty to the public to use it. They have only to take a reasonable interest in the filming of their work and insist, as they could easily do, upon a scenario which conforms to the original. The producers need stories. They would not hold out against authors determined to get decent treatment for their works.

Some authors have taken such a course with marked success. Barrie, profiting doubtless by his experience with *Sentimental Tommy*, would not let *Peter Pan* go unless he could approve the star and the scenario. In *A Kiss for Cinderella* he himself suggested amendments where the medium of the screen demanded them. There were never two books more faithfully and delightfully screened than these two.

Kipling would not part with the screen rights of "Without Benefit of Clergy" until "How?," "Where?" "Who?" and several other questions had been answered to his satisfaction. Joseph Hergsheimer, who wrote "Tol'-able David" and "The Bright Shawl" keeps a close watch on the filming of all his books. You can be sure that he is in the background, sometimes actually on the studio floor.

Whatever may happen when a writer is dead, while he is alive he can prevent the maltreatment of his books by Hollywood. Unhappily many authors regard the screen with an aloof patronage. They are not averse from accepting big sums for film rights, but it would be too much to expect them to interest themselves further in the amusements of the lower classes. Picturegoers in their minds appear as creatures of another world. They could not possibly bear any relation to the reading public!

Although I have heard of writers who owe increased sales to the fact that people have "seen it at the pictures."

Mr. Shaw solved his immediate problem by blandly asking a figure which made even Paramount blench. We shall not be harrowed by a mangled version of that book. But how much better to see that and many another filmed with the hand of the author guiding the course.

Above: A touching scene from the adaptation of "Hassan"—"The Lady of the Harem"—featuring Greta Nissen and William Collier, jun. Right: Gene Tunney reviews a bevy of screen beauties with a view to electing one as his leading lady.

Hiawatha in Hollywood

By Leonard Hillman

"Lo, the poor Indian!"—there's always a massacre when he appears in the movies.

It is a well-known fact that film vogues run in cycles—that every type of scenario has, so as to say, a biennial or triennial re-incarnation. We are now with the release, or the pending release, of *The Big Parade, Mare Nostrum,* and *The Dark Angel,* and of *Don Juan, Ben Hur,* and *Bardleys the Magnificent,* in the dual reign of the war film and the costume drama.

We have just successfully weathered —among others—the "cowboy and Indian" cycle. Once more has the "tom-tom" sounded, once again have painted extras danced the war dance, and again have leading actors and actresses narrowed their eyes and tried to look inscrutable, even as in days of yore when "Buffalo" and "Broncho" Bill were household words."

The Covered Wagon started it. That film, originally intended to be a "programme-picture," but launched as an "epic production," turned the eyes of many producers to the untamed West. Immediately on seeing that ring of wagons encircled by galloping Indians, fifty per cent. of Hollywood donned the war paint. Indian films followed thick and fast.

Cruze tried to duplicate his former success by producing *North of 36*; he failed, for, though Jack Holt was a better horseman than Warren Kerrigan, and though Ernest Torrence was again present, reinforced this time by Noah Beery, the theme of the film could not possibly evoke the admiration that *The Covered Wagon* had done.

We could sympathise with a band of pioneers battling their way across a Continent in the teeth of opposition and misfortune; we certainly could not give our approval to a gang of "pale-faces" busily engaged in swindling cattle from inoffensive Indians. Even the finely executed cattle-stampede could not efface the feeling that the "under dogs" had right on their sides.

That same regret for a gallant, even though savage race, fighting for very existence

Above: Richard Dix in "The Vanishing Race." Left: "Two Fingers," the renegade white man, in "The Iron Horse," prepares to lead an Indian attack.

Above: Lois Wilson and Jack Holt watching the evolutions of the Indians in "North of 36." Right: Rod la Rocque in "Braveheart."

against the ever advancing civilisation, also tinged *The Vanishing Race.*

This film started exceedingly well; the opening sequences showed a dignity in keeping with the subject, and Richard Dix appeared to be singularly well cast as the "vanishing American," but with the entry of the whites, the film lost caste. It degenerated into a very ordinary Western, Zane Grey drama, while the final "shots," showing Richard expiring in the arms of Lois Wilson, striving to attain pathos, yet reached no farther than—bathos. The film was top heavy, for the theme outweighed the treatment.

This type of film was much better in its previous reincarnation, for then the Indian was simply a "red devil," seeking with inhuman stealth and savagery the blood of the whites. And certainly, it savours decidedly of hypocrisy when an American producer seeks to make heroes of the race his ancestors so sedulously subdued.

For this reason, Universal's production of *The Flaming Frontier,* a tale of the General George Custer versus Chief Sitting-Bull contest, is probably one of the best of the recent wave. But even here the credit of the massacre is given to an American, the owner of a gambling-hell who betrays Custer's little band to the Indian hordes, and gloats by means of a subtle game of "Patience" over the final tragedy.

But in spite of that the film was noteworthy for the inclusion of authentic glimpses of West Point and of the "pony express," a postal service that came into being after the covered wagons of the pioneers had "blazed the trail" across the North American continent.

This service was the main feature in *The Pony Express*—a fact that might possibly be gathered from the title—a film that boasted an excellent cast and an interesting theme.

After *The Covered Wagon, The Pony Express,* after *The Pony Express, The Iron Horse*—the Indian name for the railroad. Such was the march of civilisation, and for every landmark in that advance, there is a film.

The Iron Horse was the logical successor of Cruze's epic. Once again we see the brave, with pitifully puny bow and arrow, opposing the conquering white, this time typified by the railway engine.

Conquered by the pioneers, the express riders, and the railway, the Redskins now strive to retain the last few shreds of their individuality.

This pathetic phase is excellently shown by *Braveheart,* a film that seems "born to blush unseen." It seems to have had little or no publicity but it shows a surprisingly good performance by Rod la Rocque in the title rôle, an educated Indian who goes to college and is outcast by white and red men alike, expelled by the former and branded by the latter.

Here is a characterisation at once dignified and appealing. Hiawatha has gone to Hollywood and has, more's the pity, taken out his naturalisation papers.

Cute 'Kerchiefs

Only the Ideal brand of hanky could hope to fulfil the demands of the present-day girl who combines beauty with utility.

A tiny square of lace-edged cambric, fragrant with the faint odour of lavender—grandmother's handkerchief! It lies, soft and fragile, at the bottom of some half-forgotten drawer, a subtle representative of Victorian femininity. Old memories stir faintly from its delicate, perfumed folds—lost romance lives again in the faded lace, and carries one back momentarily to a long dead past, when the handkerchief played an important part in feminine coquetry.

In those good old days, apparently, influenza, colds and chills were unknown afflictions, and the handkerchief was what its name suggests, a 'kerchief to be held in the hand, for ornament but very seldom for use.

One can picture 'Dora,' in "David Copperfield," plaintively dabbing her pretty eyes with a cobwebby square when 'David' tries to tell her of his sudden reverse in fortune. That was one of the accepted uses of the Victorian handkerchief, when women had brought tears to a fine art, and could cry so prettily that they never reddened their eyes nor did damage to the 'kerchief they used to stem the flood.

There was coquetry in grandmother's days in the very way in which a handkerchief was held, and many a tender romance has been started by a piece of lace and cambric dropped (accidentally, of course!) at the feet of some eligible gallant.

But of latter years the handkerchief has degenerated into a mere prosaic necessity. An uncompromising piece of white linen, in many cases, it has lost that feminine touch that once distinguished it. For the more downright modern Eve, with her Eton crop and her straightly-tailored costumes, cannot be bothered with carrying her handkerchief, but likes to tuck it away in a pocket, out of sight, and forget about it.

Modern fashion experts, however, are at last bringing the hanky back to its own again, and it is once more becoming an important item in the well-dressed girl's toilet.

It is to be held, so they tell us, in the hand, just as it used to be when grandmother was a girl, and will provide a finishing touch to the rest of one's attire. Coloured borders to match one's dress, the Parisian experts say, are "the thing," and so the Editor of PICTUREGOER has decided to make each of his readers a gift that will enable them to be in the prevailing fashion.

And, as the ideal hanky for the purpose is undoubtedly the famous "Ideal" Brand, which combines the gossamer-like quality of the Victorian era with a durability that allows for real service, you will find one between the pages of every copy of PICTUREGOER distributed in the British Isles.

It is a gift that, we hope, will please you all. And—who knows?—there may be romance, lurking in its delicate folds, to equal that which lies in the faded lace and cambric at the bottom of grandmother's drawer?

Above: To-day—a handkerchief may be a thing of use as well as beauty; Barbara Worth always carries one to match her gown. Right: Yesterday—a hanky was merely a flimsy bit of cambric only fit for frail femininity. Marion Nixon's is trimmed with priceless old lace.

MORENO from MADRID

Here is an idol without feet of clay, for Tony Moreno is as nice off the screen as he is on it.

Judging by this photograph, the flashing dark eyes, the gleaming white teeth, and the pleasant smile of Tony Moreno are not merely figments of our susceptible representative's imagination.

Two flashing dark eyes, a set of gleaming white teeth in an olive-tinted face, and a genial, pleasant laugh—these are the things that strike one most forcibly on meeting Tony Moreno.

In appearance he is typically Spanish, although his voice shows stronger traces of an American accent than of his mother tongue. It is only in an occasional precision in the rounding off of a word that he betrays his Latin origin.

I met him first at the British National offices in Regent Street. His fans may be interested, or dismayed, to learn that he has grown a moustache for his rôle in the new Wilcox picture, *Pompadour*. Whether they will like him best with or without this hirsute adornment of the upper lip, is a vexed question to be fought out by rival factions when it first makes its public appearance on the screen.

Tony proved himself a particularly easy star to interview. He talked naturally and pleasantly on a variety of subjects, and succeeded in being genuinely interesting. Inevitably the conversation turned on this first visit to London, and his general impressions of our country.

"I have always wanted to visit England," he told me, "and so, when the offer came to me from British National to come over here and play with Dorothy Gish in *Pompadour*, I accepted at once. I have never been here before but I have heard so much about London from the British boys in Hollywood, that I seem to have known it long before I really arrived."

He seems really sincere in his pleasure at seeing London at last, and genuinely anxious to become better acquainted.

"My present contract is only for *Pompadour*," he said, when I spoke of future plans, "but if I am offered anything else after that—well, I am not in a hurry to get back, so long as I am not out of America for longer than the time limit allowed in my citizenship papers.

"Of course, they may not want me any more after I have worked in this picture," he added, with a laugh. "But if they don't kick me out I think I shall like working at the Elstree Studios!

"I started in the film industry when it was more or less in its infancy," he continued, "and was with the old Biograph Company when the Gish sisters were also practically unknown beginners in the same company.

"By-the-way, it might be of interest to you to know that *Pompadour* will not be my first picture with Dorothy. I worked with her right back in 1912, soon after I first started a screen career. The picture in question was called *The House of Discord*, and was two or three reels long—quite a mammoth production in those days.

"The cast was an interesting one to look back on. Dorothy Gish was the heroine, Blanche Sweet played her mother, Lionel Barrymore the father, Marshall Neilan the hero, and I was a poor, unfortunate groom in the household. James Kirkwood directed the picture, and we thought it was tremendous."

From *The House of Discord* to *Madame Pompadour*, which should be a very super production, is a long step up the ladder of Fame. But the years have brought success both to Dorothy and Tony, and now they are working together once again.

I saw Mr. Moreno again some days later, at the famous Elstree Studios—a very handsome figure in the colourful uniform of a French soldier of the period. For a whole morning he worked by himself in front of the camera, in a close-up which Mr. Wilcox, the director, took over and over again. All that time he was standing, the hot arc lights were playing havoc with his grease paint—he must have been sweltering beneath his heavy uniform.

Yet I saw nothing but good temper on his face the whole of the time. He must have been tired, but he didn't show it. There was no sign of the over exuberant "artistic temperament" usually accredited to the Latin races.

Watching him that morning, I think I can understand why Tony Moreno has gone so far.

E. E. Barrett.

C'est La Guerre!

By KATHLEEN USSHER

The top picture shows a typical desert scene. Above: Neil Hamilton and Ralph Forbes, the two younger "Geste" brothers.

"Beau Geste," the wonderful film version of Major Wren's famous book, is released this month. Here are a few facts about it that will interest you.

Allons, Enfants de la Patrie!

The rallying cry rings out across the leagues of sand as the metallic beat of thousands of heavy, hobnailed boots herald the approach of the stepsons of France.

On they come!

The lion-hearted Foreign Legion. Tall and lean and lank of limb, carrying their 60-pound packs at a swinging gait across the wearisome wastes of the Sahara, under a pitiless sun, whose heat makes even "Dingo," the regimental mascot, wince with the pain.

On they come!

Beardless boys and hard-bitten veterans of many African campaigns, derelicts, fugitives, adventurers of every nation; defenders of lonely forts and outposts, where the sword is the sharp and final argument, and the outcast finds oblivion in death. Figures that flit through the pages of Major P. C. Wren's "Beau Geste," the filming of which involved a feat of physical endurance unsurpassed in the history of photofilms.

On the limitless mesas of the Arizona Desert, far from any sign of human habitation, Captain Herbert Brenon, the British director, with two thousand men—and two women—spent three strenuous and eventful months.

The actual building of the huge camp and settings, the digging of the wells, the installation of a water supply, an electric lighting plant and a telephone service, to say nothing of the housing and feeding of the men and of the eighteen hundred horses, mules and camels, make a story almost as colourful as the novel itself.

Major Wren—a descendant of the great Sir Christopher—has drawn largely on actual happenings in his own adventurous career. He has served as a trooper in a crack British cavalry regiment, as a major in the Indian Army, and as a Legionary in the French Foreign Legion. During the Great War he fought in East Africa.

When his famous novel had passed the six-figure mark in the number of copies sold, the Lasky Studio decided to transfer it to the celluloid.

Beau Geste is, beyond question, a fine and stirring picture, set in a unique locale, admirably directed and superbly acted, its only fault being in the lack of characterisation, and this may possibly be traced to the scenario and cutting. It is hailed as Herbert Brenon's best picture, his fantasy of *Peter Pan* falling into a different category.

It tells of three young Englishmen, all brothers, who disappear from home after a famous sapphire known as "The Blue Water," belonging to their aunt, has been stolen. Their wandering footsteps eventually lead them by different routes to Zinderneuf, a remote fort in the Sahara, threatened by a host of Arab outlaws.

In the morning the fort remains uncaptured, but every man is dead at his post, the commanding officer with a French bayonet through his heart, and an amazing confession concerning the theft of "The Blue Water" clutched in his stiffened hand.

Ronald Colman, well known to London kinema goers, plays the title rôle, the eldest of the three brothers—young, gay, courageous and debonair. Neil Hamilton is "Digby," and Ralph Forbes, another English actor, taken from a New York production for the purpose, is seen as "John," the youngest Geste of all.

Undoubtedly, the new picture will enormously benefit these three young men. Their respective rôles make no demand they cannot satisfy, and provide them, moreover, with the means of capturing public sympathy to an amazing degree. There is no telling what heights of popularity all three will have reached in a year from now.

According to Brenon, Noah Beery, as "Sergeant Lejaune"—the cruellest beast and bravest soldier in the Legion—has the finest character rôle ever written for a man. He and William Powell as "Boldini," play, as always, with splendid skill and authority, but the greatest interest centres, perhaps, in Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton, the one because of the stereotyped rôles it has hitherto been his lot to play, and the technique he has quietly developed in doing so.

Young Hamilton scores with a fine and true performance, touched with spiritual nobility. His acting during the scene of the "Viking Funeral" evoked audible emotion on the occasion of the London première.

Other players in the cast include Victor McLaglen and Norman Trevor, the two English actors, Alice Joyce, Mary Brian, of *Peter Pan* fame, George Rigas, Donald Stuart, Paul McAllister and Bernard Siegel.

It was originally intended to film *Beau Geste* in the African Sahara, hard by Sed-el-Abbas. Cameramen were sent ahead to obtain "atmospheric shots," and passports were obtained for the rest of the company. Then the Riffs began a little "circus" of their own, and the French Government were compelled to withdraw the facilities they had promised in that quarter.

Since the company could not go to Algiers, Algiers had to come to them. Frank Blount, "location" expert, eventually stumbled on a tract of country near Youma, Arizona, that seemed specially created as a background for *Beau Geste*—a desolate spot enough, where shifting sands and copper sky meet in a fiery embrace—where burning earth and brazen heaven stretch forward to a gold and shimmering horizon, distant, incredible, remote!

Fighting the flies and sandstorms and deceptive desert light, travelling six hours across the dunes for one solitary sunset "shot," working all day to map out the charge of fifteen hundred Arabs across the hills, filming it once and waiting two days for the horses to recover sufficiently to shoot it again—combating a thousand other difficulties unknown to the pampered pets of the Hollywood studios.

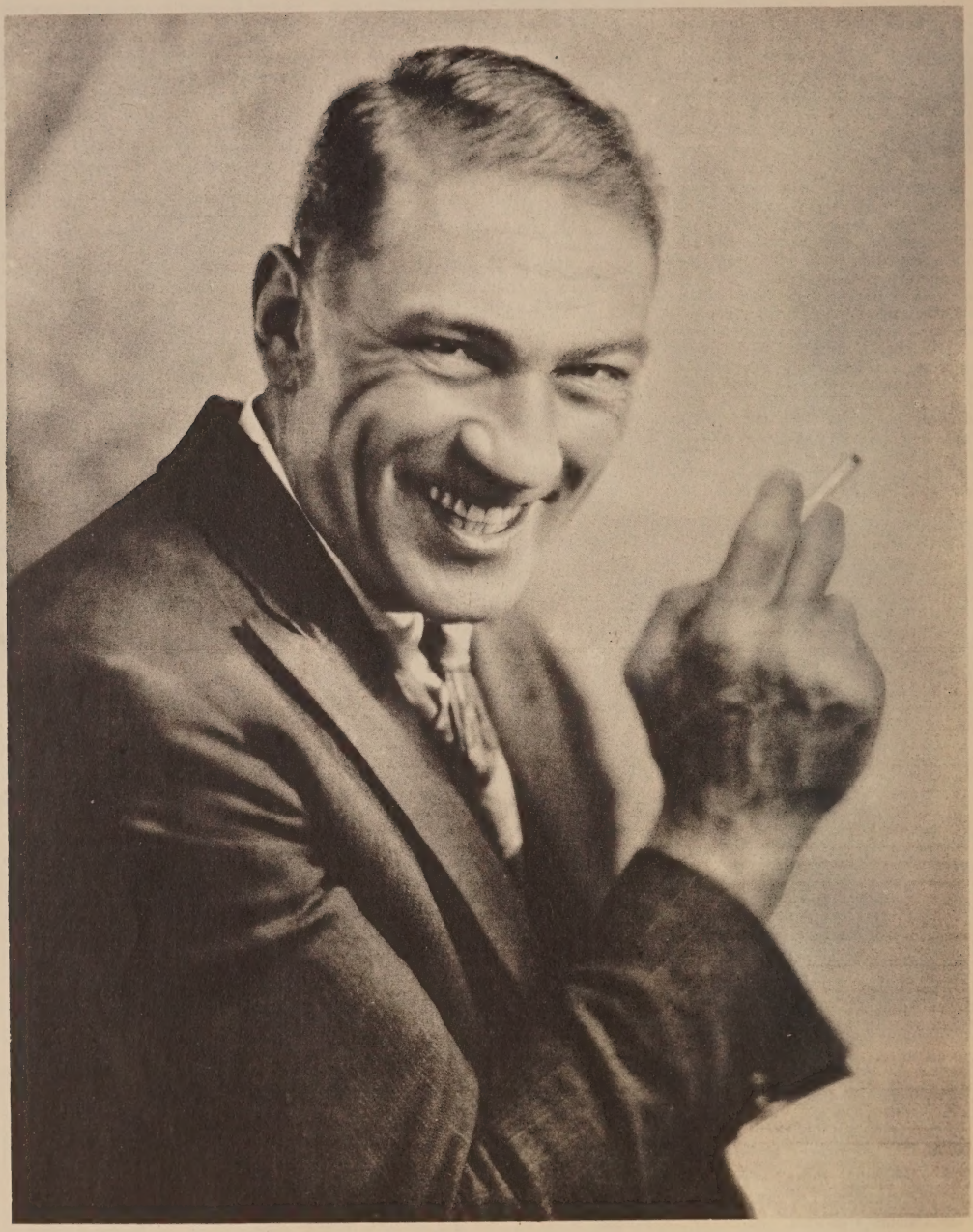
That is the record of the *Beau Geste* company, composed for the most part of soldiers of fortune and brothers in arms. A record that called into being just that type of fraternal love and loyalty which forms the theme of Major Wren's book.

Major Wren has caught the eerie fascination of the desert, its irresistible spell and remorseless cruelty. Sons of the Prophet, resplendent in *burnous, haik, kafiyeh* and *fil-fil* boots—clumsy camels silhouetted sharply against a blood-red sunset—a thirst-crazed deserter, staggering blindly, a victim of sunstroke, over trackless sand-drifts.

Herbert Brenon has captured the vision and transferred it with consummate showmanship to the silver sheet. To him and to his company, the making of *Beau Geste* was more than a mere "movie." It was a romantic gesture, an epic of comradeship, a tribute to those immortals of the "Legion Etrangère," who count the cause above renown, the game above the prize, bringing nearer yet the brotherhood that binds the brave of every land.

Below: Alice Joyce as the aunt of the three "Geste" brothers, and Ronald Colman as "Beau."

Below: The three "Geste" brothers. From left: Neil Hamilton as "Digby," Ronald Colman as "Beau," and Ralph Forbes as "John."



VICTOR McLAGLEN

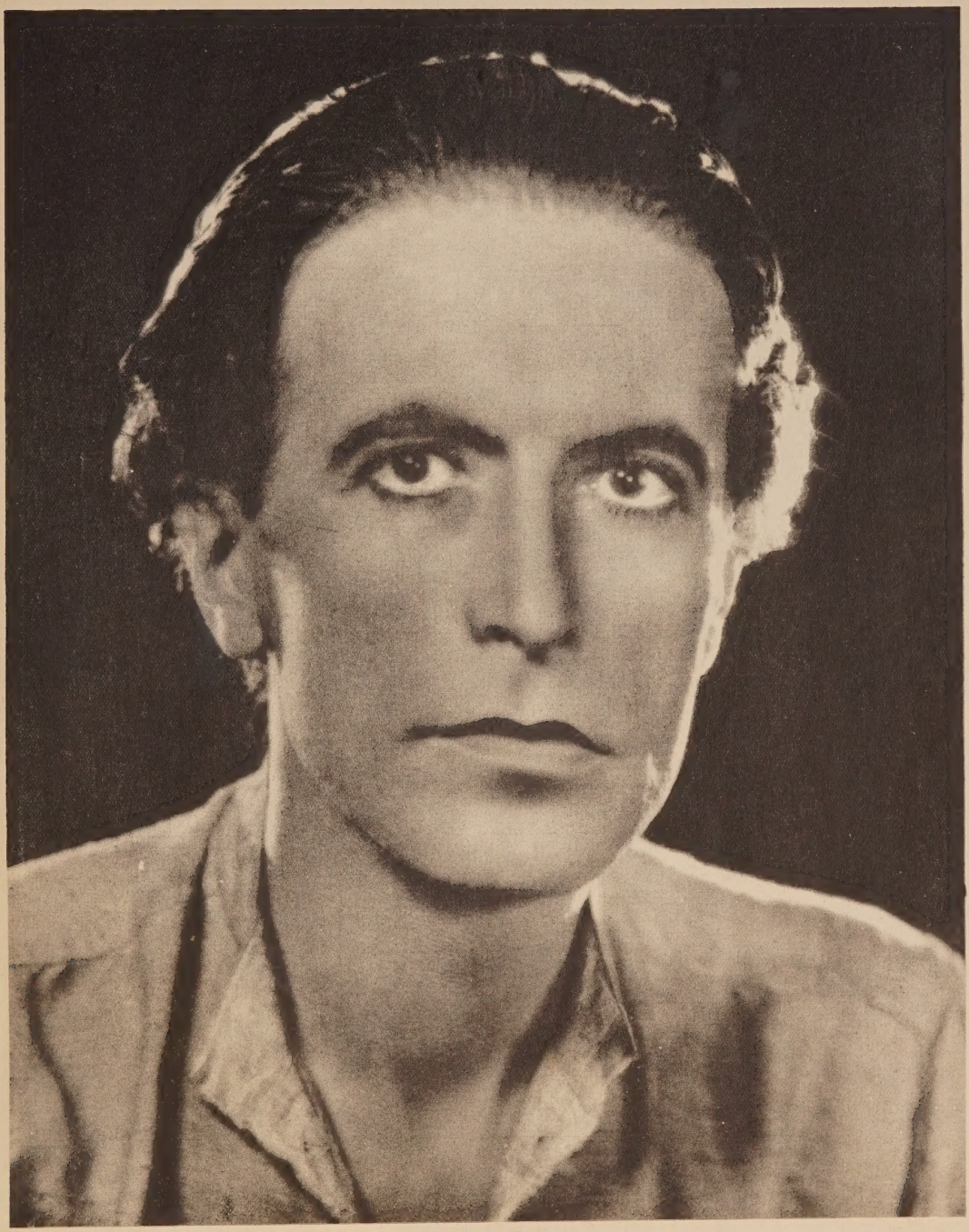
A he-star of the first water, and a British one at that. Victor has had a most romantic career, starting as a boxer and working his way in various capacities all over the world. Of the many pictures which have been illumined by his smile, the best are "The Unholy Three," "Beau Geste," and "What Price Glory." His performance in this last picture is his crowning one to date. Don't miss it.

DOLORES DEL RIO

Left behind wealth and position for the sake of the silver sheet. And we are very glad she came, for her performances in "Joanna," "What Price Glory The Whole Town's Talking," "Pals First," and "Resurrection," are high tributes to her talent and beauty. Dolores, like Ramon Novarro, is Mexican born, and possesses great skill in the gentle art of dancing.

COLLEEN MOORE

Whose smiles and versatility are as famous as Shakespeare. She excels in excelling in every variety of rôle imaginable, yet Colleen remains herself whether portraying princess or pauper, and her performances are consistently delightful. Her chief pictures of recent years are "Irene," "Twinkletoes," "Orchids and Ermine," etc.



HUGH MILLER

Is one of the few English actors who has forged ahead without the aid of the American dollar. Apart from the two German photoplays, "The City of Temptation" and "Venetian Lovers," all his successes, so far, have been British ones. He has now, however, succumbed to the lure of Hollywood, and is playing in "Sunya."

GRETA GARBO

Radiates personality with every gesture. No one who sees her behind or before the screen can fail to be stirred by that exquisite beauty of feature and figure which is Greta's own. Not only by these are we so impressed —her performances in "Torrent," "The Temptress," and "The Flesh and the Devil," show sincerity and skill in full measure.

Below: A most effective night scene taken at the De Mille Studios, Culver City. Ronald Colman is seen in the foreground, in his make-up as the "bold bandit" in "The Night of Love."

Midnight Movie Making

By Margaret Chute

Film studios are fascinating places even in the light of day; but under the glamour of moonlight they present a far more romantic spectacle.

To appreciate the full fascination of the studios in Hollywood, one must see them by night as well as by day. Exterior scenes are being filmed at night all the year round, for it is the up-to-date custom to photograph scenes supposed to take place during the evening in actual darkness, with the aid of powerful lights concentrated on the right spot, instead of taking these scenes in daylight, and then colouring the whole strip of film dark blue or green, as was the method of earlier days.

There is a strange, distracting glamour over the studios in bright sunlight, with their bustling crowds. But see them at night, when the big covered stages are silent, the office rooms and restaurants closed, with only small sections of the open air sets showing any signs of life—and the glamour becomes something that may almost be felt.

Romance is there, and mystery. Great shafts of strong, white light piercing the darkness; crowds in peculiar clothes, with parchment-like faces, moving restlessly here and there; directors shouting, camera-men and electricians hurrying about their work; music throbbing somewhere in the gloom outside the lights that ring the set; and overhead, the blue velvet Californian sky with its silver moon, and stars twinkling like diamonds.

Perhaps it is that moon which is responsible for the sense of magical mystery that saturates the studios at night. A famous director told me that he likes working crowd scenes and love scenes in the open air, under that Californian moon. He said that he can always get a quicker, surer response from his players; they seem keyed up, excited, ready to catch an idea, a mood —"Don't know what it is exactly," he said, "but it certainly 'gets them,' and makes them easier to direct. Maybe it's just the moon—or perhaps they want to get home quickly! I dunno."

While I was in Hollywood I saw night scenes being made in seven different productions. Harold Lloyd's new picture, then called *The Mountain Boy*, and now re-christened *The Kid Brother; What Price Glory*, the Fox production; *Corporal Kate*, and *For Alimony Only*, at the De Mille Studios; *For Wives Only* at the Metropolitan Studios; *Up-Stage*, with Norma Shearer, *The Fire Brigade*, with Charles Ray, and *Annie Laurie*, with Lillian Gish, all at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

When I was spending the day at M.-G.-M., Norma Shearer and Monta Bell, her director in *Up-Stage*, devoted the greater part of the luncheon hour to a discussion about the remarkable snow scene that was to be made a few days later. It sounded very thrilling, and when I said so to Miss Shearer, she asked if I would like to see it being made. Naturally, I said nothing would please me better; so she promised to ring me up when the date was fixed—and was as good as her word.

But before Miss Shearer's snow scenes were made, I took a trip at night to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to see the terrific fire that is part of *The Fire Brigade*. As our car drove past the silent stages there was a great light in the sky, and turning the corner we came upon a vast open space with ten huge sun-arc lamps concentrated on the front of a twelve-storey house.

That house looked very solid, but was only a shell in reality. Behind the rows of windows came a plain dark wall, but no rooms lay beyond, merely wooden platforms along which electricians and "prop" men clambered, carrying lighted torches. The open space was filled with a struggling mass of firemen, fire-escapes, fire-engines, a crowd of onlookers engaged in the film, and half a dozen cameras with their attendant crews.

Some of the cameras were raised on portable platforms; two were perched on skeleton wooden towers, high above the crowd. Opposite the big house, which represented an orphanage, a special stand seating three hundred people had been constructed. It was filled with an excited audience of film stars, their friends, and representatives of the leading Los Angeles newspapers.

Dark and quiet the orphanage waited for the great event. Voices shouted, horses rattled their harness, Charles Ray dashed about in his fireman's uni-

Above: A realistic swamp scene specially constructed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios for "Tell it to the Marines."

form. Suddenly, at the striking of a gong, flames broke out above the big main door of the orphanage.

Creeping along, licking their way from floor to floor up they went, relentlessly, till the whole of the front of that sham building was a mass of fire. It was done by means of open gas pipes fixed to each window; on the galleries behind the windows the men with torches—themselves invisible—applied their torches to the pipes and so the flames shot up and up.

Then came the water-hoses, playing over the blazing building; cameras grinding, men yelling. Ten minutes it lasted, while some marvellous fire scenes were caught by the cameras. Then, at a signal, the gas was turned off at the main; out went the flames, and in a few minutes the smoke-scorched, fire-proofed building was standing dark and still in the night.

Next night Norma Shearer's snow scenes were made. Again we drove through the dark, quiet studio-grounds, turned a corner, and came abruptly into the middle of a main street in any American provincial town, on Christmas Eve. A wide roadway, crowded with vehicles of every kind. Brightly lighted shop windows, full of tempting goods. A music hall, with its automatic electric sign winking gaily on and off.

Snow everywhere lying in thick heaps, and covering the roadway. Sleighs rushing by, children playing, hawkers selling holly, mistletoe, and Christmas toys. At right angles to the main street another road turned off still with its shops and its crowds, to come to a sudden end in the darkness of the studio grounds after a hundred feet or so.

Dressed as Santa Claus, an old actor sold toys to the children; Christmas trees stood all along the pavement, and a barrel organ ground out "Valencia" with fierce gaiety. Vans tore past, labelled "Special Christmas Delivery." Crowd movements (and these included all the vehicles engaged in the scene), were being rehearsed when we arrived.

We fought our way through, down the side street, past the cameras and the blazing white lights; and there in a dim corner, on the steps of a caravan, sat Norma Shearer in a simple coat and skirt and tiny hat, the most inconspicuous figure in the crowd.

Finding a place beside her, I watched Monta Bell directing his crowd of over 500; they might have been doing Christmas shopping and hurrying through heavy traffic all their lives, from the way they set about it. "We shall use the snow in a few minutes," said Monta Bell, his tall figure in its long, white sweater standing out against the crowds. "One of the cameras will travel on this car through the street. You can sit in it, if you like—but I warn you, your clothes will get covered in feathers!"

I climbed in, and Norma Shearer told me that they had tested the "snow" the day before, using eight tons of corn flakes for this purpose. But the flakes were not successful; so now the "Prop" Department had chopped up eight tons of white feathers, which would look exactly like snow.

"See those men perched on the roofs of the houses?" said Miss Shearer. "Each man holds a flat cradle, with a perforated base and wooden sides and arms. When we start shooting, the men shake the cradles, the feathers sift through and fall gently, just like real snow. While they are falling those weird machines blow them away from the houses out into the centre of the street. So now you know all our secrets!"

Monta Bell was ready; the crowds and the vehicles got back to their original positions; a whistle blew. Down came the snow, softly, realistically; people moved, and the camera-car began to travel through the crowds. Up the side street, across the main street, and right to the front of the theatre we went, the camera-man grinding steadily all the way.

For over half an hour I rode backwards and forwards through the crowd, till Mr. Bell was satisfied that all his "shots" were taken—for this scene could not be repeated. As it was, it cost 10,000 dollars (£2,000). When it was over, we had a special photograph taken in front of the music-hall to celebrate the occasion, and soon after 1 o'clock everyone concerned was racing back to Hollywood, to snatch a little sleep.

On the way out of the studio grounds I passed a long Scottish village street, with its low, grey stone houses, and a big archway at one end. This was part of Lillian Gish's *Annie Laurie* film; and in the dimness of that quiet street, dark figures moved.

A white arc-light, bursting into blinding radiance, was focussed on a group of kilted men as they walked slowly down the street carrying a bier, with bagpipes skirling sadly in the distance. It was a funeral procession, grim and ghostly; in startling contrast to the modern, noisy street with its crowds and its reiterated "Valencia," not three minutes away, just round the corner.

Several people at the De Mille Studios asked me to "come and have breakfast at midnight, in the 'Corporal Kate' village." It was bright moonlight when we arrived. Leaving the car on a hill above the "set" we walked down into the French village, constructed with such amazing realism for this picture.

Grey, shattered houses, with all their war-time notices; the village fountain, the cobble-stoned street, with a bridge spanning the stream. Khaki everywhere, as hundreds of soldiers hurried about their jobs, or lay along the benches outside the houses, talking in whispers, waiting till they were wanted. One man, on a plank resting on the top of some steps, was fast asleep.

A field kitchen out in the street was the centre of operations. Round it sat a crowd of spectators—all of them people employed in the De Mille Studios in the daytime, and so thrilled by these night scenes in war-time France that they could not keep away, even at midnight! Cameras were there, and lights, making a great circle of radiant warmth in the "Rue Marbeau."

Beyond, the darkness seemed greater by contrast; stark against the sky was outlined a great tree, blown sideways. The moonlight catching it, revealed a house near-by with half its roof blown away.

Miss Chute (centre) visits Vera Reynolds and Paul Sloane during the making of "Corporal Kate," and is initiated into the mysteries of doughnut cooking.

Above: The big scene from "Up-Stage," in which feathers were used for snow. Right: A battle scene from "What Price Glory?"

Vera Reynolds, in a simple khaki cloak, waited while the studio hairdresser heated curling irons, using two blocks of wood on which to rest her heating-lamp. Kenneth Thomson, the attractive young actor from the New York stage, discovered and brought into the film world by Cecil de Mille, smoked a cigarette thoughtfully, as he talked to his mother and a friend—part of the interested audience.

On a long table stood a tub of boiling grease, flanked by a mound of cooked doughnuts, and another mound of uncooked ones. The "orchestra" consisted of a mouth organ played by one of the khaki-clad figures in the shadows. "Tipperary," "Over There," and "Georgia," stole shrilly into the warm night air. Somebody, armed with a brick, was trying to smash a stale doughnut; he smashed the brick instead—otherwise all was peace.

Paul Sloan, directing the film, took Vera Reynolds and Kenneth Thomson carefully through a tricky scene which concerned the making and eating of several doughnuts, plus a little subrosa love making, as required by the plot.

Then we had several special photographs taken; and *then* it was breakfast-time, so everyone hastened into the "Café" that was part of the village street. At a long, narrow table, thirty or forty people had a quick, but satisfying meal. The fact that our plates were made of papier-mache, also our forks and spoons, did not stop anyone from enjoying some delicious hot stewed meat served with baked beans; hot coffee, and a bag containing a big juicy pear and a hunk of chocolate cake which was provided for everyone.

I found myself sitting with Kenneth Thomson at the empty table, talking hard about New York, and plays and players we both knew, when an agitated assistant director came shouting that "Ken was wanted on the set!" Later, I stood on the hill above that village, and watched it being blown to bits under a fierce bombardment, while mules stampeded, and gun-carriages clattered by in clouds of dust.

When the explosion scenes in *What Price Glory* were filmed, most of the residents near the Foxhills Ranch, in Westwood, got very little sleep for the best part of a week. I heard the steady bombardment in Hollywood, and was reminded of London air-raid days.

(*Continued on page* 65.)

Movie Jekyll-&-Hydes

Life forces us all at times to appear in the rôles of both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but some movie folk have continually to lead double lives.

One of the queerest of the thousand and one queer things concerning movies is the double lives some of the screen stars lead.

They are one person in the studios and quite another person as soon as they have put off their movie make-up.

Those stars who are best known to their public in rags, drive away from the studios in thousands of dollars-worth of furs, and in elegant motor cars.

Sophisticated stars are not a bit sophisticated away from their sub-titles, comedians are seldom funny, and the half-wit on the screen is usually a keen business man in real life.

Poor, simple, easily-taken-in chaps like Chaplin and Lloyd appear to be, are different personalities entirely when they are off duty. Gone then are Harold's horn-rimmed specs and Charlie's cane, boots, and funny derby.

Harold Lloyd is an exceptionally quiet, unassuming fellow, but he would be a smart crook who could fool Harold, or get the best of him in a business deal.

And Chaplin is one of Hollywood's highbrows, Louise Fazenda being the other. The odd little slavey of so many film comedies is a very pretty girl in private life, but one whose taste does not run to low comedy tricks or custard pies.

Neither would anyone guess Buster Keaton was a funny man unless previously warned.

These two stars in particular emphasise this curious twist. They are at their best in the slums, they are neither favoured if they attempt to get away from low life, yet they are pampered darlings of fortune, both, with millions in the bank.

Adolphe Menjou does not behave a bit like his screen self once he is out of camera range.

He is a quiet fellow, not a bit devilish, who likes books and gardens and his boy better than playing the candle to feminine moths as he does in so many films.

But all the world knows of the double lives of the above-named stars, yet loves them none the less.

The greatest stars of all are great because they impersonate something they are very far from being.

Verily, things and people are not what they seem, and more lives than one are permitted to these movie Jekyll and Hydes.

B. Bradbury.

Top right: Louise Fazenda is a charming young lady in private life. Above: Would you imagine Buster Keaton could be funny? Right: Adolphe Menjou does not, and has no wish to live up to his screen reputation.

What Makes a Film?

by JOAN DRUMMOND

Can you answer this question? Or is it a query impossible to settle? Our readers' opinions on the subject should prove interesting.

Above: "*The story of 'A Woman of Paris' was nothing,*" *said Mary Pickford,* "*but the treatment. . . .*"

The first public showing of the Hit-or-Miss Company's latest super feature was well under way.

Amid tumultuous applause, the heavy velvet curtains fell for the customary intermission, and groups of Hollywood notabilities formed in the spacious foyer, chatting with great animation.

From their remarks it was easy to gather that the film was a winner.

"It will make movie history," observed a prominent film magnate. "And, say, that big-eyed baby-vamp kid is sure the making of the whole thing. Wish I'd signed her up for a year or two when I had the option last fall."

"No, siree," interposed a famous continuity writer. "Takes more than one big-eyed jazz-baby to make a fillum."

"Is that so?" returned the aforementioned magnate, in his loud, decisive tones. "Then, just what, my positive friend, *does* make a film?"

There was silence for fully thirty seconds.

Then a voice from the other side of the foyer replied, "Personality."

This broke the ice.

"The story," came from another group comprised of Fanny Hurst, Theodor Dreiser, Edna Ferber, and a few other well-known authors.

"Story interest," amended the editor of America's best-known film monthly.

"Not the story, but the treatment," came in soft, clear tones from Mary Pickford. "The finest of stories, acting, and settings will not save a film from mediocrity. The story of *A Woman of Paris,* was nothing, but the treatment . . . ."

"The director makes the film," put in Alice Terry, who was on one of her now rare visits to Hollywood. "We players do what our directors tell us as best we can, but what have *we* to show for it?

"Ten seconds or so of fair acting, probably, but even that is not entirely our own. The director makes the film."

"The scenario writer means a lot," rejoined Mary Pickford. "The ideal combination is a fine director and a fine scenario-writer working together."

"The public make the picture," said Syd Chaplin, who was also amongst those present. "And the public likes to laugh. The thing to do is to find a certain nervous centre in the human body, and tickle it in such a way as to make it explode with a burst of noise—the more noise it makes the bigger my salary."

"Dollars make the film," affirmed a banker, joining in the discussion. "The public reads about the millions of dollars spent on the making and gets just crazy on seeing the finished article. Look at *Ben-Hur,* turning money away every show, both here and the other side of the Atlantic."

"*I* make the film," said a Publicity man. "I send forth the stuff the public reads. I create advance interest in it before it leaves the studios. I told the world how much money *Ben-Hur* cost. I——"

"You tell the world. You certainly tell the world, you Publicity ginks, but you seldom tell it the truth," interrupted a newspaper critic.

"The critic makes the film. Makes it or breaks it. We tell the truth, we critics, and we are always right."

"Excepting when you're wrong," was the tart rejoinder. "Some films you critics laud to beat the band leave the public stone-cold. Others you pan as the world's worst are creating box office records still."

"Financially profitable," sneered the critic. "These days the rule of the film game seems that any artistic movie that makes a hit with us is scorned by the multitude. Proving without question that there's something wrong with the multitude."

"Rhythm makes the film," observed King Vidor's pleasant baritone. "Every successful picture must have its rhythmic flow, its genuine musical beat. I 'shot' every scene of *The Big Parade* to the march music of 'You're in the Army Now,' played in varying *tempo.* I believe the motion picture comes nearer to music than any of the other arts."

After a momentary pause, whilst this soaked in, Monte Blue contributed a remark.

"Scepticism and suggestion make the film—when it's a Lubitsch film," said he, with the air of one who knew.

"Names make the film," asserted the manager of one of New York's most

successful movie theatres. "Basing the argument on cash receipts, which is *some* test, let *me* tell *you*. The names of the players in electrics, that's what counts with the public. That, and the title."

"That's so," agreed another exhibitor. "The title makes the film. Titles first and foremost. Give a film a compelling title, and even if the cast is composed of only fairly well-known players, its fortune and ours is made."

"Say, what do *you* think, anyway?" asked the propounder of the query, turning to Joseph Schenck, who with his wife, Norma Talmadge, had been thus far solely a listener to the debate. "You deal in star products, Mr. Schenck. The star makes the film. Isn't that so?"

Said Joseph Schenck without hesitation. "Five qualities go to make a successful picture, and I rate the star second, not first.

"I contend that Story, Star, Personalities, Director, and Production are the five factors, and in production I include settings, titles, photography, costumes and so on."

"But surely a star—say Norma Talmadge now—is worth more in dollars and cents than a story?" said a man from Graumans.

"Not quite," replied Schenck. "I'll give you an instance. I check the daily reports from my theatres throughout America one against the other.

"Well, I found on checking up, that *The Song of Love*, starring Norma Talmadge, earned $800,000 for us. Without her as its star it would not have netted more than $300,000, for it was a poor story and belonged in the $200,000 to $300,000 class. So the actual value of Norma Talmadge to that picture was half a million dollars.

"Then take *Smilin' Through*. Here we had a top-notch story, of universal appeal. This one netted us one million, four hundred thousand dollars.

"The difference between the figures of *Smilin' Through* and *The Song of Love*—six hundred thousand dollars, will give you the value of the story to the film, and proves my point."

"If I may pass an opinion," ventured an honest-to-goodness Movie Fan. "I think you are right, Mister Movie Magnate. We fans go to the movies to enjoy ourselves. It's entertainment we want, not Art. We——"

But a silvery bugle-call from the auditorium interposed its clear, warning notes.

The intermission was over. Part II of the Hit-or-Miss Company's latest super-feature had commenced, and it was winner.

But what made it a winner? Was it the Star, the Story, the Director, the Characters, the Publicity Man, the Critic, the Dollars, or any of the other qualities enumerated above?

I put it to YOU—you people who pay to go in.

What do YOU think?

Right: "*Scepticism and suggestion make the film,*" *said Monte Blue.* (*Scene from "So This is Paris."*) *Below*: "*Five factors go to make a successful picture,*" *according to Mr. Schenck* (*Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through"*) *Bottom left*: "*Rhythm makes the film,*" *says King Vidor* (*Mr. Vidor with his micronome*).

Hours of Idleness

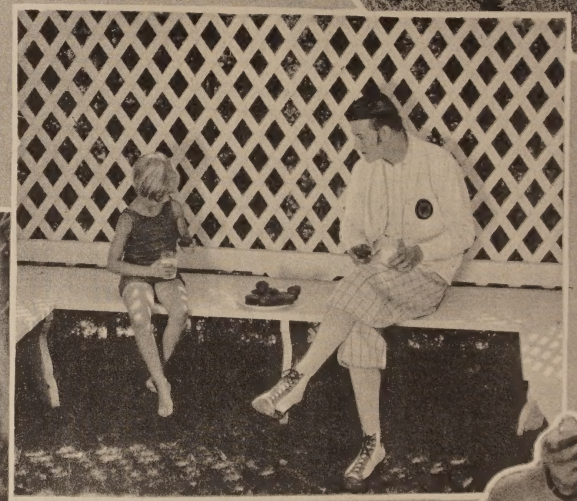
Above: Raymond Keane likes to steal an occasional hour from the studio in order to work in his garden. This promising actor, who appeared to such advantage opposite Laura la Plante in "The Midnight Sun," has artistic tastes, and prefers to gather and arrange his own floral decorations when he has an hour to spare.

Above: Clara Bow's persuasive powers would not need to be exercised to their fullest extent in order to prevail upon a visitor to linger a little longer on the sun porch above. What better place than this could be found in which to spend an idle hour?

Above: Velvety lawns, an old-world well, a canine friend, and a handsome husband—what more could woman want? Perhaps a home? Well, Marie Prevost has that, too, where she and Kenneth Harlan, her husband, live amicably together.

Above: A charming domestic scene in Irene Rich's garden. Right: Hardly a comfortable perch, this, for an hour of idleness, but George Lewis seems happy about it.

Above: Patsy Ruth Miller really has no business on this page at all, for the little star never seems to have an idle hour. Away from the studio she immediately becomes a domesticated young lady, full of bustling activity. Right: William Desmond's occupation hardly seems an idle one!



Above: Daughter Ruth and father Conrad Nagel enjoy a quiet lunch together in a secluded part of their garden in Beverly Hills. New ginger-bread cakes and milk are not to be despised after a hard morning's work, and Conrad, who, judging from his sporting attire, must have just retired from some gruelling contest or other, is the first to praise their excellence.

Right: Grape fruit grown on your own ranch! What a luxury! Mae Busch is the fortunate possessor of a grove of this succulent fruit, which, from all appearances, grows to particularly fine dimensions in Hollywood

Stars at the Wheel

By Lockton Kent

Perhaps in no other place in the world are there so many varieties of cars as in Hollywood.

When a screen player becomes a fully fledged star the first thing he or she usually does is buy a new car.

If the newly made star happens to have a car already, then a second one is added, and very frequently a smashing success is celebrated by the purchase of yet another chariot.

The late Rudolph Valentino owned eight motor cars, two of which were of quite recent purchase. Four of them, the large ones, were valued at ten thousand pounds in the inventory of his personal possessions made by his executors.

The others were small, rather the worse for wear, and not worth anything like so much.

Tastes in cars differ greatly in Hollywood, but many of the stars own unusual-looking vehicles which are quickly noted by the inhabitants of the film city, who can often point out to a sightseer which car along the line contains Betty Bronson, or which Tom and Mrs. Mix, even though the day be a rainy one and the car tightly closed.

Most of the big stars own big cars, but Colleen Moore's is one of the exceptions. Hers is one of the only three Austins of the tiniest size made to be seen in Hollywood, and like Marshall Neilan and John Dillon, who own the other two, she bought it when she was in London.

It is bright emerald green in colour, and was used in *We Moderns*, for the sequences taken in London town. It looks like a toy, especially when seen against the majestic masses of some of the mightiest London landmarks in the film, and it is a familiar sight along Hollywood Boulevard itself now, with its cute little owner-driver at the wheel.

It is usually seen open, but it has a cover and when closed a tiny emerald green flag is seen through the little window in the rear. This has a shamrock embroidered upon it instead of the initials of the owner, like most of the others.

Oval: Norma Shearer is the proud possessor of a two-seater Chrysler. Above: Colleen Moore in the Austin sports model, which she bought on her last visit to London.

There is usually a Rolls-Royce in the garage of most of the best-known stars. Gloria Swanson has a fleet of them, 'tis said, and her own particular Lizzie has a coronet upon it like the one Pola Negri sports on hers.

There are two pure white cars in Hollywood, one belonging to Tom Mix and one to Harry Carey. Carey's is a roadster, a long low car picked out in black enamel, and very striking to behold. There is usually a small crowd around it wherever it is parked, and the reason for Carey's choice of colour is said to be one of sentiment. Harry used to be passionately fond of a certain white pinto pony, which he always rode on his ranch. The animal is dead now, and Carey's fancy for white motors dates from the time of its demise.

Harry Carey dresses like an ordinary individual but Tom Mix in gala attire invariably matches his motor. One of the sights of Hollywood is Tom in his enormous white sombrero, white suit, and white kid gloves. If the occasion be the opening of a new picture, he may or may not be wearing the famous diamond belt, a band of white fire with his name on it in flashing stones. His car is pure white, and must need constant repainting to keep it in its elegant and immaculate condition.

The humble Ford coupé is a prime favourite amongst screen stars, and colour is the only distinguishing mark between William Russell's, Adolphe Menjou's, and the one presented to Harrison Ford.

The first few times Menjou ventured abroad in his, which is a pretty ancient and noisy affair, he looked such a complete contrast to it, for he is about the best dressed male star on the screen, that even the residents, used as they are to incongruous sights, stopped to stare.

But everyone soon got used to it, for Menjou declared that it was an old friend and would never be discarded. He used to park it anywhere and everywhere, sunlight could not spoil it nor collisions do worse to its paint than had already been done.

It is still in his garage, but of late he has been using one of his larger cars and letting his chauffeur take him to and from the studios.

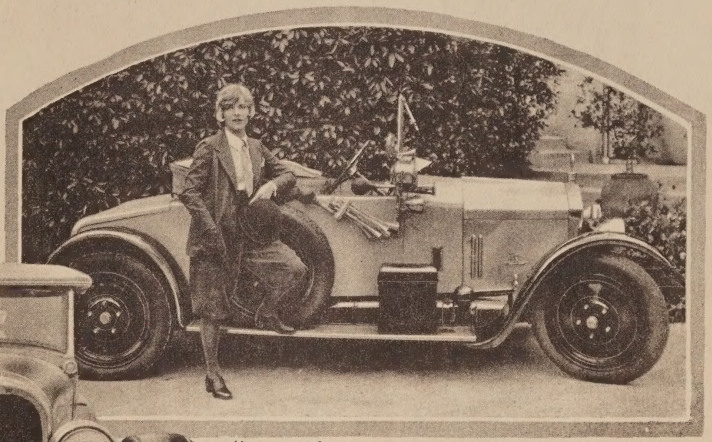
William Russell, however, still sticks to the Ford, but only when he is alone. His wife, Helen Ferguson likes the Rolls better.

Lillian Gish and Norma Talmadge are two of the Limousine Ladies of Hollywood, but May McAvoy always leaves hers severely alone. Her mother is frequently seen in it, but, even if the two are going to the same destination May prefers to drive her own small roadster herself, and mother must either travel in state alone, or in the open car with her daughter, for the little star dislikes closed cars.

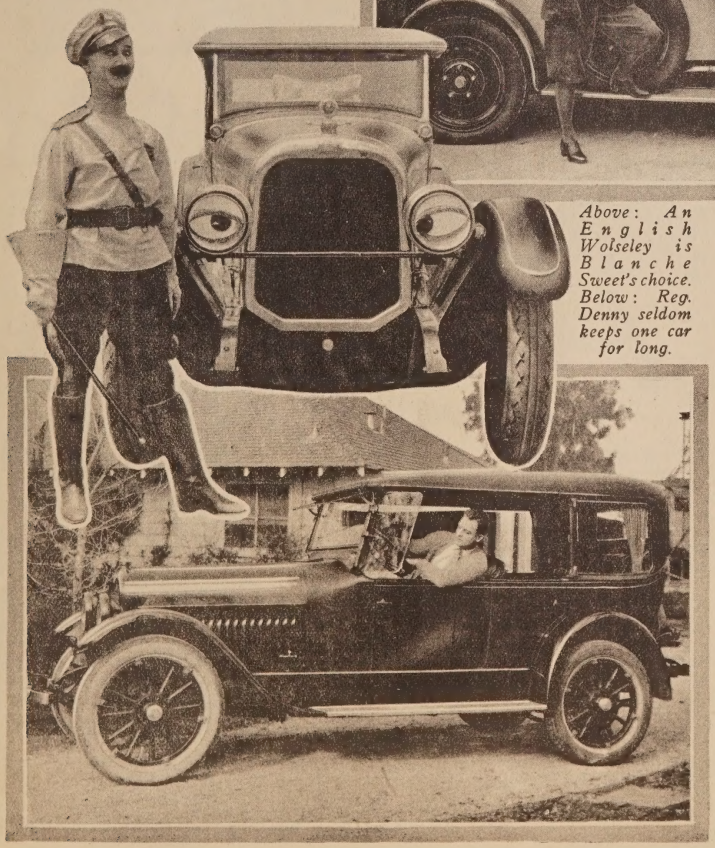
Betty Compson and her husband, James Cruze, follow the fashions in cars, and are always changing, but though Betty likes to cover the ground fast, her husband does not, and when he is in a car scarcely ever exceeds twenty miles an hour. His reasons are his own.

About the oldest model in the colony belongs to Pat O'Malley and no one but Pat would have the nerve to ride around in it. Its vintage is 1912, and it is a Packard model of the high-up-in-the-air variety, with an engine that acknowledges no master save O'Malley. Even he has to coax it a little and tinker about with it a lot before he can get it to work, but he would not part with it under any consideration.

Marshall Neilan's little low-built car looks as if the burly owner of it might overflow into the road any moment, but it is a model of bright shining metal and paint, whilst Dillon, the other director owning a similar make of car, keeps his in a deceptive state of disrepair. Dillon's has an engine worth five thousand dollars, and it is his delight suddenly to speed up on the road and let some of the more expensive looking cars try to pass him!



Below: Ben Turpin's head lights have imitative tendencies.



Above: An English Wolseley is Blanche Sweet's choice. Below: Reg. Denny seldom keeps one car for long.

When Vilma Banky first arrived in Hollywood to work, she felt very highly aggrieved because her film contract made no mention of a car to take her to and from the studios. This, it seems, was always provided for her by the foreign studios in which she worked. She has now realised that her salary in the U.S.A. more than provides the means for her to have one of her own.

Reg Denny, Raymond Griffith, and Rod La Rocque seldom stick to one car very long. Denny's fancy of late has been an aeroplane, with which he likes to do stunts, and Griffith's motor-boat has rather ousted his cars for the moment.

Signs of Spring

March winds, the harbingers of April showers and spring-time, are upon us, and from sunny Hollywood we get our first hint of new fashions to greet the glad season. In the top left-hand corner we see Carmel Myers wearing a golden brown two-piece suit with a jumper of peach crêpe-de-Chine. Top right is little May Allison looking very tailor-made in a smart navy suit and gaily coloured tie. Above: Joan Crawford, festively arrayed, still clings to monkey fur for decoration. Left: Sensible Myrna Loy! Secure against treacherous March winds in her vivid patterned coat with its collar of natural lynx. Right: Barbara Worth favours the shoulder cape worn with a smart jumper suit.

Duncraggan Towers on a wet afternoon was sufficient to lower the spirits of a man with the easiest mind in the world. And Henry Bowing had not the easiest mind in the world. There was a good deal on the mind of Henry Bowing. Its name was Lord Percy Duncraggan.

Henry was, for the moment, outside Duncraggan Towers. He was on the step, ringing the bell. Inside was daughter Mary, due to be married very soon to Lord Percy. Of Percy, personally, Henry Bowing knew nothing, but like a good Chicagoan he objected to peers on principle, and would much rather have seen his Mary marry an honest cowboy from the ranches. Still, there it was; she had fallen in love with the fellow and sent for father to give his approval.

Beamish, the butler, admitted Henry to the big hall of the Towers. Across the hall was a young man whom Henry eyed suspiciously as he entered. Rather a futile young man, Henry noted mentally; one who would be no good at all upon a ranch. He was gaping at something which he held in his hand, and as Henry came closer he observed that the thing was a lady's garter.

"Mr. Henry Bowing, my lord," Beamish announced, and at this the young man turned and came forward.

"Why, how d'you do?" he said with a quick smile, extending his hand. "I'm Percy. You know all about me, of course. Just as I know all about you —from Mary."

He saw Henry's gaze concentrated on the garter and his brow wrinkled.

"No," he said in answer to the question in the other's eyes, "I don't make a hobby of this sort of thing. Matter of fact, y' know, I found the beastly thing here, just now. Haven't the foggiest idea how it came here."

"H'm," muttered Henry Bowing.

CHARACTERS:

Percy Duncraggan	Rod La Rocque
Lady Duncraggan	Eulalie Jensen
Mary Bowing	Elinor Fair
Henry Bowing	George Nichols
Pansy	Julia Faye
Beamish	Lucien Littlefield
Maid	Sally Rand
Glasgow Willie	Eddy Gribbon
Strang	Paul Nicholson

Narrated by permission from the P. D. C. film of the same name.

"Doesn't believe me," thought Percy. Aloud he said: "Well, come along and be introduced to the mater. She's upstairs with Mary."

It was very soon evident to Percy, his mother, Lady Duncraggan, and Mary herself, that Henry Bowing did not look upon his daughter's choice with very much approval. He was quiet and reserved throughout the afternoon and early evening, and Percy saw very early that he would have to do something if he hoped to gain the wealthy American's willing consent to the match.

"I suppose," he said to his mother when they were alone, "it's because of his beastly money. He thinks every Englishman he meets is after his daughter for the sake of her fortune. We've got to show him we're not the stingy sort he imagines. Look here, mater—after dinner I propose showing him the Duncraggan pearls that are to be my present to my bride."

"I would rather defer that for a little while," said his mother.

"On what grounds, mater?"

"On the grounds that the detective we have engaged to watch them has not yet arrived," replied Lady Duncraggan.

"But we'll show them to nobody but him," protested Percy. "Then we'll lock 'em up again, right away."

"Oh, very well," said his mother.

Accordingly, in the library after dinner, Percy opened his small wall safe and took out a red leather case, which he passed across the table to Henry Bowing.

"Mr. Bowing," he said, "I want to show you the present I shall give to Mary on the day we are married."

Henry, looking the amazement he felt, took the case and opened it, and even he could not keep back his warm admiration aroused by the sight of the famous Duncraggan pearls.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "but they're beauts! They are the finest pearls I have ever clapped eyes on!"

At that moment an uproar arose in

"My name is Dr. Strang," he said. "This young woman here is in my care."

the hall outside, and before the bewildered Beamish could prevent the intrusion, into the library burst a young woman wild of eye and with disordered hair, bearing in her arms a young child of perhaps eighteen months of age. She cast one glance round the room and ran to Percy's side.

"Percy!" she cried.

Percy gasped.

"Who—who are you?" he asked.

"Oh, how can you be so cruel!" sobbed the girl. "See—I have brought our child to his father's home! This is his rightful place. Say that you welcome him, Percy!"

"Our—*our* child?" Percy ran his fingers through his hair and made an appealing gesture to the others present. But he saw only triumph in Henry Bowing's eyes, fear in Mary's, and in his mother's a frozen surprise. He turned to the girl in despair.

"I—I don't know you!" he cried. "I never saw you before this minute. That child is not mine. Explain what you mean by this—this. . . . Who are you?"

"He pretends not to know me—his own Pansy," said the girl, turning to the others; and then, swinging suddenly round on Percy: "So this is why you wished our marriage kept secret?"

"Marriage! Oh!" Mary turned away and buried her face on her father's shoulder.

"Never mind, my sweet," said Henry. "I guess it's no more than we could have expected from a man of his class." And to Pansy: "Leave this to me, my dear, and I'll see you through. I'll see you have justice done."

"I swear by all I hold sacred," vowed Percy, "that I have never seen or heard of this woman before, and that——"

He broke off, and the others saw that he was looking at the red leather jewel case, and to their alarm they observed that it was empty.

"They've gone! gone!" said Percy hoarsely. "The pearls! The Duncraggan pearls—have gone!"

Sufficiently thrilling the moment might seem to be, but even as Percy spoke an ace was thrown on the pack of surprises.

"Look!" cried Mary. "Quick!"

A curtain at Percy's back stirred slightly and a horrible hairy hand appeared. It was seen for no more than a moment—a moment in which it clutched at the light switch on the wall. Then all the room was blackness—a blackness cut by Pansy's wild shriek.

"A hand! A hand!"

Percy flung himself round and literally fell on the light switch. Before the echoes of Pansy's screams had died down, the room was aglow with lights once more and there was Percy dragging the curtains back and searching for what was not there.

"He's gone!" he announced, coming back to the others. "Whoever he was, and however he got here, he's gone! As surely and swiftly as these pearls——"

For the second time that evening he pulled up abruptly, staring at the red leather case in his hands. And this time the amazement in his tones was even greater than on the earlier occasion.

"They've—come back!" he gasped. "They've—come back!"

"What trick is this?" Henry Bowing demanded.

"Trick?" said Percy. "But you saw —they were gone, and now they are here. You saw all that I saw? What —what does anything to-night mean?"

There was a knock on the door. They all looked at each other, and then down the room to where Beamish was crossing the hall.

"Visitors? At this time of the night—and here?" Lady Duncraggan whispered. "Who can it be?"

It was a tall and stately man, with rather uncanny eyes and an economy of speech which enabled him to come to the point at once. He now came to the point by utterly ignoring Beamish, crossing the room to Pansy's side, and addressing Lady Duncraggan.

"My name is Strang—Dr. Strang," he said simply. "This young woman here is in my care. I regret to say she is mentally unbalanced. Her mind has been turned by worrying over a secret marriage with a certain Percy Duncraggan. To-night she escaped from my custody, and I have traced her here. Pansy—come with me."

But Pansy seemed by no means disposed to go with Dr. Strang. She fell suddenly weeping, and the following confusion was not lessened when the baby in her arms began suddenly to weep as well. Dr. Strang took a pace forward and laid his hand on Pansy's arm, at the same time looking searchingly into her eyes. But if he had imagined this calculated to soothe that extraordinary girl he was quickly undeceived. She fell back from him and set up a screaming that tortured the ears of everybody present and brought Beamish running into the room. And to crown matters, at that moment came another knock on the door.

"See who it is, Beamish," snapped Lady Duncraggan.

"Yes, my lady," returned Beamish, making for the door.

The latest arrival was a stocky man with a self-assured manner, who took a careful look round the room before entering. He then removed his hat as an afterthought, nodded to everybody, looked inquiringly at the screaming woman and the weeping child (who was now in Henry Bowing's care) and came forward.

"You expected me," he said curtly.

"Your name?" demanded Lady Duncraggan.

"Sergeant Twilling, of Scotland Yard," returned the other.

"Thank heaven for somebody normal!" exclaimed Lady Duncraggan. "And you are just in time, too. An attempt has been made——"

"Look out!" cried Percy.

"Catch her!" shouted Henry Bowing.

It was Pansy. At the revelation of the newcomer's identity she had clutched wildly at the air, spun round and tottered over. Just in time Dr. Strang caught her and carried her to a convenient settee.

"I know what this means. I understand the signs," he said in that strange penetrating voice of his. "She must be put to bed at once. I am sorry if this will inconvenience you, but as her medical adviser I must refuse to be responsible for the consequences, unless——"

"Oh, come with me," said Percy wearily. "In any case, I don't want her to leave this house until she has admitted that all the things she has said about me to-night are false."

He led the way out of the library and up the grand staircase to the bedroom floor. At the door of a bedroom he stopped and pushed the door open.

"Promise me you'll stay with her, doctor," he said. "In the light of what has taken place I would prefer that she were watched."

"Assuredly I shall do that," responded Dr. Strang. "And if I should require anything——?"

"There is a bell beside the fireplace," said Percy.

"Thank you."

Dr. Strang entered the room after his patient and the door closed. It was seldom that Percy was visited by inspiration, but he felt its promptings now. In the lock was a key. On the prompting of his casual goddess he turned the key, slipped it into his pocket and strode away down the corridor.

On the landing he found his mother, Henry Bowing and Mary.

"I have left the detective in charge downstairs," said Lady Duncraggan "If you want to talk to him. . ."

"Mary and I are going to our rooms," said Henry Bowing. "Under the circumstances we are not prepared to continue the social backchat."

"I assure you," said Percy, "that that woman spoke lies and nothing but lies. I know of no reason why she should come here to-night. She is certainly suffering from some delusion, but I give you my word of honour I am not the cause of it."

"Prove that what she says is wrong," said Henry Bowing curtly.

"That," said Percy, "I am resolved to do, Mr. Bowing."

He turned to Mary.

"Surely you, Mary, have faith in me?"

Mary dropped her eyes.

"If you do not know her, why should she appear and claim you as her husband?" asked the girl. "She knows of you, that is plain. Could a girl be so bold——"

"She is mad," returned Percy.

"And the doctor," added Henry Bowing, "has given us an explanation of her madness."

"We'll leave it at that," said Percy, bowing.

Henry passed on, a slightly ridiculous figure with the baby in his arms. Lady Duncraggan, too, passed on, side by side with Mary, leaving Percy to fumble in his crisp hair for an explanation of the catastrophe which had descended upon him from the clouds.

"I'll be as mad as she is if this keeps on," he groaned. "Oh, what's it all about? Pansy—baby—secret marriage—brain specialist—and . . ."

Frowning, he stopped and kicked at the carpet.

"And that hairy hand that took away the pearls and put them back! That's the oddest thing of all. Why take 'em and put 'em back again? It's not sense! And—where did the fellow get to while the lights were out?

"Oh, well," he concluded, sticking his hands into his pockets, "we shall know what it's all about before long, I expect."

He made his way downstairs slowly, still thinking as rapidly as he could over the peculiar events of the evening. There was nobody in the hall now; even Beamish had retreated from the scene of further amazing improbabilities. Percy stood a moment at the foot of the staircase, looking round as if in expectation of a visit from the Giant Sloth or a citizen of Mars, and while there he heard something which set all his nerves tingling.

It was the sound of jangling silver in the library.

"Good lord!" he gasped. "Somebody after my pots and things in there! And the wedding presents we've had sent."

His brow clouded, but it cleared as rapidly, for the normal Percy was an unsuspecting being. He even smiled.

"The detective, of course!" he whispered reassuringly.

The noise was repeated, and he frowned again.

"But why should he be bothering about the pots and presents?" he asked himself. "His business is to look after 'em, not play about with 'em. H'm. Better peep!"

He peeped.

Creeping noiselessly across the richly-carpeted hall he opened the door of the library an inch or two and felt

Creeping noiselessly across the richly-carpeted hall he opened the door of the library an inch or two and felt a tightening of his scalp at what he saw.

a tightening of his scalp at what he saw.

Into a rug the detective was folding every loose valuable that he could find in the room.

Percy flung back the door and walked in.

"Hullo! old bean," he said casually. "Helping yourself, what?"

The man sprang up and glared at Percy. His hand shot to his hip pocket, but Percy was waiting for that. He gave one glorious spring and landed on the other's neck. They toppled over a chair and fell in the corner.

"I've been waiting," said Percy, "for somebody to hit."

Events less exciting but equally dramatic were taking place in a bedroom on the first floor. Dr. Strang was trying the door of the bedroom. Close at hand was Pansy.

"Locked!" said Strang, briefly.

"Ain't that the blighted limit?" wailed Pansy. "The cheap stiff don't trust us."

Strang swore deeply and long.

"He certainly smells a rat," he agreed. "Though how we gave ourselves away is more than I can see. I suppose he's busy at this moment 'phoning the police."

"Don't mention police where I am, it spoils my appetite," sighed Pansy. "Say, Doc., what's to be done now? Apart from time."

"Don't be chicken-hearted, my dear," returned Dr. Strang. "They may have got the key turned, but they haven't got us. I'm a careful worker. I've been making inquiries about this old dive for weeks. It's like the rest of the places of its period. Find the spring and you find the secret passage."

"Go on!" said Pansy.

"Fact!" said Dr. Strang. "Help me look."

"Won't I!" cried Pansy.

It took them just a little longer than it was taking Percy downstairs. It took them five minutes, at the end of which the worthy brain specialist had discovered the missing spring and was opening the secret panel.

Down in the library the telephone was ringing.

"Ring on," said Percy, grinning at it, "until I've finished."

He wasn't very long finishing with this merry fellow. All that remained was to secure the bonds together and prevent them from even turning over. When this pleasant task was completed, Percy unhooked the receiver.

"Who's there?" he called.

"Sergeant Twilling, of Scotland Yard," was the answer.

"Speaking from——?"

"The hotel in the village."

"Pleased to meet you," said Percy airily. "I was under the impression that I'd just bound you up."

"Then you've got him?" cried the excited detective.

When the detective and his rogues were gone, Percy took Mary in his arms and kissed her.

"I've certainly got him," said Percy.

"He was after your famous pearls," the detective went on. "He doesn't usually work alone, either."

"Two more," said Percy. "A man and a woman?"

"What about them?"

"Oh, I didn't like their looks," said Percy. "So I locked 'em in a bedroom."

"Good work!" was the detective's comment. "I'm coming along at once to collect them."

And that was how, when at last Dr. Strang and the peculiar Pansy at last emerged from the bafflement of the the secret passages, through a secret panel by the side of the main door in the hall, they contrived to step neatly into the arms of Sergeant Twilling, of Scotland Yard, who at that moment was entering through the door.

With a sigh the doctor and his "patient" accepted Fate and held out their hands for the handcuffs. Then they preceded the Sergeant into the library, where Percy was proudly exhibiting his own particular catch to his mother, his sweetheart and her father.

"My boy," said Henry Bowing, shaking his hand, "you're just the man for my girl. Put it there!"

"Will you tell me," asked Percy, turning to the detective, "just what it's all about?"

"Obvious, sir," replied the detective. "Your pearls were the attraction."

"Why, then, did they put the pearls back when they had them?"

"They didn't," was the reply. "The pearls in that case are not the real pearls. The real pearls are—here!"

And he took them from his pocket and handed them to Percy.

"But——!" gasped the astonished peer.

"I changed them," said the detective. "Mine was the hand behind the curtain. Then I nipped down to the village for reinforcements. And while I was away—you were doing all the work!"

Percy blushed.

"It was puzzling while it lasted," said Henry Bowing, "but it's ended up as as merry and bright as a fairy tale. From now on, no more mysterious knocks at the door——"

There was a knock at the door.

"What's that!" Henry cried.

The door opened, and into the stately hall of Duncraggan Towers came a bearded lady, a fat woman, a living skeleton, an armless wonder, and a legless marvel, who walked on his hands. Like the climax to a nightmare they swept across the hall and accosted Lady Duncraggan.

"We want Alice!" said the legless marvel, speaking from the floor.

"Who," Lady Duncraggan managed to whisper, "is Alice?"

"The lion-tamer's little daughter, who was stolen to-night from our circus in the village," was the reply.

"So that's where the baby came from!"

"And, good Lord!" gasped Henry Bowing suddenly, "she's upstairs asleep, on my bed!"

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British National seem to be well on the way towards establishing a British Hollywood.

On January 4th, 1926, work was started on the construction of the much discussed Elstree Studios, in Hertfordshire, where British National hope to form the nucleus of a British Hollywood, to revive the rapidly dying industry in this country.

Since that time those interested in film production over here have eagerly awaited the completion of the new studios, but difficulties that had not been anticipated—chief among them the general strike—have held up the work, and it was not until the end of last year (December 28th, to be exact), that the place has been ready for production to start.

I paid my first visit to Elstree recently, when work on the new Dorothy Gish feature, *Madame Pompadour*, was in full swing. The place, from the outside, looks encouragingly businesslike—a vast, corrugated iron covered building of uncompromising plainness and severity of design.

It contains two large studios, each measuring 300 ft. long by 100 ft. wide, by 40 ft. high, and innumerable offices, a plaster shop, dressing-rooms and a restaurant, and is constructed, so I was told, of steel girders with a covering of corrugated asbestos sheeting, as a protection against fire.

I advanced on the first studio through a labyrinth of corridors. In England, where we are accustomed to see studio floors made to contain about one set at a time, those at Elstree look almost as stupendous as the American film maker's idea of a room in an average English country house!

These studios are, so I understand, not only the largest in England, but some of the largest in the world, bar the Universal Studios, Culver City.

A scene from *Madame Pompadour* was being shot on a balcony set some distance away, and other built up sets, in varying stages of erection, were scattered over the immense floor. All these are designed and built in the studio, and one particularly magnificent affair, "Pompadour's" bathroom, seemed to give promise that the traditions of Hollywood would be upheld at Elstree in more ways than one.

The bath, a gorgeous, carved affair of the period, had wide ledges on which rested silver toilet requisites, hired, I was told, from various antique shops of repute.

Everything for beauty's toilet that the heart of a luxury loving woman could desire lay ready to the hand, and, even a jar of the special soft soap used in those days, had been specially made up to give authenticity to the set.

Some little distance from this super bathroom I was shown a box with a wired front, in which there huddled ten or twelve small live mice. I was naturally curious to learn what part these strange properties were to play in the film.

Apparently they are the chief players in a cunning scheme concocted by the Chief Constable of France (played by Gibb McLoughlin). The latter is a bold, bad man, whose greatest ambition is to see "Pompadour" in her bath, which she daily takes surrounded by the ladies of her court, who act as a sort of living screen. The mice, released unexpectedly in their midst, scatter them in all directions, and—"Pompadour" arises from her bath!

All this is, of course, merely a sidelight on Britain's Hollywood—an attempt to show how the spirit of the American film world is at last revolutionising our British industry.

But the real purpose of my visit was not to watch the production of *Madame Pompadour*, but to note every possible point of interest in the new studios, so that I might furnish readers with a pen picture of it all.

I left the bathroom and lingered for a moment by a balcony, looking out over a background of shrubbery, where Tony Moreno, in picturesque blue soldier's uniform and cocked hat of the period, "emoted" tirelessly under Herbert Wilcox's quiet direction.

Property men and all the various nonentities that play their small, but nevertheless, important rôles in the running of a film studio, moved to and fro around me. Over on another part of the floor, carpenters were at work erecting a new set, or demolishing an old one.

The atmosphere, after the cold outside, was pleasantly warm, yet the air

Above: A shot of the tremendous ballroom set erected at Elstree for "Madame Pompadour."

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No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Dorothy Gish seems to enjoy impersonating frail and lovely ladies of history. After her "Nell Gwyn," her interpretation of "Madame Pompadour" will be eagerly awaited. Here she shows us "Pompadour" as a young girl, with her mother.

felt fresh and clean. I looked round for some visible signs of heating apparatus, and caught the eye of Rolf Leslie, the Crêpe Hair King, who is responsible for most of the make-up at the studios.

I asked him to explain the heating and ventilating system, and he led me over to one side of the studio, where a waft of warm air blew upon me from what appeared to be a tube coming from the wall.

A network of cables lay like fantastic snakes at my feet, some of them, I understand, in connection with the electric lighting system, others part of the Davis-Bennett Heating and Ventilating system, which is the machinery installed at Elstree for ensuring a perfect flow of fresh air through the studios, and varied temperatures to meet outside weather conditions.

It works on very much the same principle as the apparatus in use in the London tubes. A network of tubing, with outlets and inlets along the walls of the studio, is installed, and currents of warm or cold air, at varying temperatures, can be introduced at will.

If the atmosphere becomes too warm, or heavy with smoke from the taking of some special scene, the entire atmospheric contents of 1,200,000 cubic feet can be expelled and fresh air brought in from outside. All this can be effected within about ten minutes, so that little time need be wasted on account of atmospheric conditions.

In every way the builders of the Elstree Studios have concentrated on doing away with the constant irksome delays that harass the British film producer as a general rule. The fact that nine or ten different scenes can be shot at once on one floor, means not only the speeding up of production, but considerable economy in costs.

Then the lighting, that all-important factor in film making, is receiving extra special attention, and, when it is eventually finished, the electric installation will surpass all previous efforts of studio illumination. Even in its present incomplete state, it is capable of producing brilliant and artistic effects.

The British National people believe in securing the best experts in the film trade for the supervision of the various technical departments in the studio, and, with undoubted wisdom, they have turned to the German screen wizards for help.

Simultaneous with the engagement of A. E. Dupont, the brilliant young Ufa director, as production manager, Helmuth Marx was enrolled under the Elstree banner. The latter was, until recently, the acknowledged master of film lighting in the famous Ufa studios.

He it was who was responsible for the wonderful lighting effects in *The Nibelungs*, *Vaudeville*, and *Metropolis*. In course of time he proposes to establish at Elstree, a complete electrical research department and factory so that all necessary apparatus can be constructed on the spot with British labour.

At the present moment he has at work in the studio the largest arc lamp in the world—his own invention, for sunlight effects. This is an automatically controlled lamp of 300 ampères and four feet diameter. Later, however, he intends to construct one even more powerful than that, of 500 ampères.

The 300 ampère lamp that he is using at the moment is used in a film studio in this country for the first time. The average fan, without a technical mind, will realise a little of its strength when I say that it is the equivalent of 7,000,000 candle power.

The whole of the lighting system is too elaborate to describe on paper. It is sufficient to say that the problem of supplying sufficient electric current is so great that special outbuildings have had to be erected to house the heavy dynamos and other power distributing plants.

But enough of the lighting difficulties. From the warm studio I went, after a further general inspection, into the next studio, where unexpected cold greeted me.

Here the heating system was not yet in operation, and, indeed, the studio

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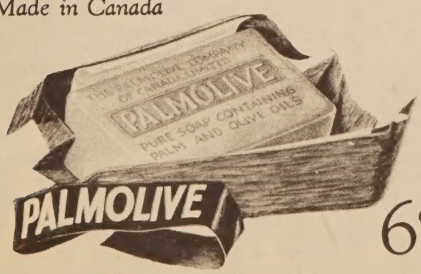

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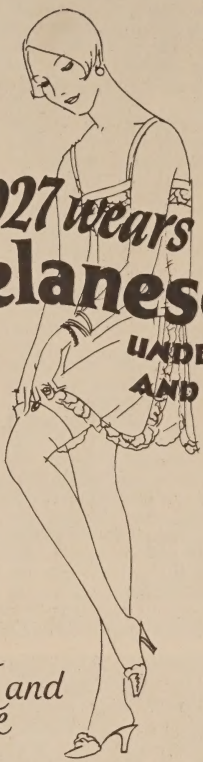

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itself is not yet ready for occupation. The carpenters' department has taken up temporary residence there, and when I entered I found crowds of men at work, sawing wood, and preparing sets for *Madame Pompadour*, from plans as carefully designed as those an architect prepares for any building that is meant to stand the test of time, instead of going up one day and coming down the next.

Workshops occupying a separate building, and furnished with milling and other machinery on a large scale will presently be erected, but at the moment they are housed here for want of other room.

The art department, which is responsible for the actual designing of the sets, is in a small building some two or three hundred yards distant. Here I was interested to see models in miniature of several sets.

These, I understand, are made from drawings and plans so that everyone concerned may know definitely what the proposed set will look like before it is erected in its entirety.

From this department I learnt details of the Schufftan method of trick camera work, practised so successfully in the Ufa Studios for the last two years. British National Pictures have purchased the sole British rights in this process, which is one of the most important kinematograph inventions of modern times.

To describe the Schufftan method on paper to the untechnical mind is extraordinarily difficult. Briefly, it makes possible the photographing, at one single camera exposure, on the same frame of film, combined images of small models, full-sized scenes, living people, and even portions of photographed scenes, all being reduced to their proper relative scale in the resultant picture, without visible overlapping.

To explain it more fully it is best to give a concrete example. Supposing that a certain film company wanted to take a picture of the hero walking under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, but were unable, for some reason or other, to get actually to Paris.

By the Schufftan process this would be easily managed. A set of the lower part of the Arc de Triomphe would be built up to say nine or ten feet—high enough for the hero to stand by it without dwarfing it. The rest of it would be built in miniature.

The scene would then be photographed from the other side of a mirror, from the bottom part of which the silver has been cleared, so that the built up set of the lower portion of the Arc is visible to the camera.

Arranged at an angle of 45 degrees to this main mirror is another, which throws into it the image of the model of the top part of the Arc, in such a way that it exactly fits on to the other part, seen through the plain glass of the lower portion of the mirror.

This gives a very rough idea of the principle on which the Schufftan process is worked. Far more complicated things can be done with it, but I will spare my readers further bewilderment.

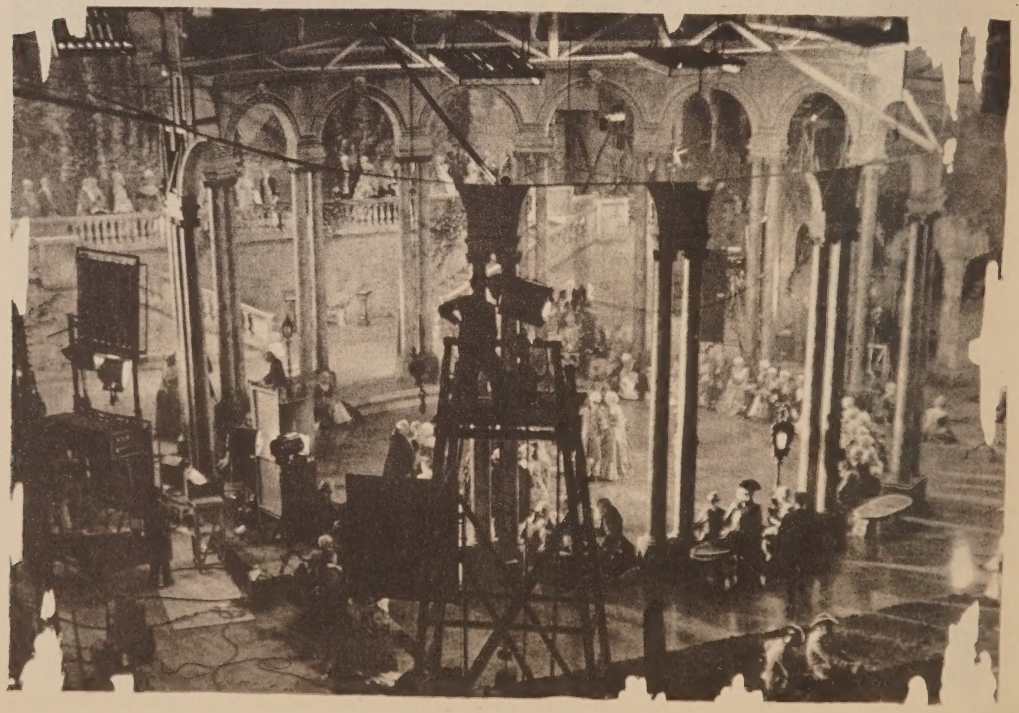
I left the art department finally and made my way back to the main building, where my tour of inspection was completed with a visit to the plaster shop, dark room, cutting-room, wardrobe-room, and projection-room, where the film taken can be run through after the day's work.

All these are on a super scale, and there is a very pleasant restaurant, where stars and extras can obtain a well-cooked meal for a reasonable sum.

But perhaps the most luxurious feature of the whole building—and one that will make the average British film star, used to the inadequate dressing accommodation of the average British studio, feel like a million dollars—is the magnificence of the dressing-rooms.

There are fourteen attached to each studio, two suites of which are reserved for stars. They consist of a large central dressing-room, with a triple mirror dressing table lit by fifteen 60 watt lamps, a private sitting-room and a bathroom, the whole furnished like a luxurious miniature flat.

Yes, it certainly *does* look as though Hollywood has come to Herts!



Below: Another view of the ballroom set in "Pompadour," giving some idea of the studio's vast size.

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Mlle. Delysia
Carol Dempster
Reginald Denny (2)
William Desmond

Henry Edwards (4)
Josephine Earle

Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford
Dustin Farnum
Elsie Ferguson
Francis Ford
Harrison Ford (2)
Robert Frazer

Pauline Garon
Hoot Gibson (2)
John Gilbert (2)
Dorothy Gish (2)
Lillian Gish (3)
Gaston Glass (2)
Huntley Gordon
Jetta Goudal
Corinne Griffith (5)

Wm. Haines
Binnie Hale
Mahlon Hamilton
Elaine Hammerstein (2)
Harriett Hammond

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Ronald Colman	Lloyd Hughes	Rod la Rocque
Betty Compson	May McAvoy	George O'Brien
Jackie Coogan	Tom Mix	Monte Blue
Gladys Cooper	Antonio Moreno	Claire Windsor
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro	Betty Bronson
Richard Dix	Ivor Novello	Lillian Gish
	Fay Compton	Alice Terry

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Johnny Hines
Jack Holt

Rex Ingram

Edith Johnson
Julanne Johnston
Justine Johnstone
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy (2)
Alice Joyce (2)
June

Buster Keaton
Doris Kenyon
J. Warren Kerrigan
Norman Kerry (2)
James Kirkwood

Cullen Landis (2)
Matheson Lang (2)
Sir Harry Lauder
Evelyn Laye
Lila Lee (2)
Elmo Lincoln
Harold Lloyd (2)
Jacqueline Logan
Louise Lovely
Edmund Lowe
Ben Lyon
Bert Lytell (2)

May McAvoy (3)
Katherine MacDonald (3)
Malcolm McGregor
Dorothy Mackaill (2)
Victor McLaglen
Percy Marmont (2)
Barbara La Marr (3)
Mae Marsh
Tully Marshall
Shirley Mason

Conrad Nagel (3)
Nita Naldi
Owen Nares (2)
Nazimova
Pola Negri (3)

Baby Peggy
Elleen Percy (2)
House Peters (3)
Mary Philbin (2)
Jack Pickford

Vera Reynolds
Irene Rich (2)
Lilian Rich
Rin-Tin-Tin
Theodore Roberts
Marie Prevost (2)
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Shadowland

MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

Fred Niblo, director of *Ben Hur*, has joined United Artists. The material for his next film has not yet been announced.

THE former Crown Prince of Germany has signed a contract to appear in a picture called *The Prince of Wieringen*. The film will be produced by an American company at Wieringen, Holland.

Few people know that Emil Jannings is, by birth, an American. He first saw the light of day in Brooklyn in 1886, but his parents were German, and he has lived in Germany from a very early age.

Stewart Rome has just returned to London after a tour round the world, looking fitter and browner than ever. During his tour he has played big parts in several German productions.

Pauline Frederick's long expected visit to England has at last taken place. She has come over here to play on the legitimate stage in "Madame X." By the time this appears in print London theatregoers will probably have had the chance of seeing this production.

Stuart Holmes, whose screen villainy has long been beloved by every discriminating picturegoer, recently paid his first visit to London with his wife. He seemed a very harmless individual to us, intent on doing the sights just like any other American tourist. Fans will be surprised to hear, by the way, that Stuart has red hair.

Film fans in the provinces will have an opportunity of seeing Chrissie White and Henry Edwards in the flesh this month and during April and May. The two are touring together in *Loose Ends*, the Dion Titheradge play that had such a successful run in London at the Duke of York's and Shaftesbury Theatres.

This list of the chief towns they will visit will help you to keep the dates in mind. On March 7th they will be at Halifax, on March 14th at Dewsbury, on March 21st at Southport, On March 28th at Liverpool, April 4th at Preston, April 11th at Blackburn, April 18th at Rhyl, April 21st at Colwyn Bay, April 28th at Sheffield and May 2nd at Bristol.

According to the latest Hollywood report Percy Marmont has decided to retire from professional life. He plans to carry out a long-nursed ambition and return to his native England, where he will purchase a country estate near London in which to spend the rest of his life. If he really does this, the screen will undoubtedly miss him—but stars have said these things before.

Larry Semon, who is famed in Hollywood for the apparently inexhaustible store of comedy gags at his command, has just signed a contract to write stories for Paramount comedians. It is possible that, for a time at any rate, he will leave the acting side of the business, although later he may both direct and act for Paramount.

Screen versions of *Carmen*, in various forms, have been plentiful ever since the beginning of the industry. Now Fox announce that they are going to do it again, with Don Alvarado and Dolores Del Rio in stellar rôles. Gertrude Orr, who was responsible for the scenario of *Mother McCree*, has been given the task of preparing the script, and Raoul Walsh will direct.

WE recently watched Ivor Novello start off on his perilous journey "downhill," in the film of that name, when, as a college boy, he faced the wrongful accusations of Annette Benson, who plays a local vamp in the neighbouring confectioner's shop with charm and vigour, of not having "done the right thing by her." The headmaster, unfortunately, believes the worst, and another good boy goes wrong in consequence.

Last month saw an impressive ceremony at the Gaumont Studios, Shepherd's Bush, when the foundation

stone was laid for the new studio they are building beside the old one. The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, had promised to perform the usual sleight of hand with a silver trowel, but a last minute engagement prevented him from turning up, so Lady Cunliffe-Lister took his place.

Most of the stars who have played in recent Gaumont pictures were present. Besides Lillian Hall-Davis, who was there in a more or less official capacity, to hand the trowel to Lady Cunliffe-Lister, we met Humberstone Wright, that sterling character actor, Norman McKinnel, Estelle Brody, Gladys Jennings and John Stuart.

Gladys Jennings told us that she had signed a contract to appear in *Downhill*, the new Ivor Novello film that Alfred Hitchcock is making at the Piccadilly Studios, Islington.

Sir Harry Lauder is to make his film debut in a film which is to be produced this spring by Welsh Pearsons, with George Pearson directing. This is a screen version of John Buchan's novel, "Huntingtower," which, it was first announced some months ago, had been bought by Piccadilly Pictures.

The rest of the cast has not yet been announced, but Sir Harry should be ideal as the Glasgow grocer. Colonel Buchan, the author, is very enthusiastic at the choice. "I had no idea that Messrs. Welsh Pearson were negotiating with Sir Harry," he said, when he heard the news; "but I can think of nobody better suited to the part." And if an author's pleased, on a point like that, it augurs well for the success of a film.

Rumour hath it that a very interesting experiment is to be tried by United Artists. They plan to make a co-operative all-star film, with some of the biggest names in the movie world in the cast. The novel, "The Houseboat on the Styx," by John Kendrick Bangs has been selected for the story, and Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, and John Barrymore will be amongst those present.

The screen rights of *The Miracle*, so hotly contested for, for some time past, have at last been secured by First National. We fail to see the possibility or the advisability of making screen entertainment out of this great stage spectacle, but there seems to be a craze for religious screen subjects in Hollywood just now.

W. & F. have secured the film rights of "The Ghost Train," on which production is scheduled to start at Islington this month. Guy Newall will make a welcome return to the screen in the leading rôle, which should suit him perfectly. It is probable that Connie Ediss will also appear in the picture, in the rôle she has been playing on the stage.

Clara Bow and Victor Fleming met while on location in Texas when Clara was playing in "Wings," and Victor was making "The Rough Riders." Dame Rumour got busy with the usual tale of an engagement, but she has once again proved a lying jade.

Rod La Rocque, the De Mille star, plans to take a trip to Europe shortly, when he will visit London and Paris. It is, we understand, to be purely a holiday.

Since his notable work in *Beau Geste*, Ralph Forbes, the young British actor, has become a welcome addition to the lists of American screen juveniles. He has just signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and is playing the leading romantic rôle in Lon Chaney's new starring vehicle, *Mr. Wu*. When this is finished he will start work on *The Branding Iron*, a story of the Swiss Alps.

Helene Chadwick is just finishing work on her latest picture, *Stolen Pleasures*.

The Tender Hour is to be filmed by George Fitzmaurice for First National. Billie Dove, Ben Lyon and Alec Francis are mentioned in the cast.

A film version of the stage play, "Ask Beccles," is to be made. Raymond Griffith will have the starring rôle.

Ronald Colman has just started work on a new picture under the direction of Henry King. This is *King Harlequin*, based on a stage play by Rudolph Lothar.

The new Ramon Novarro feature, *Old Heidelberg* has been cast, and Norma Shearer is to play the leading feminine rôle.

Clara Bow seems to specialise in broken engagements. She has just broken off her latest one, with Victor Fleming, the director.

Hollywood is interested in a new personality that has arrived in their midst. She is Margaret Morris, who will co-star with Conway Tearle in *Hello Bill*.

For many moons Pearl White seems to have disappeared from the public eye. Every now and then rumours arrive of her whereabouts. She was living in retirement in Paris, we were told some time ago. But the latest is that she has gone off to Egypt, where a real Sheik is engaging her attention.

Women directors are rare in the film trade—in fact, Hollywood, up till now, has boasted only one of the fair sex at the other end of the megaphone. Now another has come to try her hand at the directing game. She is Dorothy Arzner, and her first picture will be *Fashions for Women*.

It is very seldom that a month goes by without rumours of engagements and newly developed romances amongst the Hollywood folk. This time it is Edna Murphy and the handsome young newcomer, Larry Kent, who are reported affianced. Janet Gaynor is reported engaged to Herbert Moulton, a newspaper man, and Ethel Shannon is to be married this month to Joseph Jackson, a member of the editorial staff of Famous Players-Lasky.

A young couple whose marriage recently took place in California are Richard Holt and Florence Gilbert. The latter is a Fox player.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer propose filming *Anna Karenina*, and Greta Garbo will probably play the title rôle. The latter has just finished work on *The Flesh and the Devil*.

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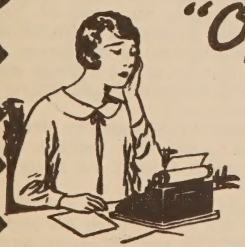

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The Pick of the Pictures

BEAU GESTE (*Famous Lasky*).

Every once in a long, long while in the history of motion pictures, there comes a film moving enough in its touching dignity, inspiring enough in its exquisite simplicity to stir the hearts of nations, and make highbrows and lowbrows alike realise the power and significance of that thing which has been described in a trite publicity slogan as "The universal language of the screen."

Such a film is *Beau Geste*.

There are people, I suppose, who will find it unsatisfactory, who will complain that this or that episode bears little resemblance to P. C. Wren's famous novel. This is to be expected, since perfection in motion pictures, as in everything else, has yet to be achieved.

To condense the mass of varied incident comprising Wren's masterly story, into the comparatively narrow compass of ten reels, is a task to try the most brilliant brain. John Russell and Herbert Brenon are to be congratulated upon the success which has attended their efforts.

Ronald Colman is the "Beau" we visualise in the reading of the book—the highest compliment one can pay him! Neil Hamilton as Digby, and Ralph Forbes as John, make up the trio of brothers. Noah Beery excites admiration as the brutal Lejaune—a big achievement!

Alice Joyce is the Lady Patricia. Isobel is charmingly played by Mary Brian.

MANON LESCAUT (*Wardour*).

One of the most beautiful love stories written since "Romeo and Juliet,"—Provost's classic romance, "Manon Lescaut"—is here presented with sympathy and perfect artistry.

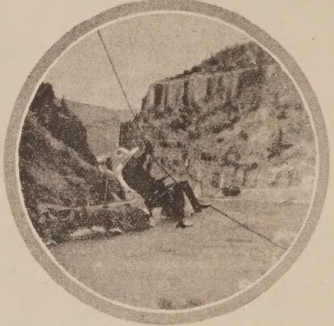
"Manon," an old chronicler tells us, could have charmed away the heart and gold of Midas. Lya de Putti in the film version could do that and more—no more alluring siren has ever been seen upon the screen.

At the London première several women viewers were heard to describe her as a "Hussy"—and you know what that means to a screen vamp!

Presented in a series of really magnificent pictures, exquisitely mounted and superbly played, the adventures of pretty Manon—whose only sin is that of loving too well—can scarcely fail to appeal to every picturegoer.

Wardour films are making an innovation in providing an alternative finish for those who prefer their heroine to marry and live happily ever after—though it is difficult to imagine any kinema proprietor booking it after seeing the beautiful and impressive finale first shown!

Above: John Stuart and Estelle Brody in "Mademoiselle From Armentieres."



Above: One of many exciting moments in "The Great K. & A. Train Robbery."

Above: Ivor Novello and Nina Vanna in the picturesque costumes they wear in "The Triumph of the Rat."

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES (*Gaumont*).

In reproducing any story dealing with the war, the producer has of necessity to include much matter that has already been done. His aim is obviously to do it better than it has ever been done before.

Mademoiselle From Armentieres, if not exactly the best war film on record, is at least as good as those contributed by any other nation. Maurice Elvey has done well!

One thing, however, is likely to jar upon the more discriminating—his handling of the scene in which Mademoiselle bids good-bye to her lover and follows him into the trenches. A scene of this type has no place in a film of the calibre of *Armentieres*—it spoils conviction besides bearing a close resemblance to certain scenes in a recent famous American war film.

Estelle Brody appears to enjoy herself as "Mademoiselle"; supporting rôles are played by Marie Ault, John Stuart, Humberston Wright, John Hamilton and Clifford Heatherley.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RAT (*W. & F.*).

Since Ivor Novello first set women's hearts a-fluttering to the tune of his stage love making, he has persistently told all interviewers that he hated being a "Matinee Idol," and wanted to "Act!"

Without casting stones at any of his previous performances (stage or screen), in the *Triumph of the Rat* he definitely proves his right to shed the matinee idol poise, for—he *does* act, and act well!

With the many brilliant directorial touches it is impossible in this brief space to deal. Suffice to say that Graham Cutts has eclipsed all previous efforts; that setting and staging, which through lack of adequate funds often mar the best British films, leave, in this case, nothing to be desired!

THE GREAT K. & A. ROBBERY (*Fox*).

Tom Mix's latest offering merits place among the pick of the month's pictures, not because it aspires in any way to the ranks of "Superdom," but because it conforms to the one requirement of the screen which really matters to the average man or woman in the provision of rattling good entertainment!

Assisted in his stunts by clever trick camera work, Mix reminds one, at times, quite forcibly of Doug. Fairbanks.

Thrills are plentiful, and the star romps his way through his part in a more light-hearted and joyous way than ever. Humour abounds, and there is a good love interest!

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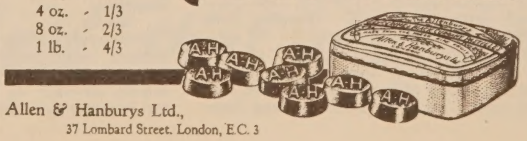

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Bachelor Brides (P. D. C.; March 21).
Farce-thriller. A night of scares in an English castle, the household of which is typically American. Thrills are mechanical, and the characters are puppets. Rod La Rocque, Eulalie Jensen, Elinor Fair, George Nichols, Julia Faye, Lucien Littlefield, Eddie Gribbon and Paul Nicholson form an adequate cast. Director, William K. Howard. Fair entertainment of its kind.

Beau Geste (Paramount; March 14).
Drama. A finely produced screen version of P. C. Wren's novel that cannot fail to grip whoever sees it. The unusual theme, which concerns the love of three brothers for each other, is a refreshing change from the eternal triangle. Excellent performances come from every member of the cast, which is practically composed of Britishers, and includes Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton, Alice Joyce, Noah Beery, Mary Brian, Norman Trevor, William Powell, Victor McLaglen and Donald Stuart. Herbert Brenon, also British, directs. First rate entertainment.

Blinkeyes (Gaumont; March 21).
Comedy-melodrama. Betty Balfour in an impossible lurid Limehouse story, well seasoned with humour, gets away with all the old comedy tricks and will please her admirers. Tom Douglas makes his first screen appearance over here in support, and Frank Stanmore, as usual, contributes a brilliant character study. Pat Aherne, Fisher White, Dorothy Seacombe and Herbert Carter are all good in support. Director, George Pearson.

The Blue Eagle (Fox; March 28).
Melodrama. The story of two naval stokers who love the same girl and carry on a protracted feud in consequence, told mainly in light style. Characterisation is sincere, and the whole cast, including George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, Robert Edeson, William Russell, David Butler, Phillip Ford, Ralph Sipperley, Margaret Livingston, Harry Fernbrook, Lew Short and Jerry work well. Director, John Ford. Good entertainment.

Cinders (W. & F.; March 7).
Comedy. Betty Balfour, back in one of the drudge rôles that best suit her style of work. There are some amusing situations and an excellent comedy character study is given by Fred Wright, as an absent-minded professor who befriends "Cinders." The capable cast includes Andre Reanne, Louis Baron, Albert Decoeur, Louis Leridon, Jean Mercanton, Ernest Chambery, Lucy Sibley, Irene Tripod and A. J. Poulton. Director, Louis Mercanton. Good entertainment.

The Clinging Vine (P. D. C.; March 7).
Comedy-drama. An amusing story of a capable and ultra-mannish type of girl who allows herself to be metamorphosed into a clinging vine after hearing her employer's grandson disapprove of her before meeting her. Tom Moore, Toby Claude, Robert Edeson, Dell Henderson and Snitz Edwards form an excellent support. Director, Paul Sloane. Very good, polished entertainment.

The Cradle of God (Wardour; March 30).
This is mainly a series of Biblical episodes with a modern sequence. It is French, and stars Leon Mathot and Annette Benson. Fred Leroy Granville directs. Mediocre entertainment.

The Dancer of Paris (First Nat.; March 14).
Romantic drama. A screen version of one of the poorest of Michael Arlen's stories. The chief appeal lies in cabaret and dancing scenes, which are numerous. Conway Tearle, Dorothy Mackaill, Robert Cain, Henry Vibart, Paul Ellis and Frances Miller Grant form a capable cast. Director, Alfred Santell. Poor entertainment.

The Darling of Paris (F. B. O.; March 14).
Comedy-drama. A story of the stage, featuring Betty Compson as a famous Parisian actress. Herbert Rawlinson, Tom Ricketts, Armand Kalitz, Wilfred North, Auguste Tolloure, Edward Kipling and Edward Warren are very good in support. Director, Harry Hoyt. Excellent entertainment.

Daughter of Israel (Wardour; March 11).
Melodrama. Betty Blythe in a story of modern Israel, keeps cool in her usual unconventional fashion. The whole film smacks strongly of Zionist propaganda, and is pretty dull altogether. Andre Rox and Malcolm Tod are also in the cast. It will appeal, mainly, to Jewish fans, and is most notable for its settings.

The Flame of the Yukon (P. D. C.; March 28).
Melodrama. Seena Owen, Arnold Gray, Matthew Betz, Jack McDonald, Vadin Uraneff and Winifred Green in a rather weak story of the gold rush in '98. There are some good humorous touches, but the major portion of it is pretty conventional rubbish. Director, George Melford.

Fresh Paint (Paramount; March 4).
Comedy. Raymond Griffith in a story of the wildly slapstick order is as funny as ever, in spite of the futility of the material given him. He is ably supported by Helene Costello, Bryant Washburn, Natalie Kingston, Henry Kolker, Gloria Davenport and Bud Jamison. Director, Arthur Adeson.

A Gentleman of the Ring (Stoll; March 14).
Boxing drama. A French film with a rather vague and rambling story of a count's son in the boxing ring. Competent cast includes Andre Roanne, Olga Day, Simonne Marciul, Andre Lefaur, G. Bernhard, Reine Derns and Georges Ponnier. Fair entertainment.

Golden Youth (First Nat.; March 28).
Ruritanian romance. Conventional story of the heir to a Ruritanian kingdom who loves a young American girl. Richard Barthelmess and Lois Moran are both charming and natural in the leading rôles. A good cast includes Geoffrey Kerr, Henry Vibart, George Spelvin, Harry Short, Bijon Fernandez and Prince Rokneddine. Director, Kenneth Webb. Fair entertainment.

The Great K. & A. Train Robbery (Fox; March 14).
Western. Tom Mix in a lively train-bandit plot. Tony, Dorothy Dwan, Carl Miller, Harry Grippe and Edward Peil form a sound support. Director, Lewis Seiler. Quite good, thrilling entertainment.

The Guardsman (Graham-Wilcox; March 21).
Marriage comedy. A German picture, with a rather thin story of a jealous husband who, after nearly strangling his wife, woos her back again in a series of disguises. Alfred Abel and Maria Corda are featured, and the supporting cast is sound. Fair, light entertainment.

The Hero of the Big Snows (Gaumont; March 14).
Melodrama. Rin-Tin-Tin stars in the usual dog picture, which is not too convincing. Alice Calhoun and Don Alvarado, a new actor of the Valentino type, are the principals of the human cast. Mediocre entertainment.

The Millionaire Mystery (Western Imp.; March 14).
Comedy. A German film that is only ordinarily amusing, dealing with the efforts of a millionaire to be loved for himself alone. Livio Pavanelli, Paul Heidemann, Hugo Werner Rable, Hans Mierendorf, Elga Brink, Elena Lunda, Henry Bender, Paul Biensfeld and Paul Morgan form a competent cast. Average entertainment.

Mademoiselle From Armentieres (Gaumont; March 4).
War melodrama. A British story of the war, written round the supposed identity of the lady made famous by Thomas Atkins. Estelle Brody is a very attractive "Mademoiselle," but the story itself deteriorates, towards the end, into a very conventional, melodramatic "spy

hokum." A rather regrettable tendency to imitate certain scenes in *The Big Parade* is also noticeable. Marie Ault, John Stuart, Alf Goddard, Humberston Wright, John Hamilton, Col. English, Albert Raynor, Boris Ranevsky, Clifford Heatherley, Gabriel Rosca and Sergeant I. Smith form a competent cast. Director, Maurice Elvey. Good entertainment.

Manon Lescaut (Wardour; March 28).

Romantic tragedy. A film version of Abbe Prevost's famous story brilliantly acted and produced. Lya de Putti gives a remarkable and moving performance in the title rôle, and she is excellently supported by Vladimar Gaidarow, Eduard Rothanser, Fritz Greiner, Hubert V. Meyerinck, Frida Richard, Emilie Kurz, Lydia Potechina, Theodor Loos, Siegfried Arno, Frude Hesterberg and Marline Dietrich. Director, Arthur Robinson.

Moran of the Mounted (Butcher; March 28).

Melodrama. Reed Howes, as a member of the North West Mounted Police, "gets his man"—and subsequently his girl—after the usual unerring fashion of men of his profession on the screen. Virginia Warwick, J. P. McGowan, Sheldon Lewis, Bruce Gordon, Bill Francy, Harry Semels and Chief Yowlache support. Director, Harry J. Brown. This is heavy and rather sordid, with no light relief.

The Mystery Bracelet (Ideal; March 21).

Western. Ranch story on usual lines, with chases, fights, and villains who try to steal a gold mine from the sweet young heroine. Cast includes Tom Tyler, Frances Dare, Jim London, David Dunbar and Frankie Darro. Fair entertainment of its kind.

The Open Switch (P. D. C.; March 14).

Melodrama. A rather muddled plot in which the main theme is the conflict between a band of train wreckers and a strong, silent hero, who is an agent for law and order. H. B. Warner, Lillian Rich, John Bowers, Lilyan Tashman, Eugene Pallette, Will Walling, Richard Neill, James Mason, Warren Rogers, Nelson McDowell and Robert Edeson form a good cast.

Padlocked (Paramount; March 14).

Melodrama. A film version of Rex Beach's novel that is excellently acted and directed, but is weak in story value. A strong cast includes Lois Moran, Noah Beery, Louise Dresser, Helen Jerome Eddy, Alan Simpson, Florence Turner, Richard Arlen, Charles Lane, Josephine Crowell, Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Charlot Bird. Director, Allan Dwan. Quite good entertainment.

Queen o' Diamonds (Pathé; March 14).

Crook melodrama. A good story with plenty of action. Evelyn Brent is very attractive in a dual rôle. She is ably supported by Elsa Lorimer, Phillips Smalley, Theodore von Eltz, William N. Bailey and Edward Peil. Director, Chester Withey. Good entertainment.

Rainbow Riley (First Nat.; March 7).

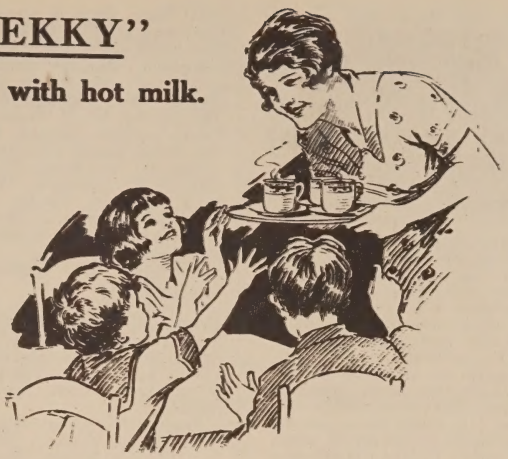
Comedy. Johnny Hines stars as a "cub" reporter in an amusing newspaper story. Brenda Bond, Bradley Barker, Dan Mason, John Hamilton, Harlan Knight, Herbert Standing, Ben Wilson and Lillian Ardell are good in support. Director, Charles Hines.

The Rainmaker (Paramount; Mar. 21).

Drama. Georgia Hale, William Collier, jun., Ernest Torrence, Brandon Hurst, Joseph Dowling, Tom Wilson, Martha Mattox, Charles K. French, Jack Richards and Melbourne McDowell in an un-

"BREKKY"

OXO with hot milk.



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BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

for giving the best results in home baking.

usual story, sincerely treated. Director, Clarence Badger. Fair entertainment.

Red Hot Leather (European; Mar. 28).

Western. Average cowboy plot, with some good rodeo scenes, starring Jack Hoxie. Ena Gregory, William Malen, Tom Shirley, W. H. Turner and George French support. Director, Al Rogell.

The Ridin' Rascal (European; Mar. 7).

Western. Art Acord, Olive Hasbrouck, Clarence E. Thompson, William Steele, S. E. Jennings, George Connor, Les Sailor and Dudley C. Hendricks in a conventional cowboy story. Director, Cliff Smith.

Something For Nothing (Pathé; March 21).

Comedy. Hal Waters, Muriel Paull, Monte Collins, sen., Monte Collins, jun., Sid Crossley and Anita Garvin in a comedy of country town life, disturbed by the activities of some crooks. Director, Harry Sweet. Good, light entertainment.

Spangles (European; March 14).

Circus melodrama. Marion Nixon, Pat O'Malley, Hobart Bosworth, Gladys Brockwell and Jay Emmett in a gripping story of the circus. Director, Frank O'Connor. Good, stirring entertainment.

The Triumph of the Rat (W. & F.; March 14).

Melodrama. Sequel to *The Rat*, made obviously in order to exploit the Novello profile and personality. Isabel Jeans, Nina Vanna, Marie Ault, Lewin Mannering, Mrs. Hayden-Coffin, Julie Suedo, Charles Dormer and Gabriel Rosca support Novello. Director, Graham Cutts. Novello fans will, of course, love it.

The Untamed Lady (Paramount; Mar. 28).

Society drama. Gloria Swanson as a spoiled society darling, used to having her own way in everything, who meets her match at last in the man she eventually marries. Laurence Gray, Joseph Smiley and Charles Graham support. Director, Frank Tuttle. Good entertainment.

Volcano (Paramount; March 7).

Drama. Bebe Daniels is good as a girl who is made to believe that she has coloured blood in her, although she is really white. The story is set in the old West Indies. A good supporting cast includes Ricardo Cortez, Wallace Beery, Eulalie Jensen and Arthur Edmund Carewe. Director, William K. Howard. Fair entertainment.

Webs of Steel (Ideal; March 28).

Railway drama. A good cast and a well-told story make this a welcome relief from the usual run of dramas. Helen Holmes, Bruce Gordon, Andrew Waldron, Arthur Morrison and Mack V. Wright all do good work. Director, J. P. McGowan.

When Love Grows Cold (Ideal; March 7).

Marriage drama. Natascha Rambova, Clive Brook, Sam Hardy, Kathlene Hill, John Gough, Kathlene Martyn and Russell Griffin in the story of a wife-snatcher, a husband-snatcher, and the triumph of true love. Director, Harry Hoyt. Not particularly edifying or amusing.

The Wild Bull's Lair (Ideal; Mar. 14).

Western. Fred Thompson and his horse, Silver King, in a blood-and-thunder story of the great outdoors. Catherine Bennett, Herbert Prior, Tom Carr, Frank Abbott and Frank Hagney form a capable support. Director, Del Andrews.

The Woman Tempted (Wardour; March 14).

Melodrama. Screen version of a silly story of an erotic nature, by Vera Countess Cathcart. Capable cast includes Juliette Compton, Warwick Ward, Malcolm Tod, Nina Vanna, Mrs. Hayden-Coffin, Joan Morgan and Judd Green. Director, Maurice Elvey.

Betty Balfour is as amusing as ever in "Blinkeyes." Here she is seen with Fisher White.

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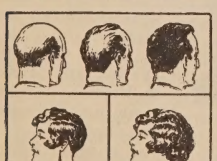

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IRRESISTIBLE SHADOWS.

As through a veil I see a face;
Eyes faintly sad, that haunt me—
Calling me to a distant place,
But something seems to daunt me.
Then I recall—I had forgot!
'Tis only a shadow show.
How can I follow what is not?
Speak with one I'll never know?
The shadow does not satisfy;
'Tis the substance that I crave.
How can a picture gratify?
Yet—I pause—'twould seem I rave!
For the silent stage enthrals me.
I adore each shadow friend!
And their image ever calls me:
I will watch them till the end!

"F DE L."

MY CHOICE.

Have your Ivor if you want him,
And Ben Lyon—Ricardo, too;
Conrad Nagel, Conway Tearle, and
Let who will love Monte Blue,
Or the Moores—Tom, Owen, Matt; while
Anyone may have Menjou.
I could mention many others
But your wrath I might provoke;
Those who leave me cold may thrill you—
Keep your favourites, then, you folk.
Choose your own pet picture stars—but—
Leave *me* handsome Rod La Rocque!

VERA.

TO MADGE BELLAMY.

A little lady with large, languorous eyes,
Now open wide in innocent surprise,
Now dimmed by shadowy fears and troubled sighs.
A dainty darling, fairy-like and slim,
Who charms our hearts with every girlish whim;
Yet for whose sake our eyes grow very dim.

MADGE BELLAMY.

When she, in girlish innocence, has strayed
Into a dark and dragon-haunted glade;
Where no Prince bares his bright and shining blade,
To free her from the object of her fear.
With troubled eyes into the gloom we peer,
And with relief behold a youth draw near;
Knowing he will be good and kind and wise,
And cherish and protect his lovely prize,
This little lady with large, langorous eyes.

CHARLES SAUNDERS.

Rudolph Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik" (Allied Artists Cor., Ltd.)

FREE WITH EVERY BUTYWAVE SHAMPOO

a beautiful photogravure portrait of Rudolph Valentino *postcard size for framing*) in one of his thrilling love scenes.

But this is not to persuade you to buy Butywave Shampoo, for when you use Butywave Shampoo for the first time, *when you see your hair transformed with brilliant lights and lustrous waviness*, you would never think of going back to the old kind of shampoo again.

It is the most amazing shampoo ever made! 6d. each—enough for two. From Boots — all chemists — and everywhere!

Each Butywave Shampoo contains (in separate packets) fresh Lime Juice Rinsing Crystals, and (for brunettes) special burnish Henna.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in Richard but not in Dix,
My second's in Tom but not in Mix,
My third is in Agnes but not in Ayres,
My fourth is in Owen and also in Nares,

CONWAY TEARLE.

My fifth is in Betty but not in Compson,
My sixth is in Violet but not in Hopson,
My seventh is in Carmel but not in Myers,
My eighth is in Walter and also in Hiers,
My last is in Colleen and also in Moore.
Solve it and you'll find the star I adore.

Answer.—Conway Tearle.

W. S. (Bournemouth).

TO MARY PICKFORD.

The lovely oval of your face,
The tender radiance of your eyes,
Your rosy lips, your pearly teeth,
Your rounded, dimpled chin beneath,
Are like a glimpse of Paradise.

E. A. S. (Bristol).

TO BETTY BALFOUR.

This poem, short, and may be sweet,
I offer to one star;
For she is fair, beyond compare,
More so than others are.
Queen of Mirth and Happiness,
Of all in life that's gay.
My homage to the British screen,
At her feet I lay.

M. S. (Tooting).

THE THINGS THEY CAN'T RESIST!

Continued from page 13.

the lighted candles around a birthday cake will suddenly go out without human agency.

Seastrom cannot resist symbolism in any shape or form; witness the episode of the insect in the rose Lewis Stone gave Alice Terry in *Confessions of a Queen;* the clever trick work symbols in *He Who Gets Slapped,* and the shadow of the wheels and the flowing woodland stream in *The Scarlet Letter.*

Moreover, if on entering a kinema in the middle of the feature film you notice a whole sequence told in a couple of "close-ups" of hands, you may be pretty sure the picture is one "directed by Victor Seastrom."

What symbols are to Seastrom, camels are to Edmund Carewe. Carewe is fond of desert pictures. He makes a few every year, and as sure as you see silhouettes of camels against the horizon, so surely you will find you are watching one of Edmund's efforts.

All producers seem to have a weakness for camels on the skyline. Heaven alone knows why. Camels are not particularly romantic, and we are told these "ships of the desert" can give Pola Negri or Jetta Goudal points in the matter of "temperament."

The camels think nothing of biting and savaging their directors if *they* are not in the mood for work before the cameras. Yet Edmund Carewe never seems to tire of them.

Herbert Brenon's fancy runs to mermaids. His first big hit as a producer was with a Fox fantasy in which Annette Kellerman was supported by bevies of mermaids, of all sizes and shapes. (*Neptune's Daughter.*)

In memory, doubtless, of that early triumph, Brenon introduces mermaids whenever and wherever humanly possible. The fairy lagoon in *Peter Pan* simply swarmed with them.

Dwarfs and original endings are the distinguishing marks of that Irish genius, Rex Ingram. Rex is a bit superstitious, and dwarfs are said to be lucky, so that accounts for them.

He also cannot resist finding new ways in which to write FINIS in celluloid. From *The Four Horsemen* down to *The Magician,* you cannot name two Rex Igram productions which end in the same way.

Eric Von Stroheim's signs-manual are the shaven poll and the ultra-long cigarette. Frank Lloyd's, two very pretty and striking bits of out-of-doors "location." One has a huge tree in the foreground; the other a stone arch. You can spot them in almost every Lloyd film since *Ashes of Vengeance,* if you are on the look-out for them.

Space forbids further instances, but the finding and noting of such identification marks as these is the favourite pastime of the discriminating film lover of 1927.

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique powers.

The Film Danger

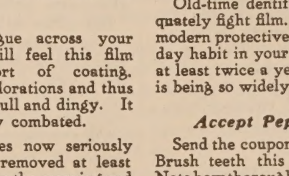
To which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

To cultivate tooth clearness and firm healthy gums by combating film on teeth is advised by many authorities

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-colour" teeth, have a potential origin in a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It must be constantly combated.

Dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime—and urge for this purpose a special film removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this be done regularly.



Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids that may cause decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums, thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. This is why this modern protective way, as a twice-a-day habit in your home, and a visit at least twice a year to your dentist, is being so widely advised to-day.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10-days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Picturegoer, Mar. 1927.

Another batch of movie gossip from our English correspondent in New York.

William Fox's *What Price Glory?* brings war realism on the screen to a sensational climax. Though it has been announced for release as a "super" in England, I fail to see how more than a few hundred feet of the present version could ever get past the notorious scissors of T. P. O'Connor.

The chances are that the wily Mr. Fox has taken plenty of material specially for inclusion in the British copies—and London will then be spoonfed on the American press notices, when it is virtually a different picture than is shown outside of America.

As in *The Big Parade,* there is not a sign of a British soldier anywhere, so one supposes that our critics will recommence their howling about "how America won the war." To this they may add indignant outcries against the blasphemously raw treatment of a sacred subject. That all depends on Mr. O'Connor and his scissors.

They will, however, once again be forced to admit that the Americans have triumphed in the purely technical presentation of warfare. They may also be mollified by the fact that the leading rôle is played by an Englishman, Victor McLaglen. Victor's performance is simply astounding.

One could never have suspected him of possessing such a terrific screen personality, nor such a perfect sense of dramatic values. He is a different actor from the McLaglen who, two years ago, forsook the sinking ship of British pictures. *What Price Glory?* elevates him in one move to front-rank stardom, and he deserves it.

This picture shows modern war in all its nakedness, stripped of all patriotic or other sentiment. Not a single flag appears in it. It eliminates the personal element by showing the contestants of both sides as if caught up in a world cataclysm far greater than themselves.

There is not one noble character in it, by all the movie traditions of nobility. As a whole, the soldiers are shown as a ribald and depraved crowd, their sole pursuits, apart from fighting, being the twin ones of wine and women.

Individually, the characters are no better. McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are depicted as a couple of raw, elemental warriors, who call each other every obscene name in the dictionary, as in campaign after campaign they find themselves fighting over the possession of a woman. Dolores del Rio, apart from being physically beautiful, is by all accepted movie standards, as immoral as she could be.

Now wait and see what the picture looks like when they show it in London.

The Gretas Storm Broadway.

Whether or not it can be credited to Miss Loos' publicity campaign on behalf of their clan, it is past doubt that a remarkable boom is going on in the fair-headed screen stars of Scandinavia.

Greta Garbo, for instance, caused a miniature panic up and down Broadway in her latest vehicle, *The Flesh and the Devil* (which is what they call a "box-office title").

Poor Jack Gilbert, who is really supposed to be the star of *The Flesh and the Devil,* was barely noticed. When he arrived here recently for a nice quiet holiday, he was immediately bombarded with questions as to when he would be leading the Garbo girl down the aisle. Jack, whose offered hand had been rejected in favour of Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director, had to smile as benignly as possible on his persecutors and make the conventional remarks about the best man winning.

Another of the Same.

Greta Nissen, the other Scandinavian preference of the hour, is rapidly fulfilling the promise of popularity she showed in her first batch of pictures.

This Greta, unlike her namesake, had never appeared in pictures before she came to America, but was picked from the stage while acting here in the play, "Beggar on Horseback."

Jesse Lasky, whose ways are inscrutable, elected to put her in bead costumes, removing so many beads after each picture. *The Lady of the Harem,* that nauseating screen version of "Hassan," saw things coming to a climax.

Greta told Mr. Lasky that she declined to remove any more beads, and would in any case appreciate it very much if the heating arrangements of the studio could be improved. Mr. Lasky not seeing his way clear to yielding on either point, Greta put on her fur wrap and went out into the night.

The Paramount officials talked about "temperament," and heaved thankful sighs of relief. Now the laugh is on the other side of their faces. Greta's appealing presence proved so essential to the welfare of their programme that they have had to re-engage her, picture by picture, as a free-lance player.

This means that she is now receiving considerably more than when she was on contract, and also has the casting vote in the matter of beads. The public likes her so much that Mr. Lasky has had to swallow his pride and give her name stellar prominence in his advertising.

The Boy Director—American Style.

The looming cloud of dissension within the Famous-Players' Hollywood studio, which may end in several of the company's best stars packing their grease-paints and lighting out for other fields, sent Malcolm St. Clair, America's boy director *par excellence,* flying eastward.

B. P. Schulberg, who is in charge of production in the West, has not been getting along very smoothly with his contract actors and directors. Wallace Beery, Ray Griffith and James Cruze are among those who, before long, may bid adieu to the Lasky banner on this account.

Mal. St. Clair, an essentially peaceful person, got himself shunted to New York for his new Richard Dix production, so as to avoid internal friction in the studio. He told me, when I met him on the set at Long Island, that he would sacrifice anything in the cause of peace. In spite of the congestion and the poorer facilities at the Long Island studio everything runs smoothly, and no one tries to interfere with him.

Everything there is to do in pictures has fallen to the lot of Mal. St. Clair. After eight years of vagabondage in movie studios, he ended up with a contract to do a subtle picture as an experiment for Famous. The picture was *Are Parents People?* It made a pile of money and of prestige for Famous-Players, and since then Mal. has never turned out a commercial failure, in spite of having made some of the most intelligent productions of the period.

He now earns £500 a week, but he still smokes gaspers, and is as elusive a personality to draw out as he was before he started expressing himself in pictures. He has far more under his hat than anyone has suspected yet.

Gladys Cooper on My Own Preparations

I am delighted with the number of letters I have received from "Picturegoer" readers saying how much they like my Shampoo, and I can tell you all, most emphatically, that in my opinion there is no better to be obtained. I speak from experience, as, like all my other preparations, I use it myself and know how extraordinarily beneficial to the health of the scalp, and the colour and sheen of the hair, are the special ingredients that it contains.

I wish that I could send you a sample of my Face Cream also, for although I am satisfied that all my preparations are as near perfection as possible, I consider the Face Cream to be my masterpiece. It is made from the very purest and finest vegetable oils, gin, fresh lemon juice, real cucumbers, and herbal waters. The Cream is so fine that it penetrates right into the skin, nourishing the under tissues, and at the same time allowing the astringent ingredients to close the pores of the skin after they have been thoroughly cleansed.

It has been proved to be a sure cure for enlarged pores and I can guarantee that with faithful application your skin will become degrees fairer and finer.

As important as the use of a good cream is the choice of a superfine Face Powder of the correct shade. If you care to write to me, I shall be delighted to send you a sample of the powder that I always use myself. Extremely fine in texture, it has an expression quite of its own, and if you try it I know that like myself, you will never want to use any other.

Please write to me personally if you have any complexion queries. I shall be delighted to reply.

Gladys Cooper

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Exactly the same quality as in Pots - 25/-, 6/6, 3/6
Rose Balm - - - - - - 6/6, 3/6
Astringent Lotion - - - - - 5/6, 3/-
Liquid Day Cream - - - - - 4/6

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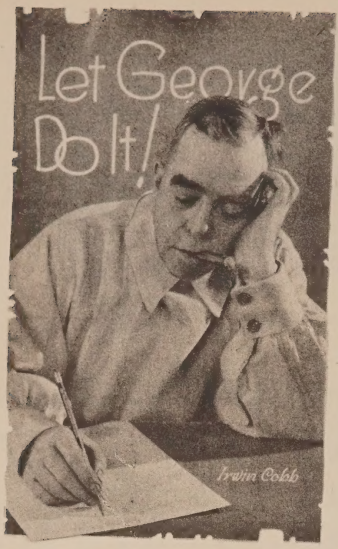

JERRY (Norwich).—(1) Helen Ferguson was born in 1901. (2) She retired from the screen some time ago, when she married, and is living in Hollywood, I believe. (3) I've handed over your "Carol" with my blessing.

L. T. (Holborn).—Not so much of the "old," my child. (1) Art plates of Ivor Novello have appeared in August, 1925, and February, 1926, issues of PICTUREGOER. I'll see about another later, but can't promise anything.

ROSINA (Bournemouth).—I have been a "dear," as usual, and forwarded your letter. I think John will send you a photo.

THE UNKNOWN.—Glad you liked the Gladys Cooper Shampoo. (1) I'm afraid I can't tell you how many readers PICTUREGOER has—I've never stopped to count them. Anyway, there are quite enough of them to send me prematurely grey!

DISMAL DESMOND (Bexhill-on-Sea).—(1) Jack Buchanan is in the early forties. (2) He isn't married now. (3) His present address is c/o London Hippodrome, Leicester Square, where he is playing in "Sunny." (4) He hopes to make another picture over here before going to America to fulfil a film contract.

BOYDITE (London).—(1) William Boyd was born at Cambridge, Ohio. (2) I'll try to get you an article on William in a future issue. (3) Rod La Rocque was born November 29th, 1898. (4) Kenneth Harlan was born July 26th, 1895. (5) Ramon Novarro was born February 6th, 1899. (6) No photos of me. You've just called me an angel, so how can you expect to have a photo of anything so ethereal.

DOROTHY MORRIS (12, Ayrsome Road, Stoke Newington, N.16), announces that any fans desirous of obtaining information anent the Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro Clubs should write to her, enclosing a stamp for reply. Rod La Rocque's latest film is *The Cruise of the Jasper B.*

R. M. A. (Oxford).—I can't print all those addresses here, but if you send your letters to me, in stamped envelopes with the names of the stars written on, I'll forward them for you.

RAT (Bromley).—(1) Yes, Ivor Novello's address is still the same. (2) He's still unmarried. (3) Jack Buchanan isn't married now. (4) Ivor Novello is going to revive *The Rat* at the Prince of Wales Theatre. He is making a film version of *Downhill*. (5) On hearing that you think me a wonderful man I Charlestoned with joy in the middle of the office.

T. A. (Manchester).—(1) I really can't advise you to try for a screen career, unless you have a private income to depend on. (2) Buster Keaton's latest film is *The General*.

PAT (Dublin).—(1) Dorothy Gish's last picture was *Tiptoes*, in which she played with Will Rogers and Nelson Keys. (2) I think she would send you a signed photo if you ask nicely. Write to her c/o British National Studios, Elstree.

R. F. (Cheltenham).—(1) Yes, Alice Terry is married to Rex Ingram. (2) She is at present in Nice with her husband. (3) Her hair is auburn, but as red hair always photographs dark she wears a fair wig in her pictures.

TOM (Oxford).—(1) I haven't seen anything of Earle Williams lately—he seems to have dropped out of the film world. (2) Monte Blue is married to Tove Janssen. (3) They have one little girl.

G. P. (Worthing).—Letter forwarded to Blanche Sweet.

BETTY (Southsea).—(1) Delighted to grant your first request, Betty—especially as its such a simple one. Douglas Fairbanks' address is Pickfair, Beverley Hills, Hollywood, California.

FIANETTA (Malmesbury).—(1) I'm afraid there's little chance of your seeing *The Prisoner of Zenda* now. It was released some time ago, and has not been reissued. (2) Douglas Fairbanks' most famous film is a matter of opinion. Some of his biggest have been *The Mark of Zorro, The Three Musketeers, Robin Hood, Don Q, Son of Zorro, The Thief of Bagdad*, and *The Black Pirate*.

BETTY'S SINCEREST ADMIRER (Ponder's End).—(1) Betty Blythe was born in 1893. (2) I'm afraid I can't see inside a film star's mind. There are limits, even to my marvellous abilities. (3) It is very difficult to get inside a film studio unless you are a member of the Press, or a friend of somebody's aunt's cousin in the organisation. (4) No casts given here. Sorry! (5) I don't think Betty Blythe has any idea of coming back here to work.

ANOTHER PICTUREGOER (S.W.6).—(1) Letters forwarded. (2) Leatrice Joy's birthday is November 7th. (3) Of course I sometimes go to the pictures. What a question!

G. B. H. (London).—(1) Norman Kerry is 6 ft. 2 ins. in height. (2) He is somewhere in the thirties—doesn't say exactly where! (3) Lon Chaney is an American. (4) Otis Harlan is no relation to Kenneth Harlan. (5) Harrison Ford isn't married. (6) Douglas MacLean is American.

E. R. (N.W.2).—(1) Your letter has been forwarded to the right address. (2) Better repeat those queries—the postman must have swallowed them.

BRUNETTE (Bow).—(1) Pola Negri isn't married now. (2) Send to the "Picturegoer Salon," 23, Endell Street, for particulars of postcards obtainable. (3) Robert Agnew was born in 1899.

M. E. D. R. (Lancashire).—(1) Yes, Victor Varconi played "Prince Dimitri" in *The Volga Boatman*. (2) His address is c/o Cecil de Mille Studios, Culver City, California.

JACQUES DE KARMEL (Warwickshire).—(1) British film studios working at the time of writing are Gaumont Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush; Piccadilly Studios, Poole Street, Islington; British National Studios, Elstree, Herts.

NORAH (Bayswater).—(1) Write to our Publishing Department, Arne Street, W.C.2, for back numbers of PICTUREGOER. The charge is 1/3, post free. (2) John Gilbert's address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (3) Reginald Denny's address is c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Tony Moreno's address is c/o British National Studios, Elstree, Herts.

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MIDNIGHT MOVIE MAKING

(*Continued from page* 30).

Then I was taken to see some of the night trench scenes, and at close quarters found the explosions terribly realistic.

Nobody was allowed to stand in the open when the various mines went up. Cameras were under cover, and we were told to stand behind a row of trucks, or under big umbrellas which would catch the lumps of flying earth.

Down in a hollow, in mud-filled trenches, hundreds of men crawled, and lay still, and crawled again.

On the edge of the crater, Raoul Walsh, the director, shouted instructions to Edmund Lowe as he lay on his face in a shell-hole—"He's been down there for three hours, poor devil," said Victor McLaglen and Leslie Fenton, grinning, as they commenced hot coffee and sandwiches at a friendly coffee-stall that was travelling round the set.

On the other side of the hill, ruined houses stood silhouetted against the sky.

Every few minutes a "flare" sizzled madly, casting a hideous glare over the crawling figures in the mud.

Away to our left five or six men edged their way along the hillside, stopping every few feet; they were laying the powder for the mines that were to be exploded in a few minutes.

Everything was ready. A dresser rushed at Edmund Lowe, squirted some oil on his face, smeared some mud on the oil, and retired hurriedly.

Raoul Walsh stopped joking; his "army" stopped laughing at his witty remarks, made to ease the time of waiting.

There was half a minute of silence, then one deafening explosion after another, earth flying in chunks, figures rushing for shelter.

As we made a bee-line for a big umbrella some other people dashed in the same direction.

We ran a dead heat, and as we clung together, I heard a very English voice exclaim—"My goodness! I *know* we'll all be killed!"

I turned round, and there stood Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, the stars of Charlot's Revue!

Our last meeting had been in London, and though *I* knew *they* were in Hollywood, they had not the slightest idea that I was anywhere but in Piccadilly.

In their surprise at seeing me, and our mutual exclamations, we missed at least half a dozen immense explosions; and when we recovered ourselves the worst of the "shooting" was over. It was a great night.

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W. Kerrigan.
"Gloria."
Viola Dana.
Colleen Moore.
J. McCormick.

PICTUREGOER SALON, 23, Endell Street, London, W.C.2

America is coming to London! Bit by bit she has been worming her way in, and presently the English capital, cradle of ancient greatness, will have "nothing on" New York, and the American tourist, doing Europe, will find with us a real home from home. To-day I saw a "hot dog" man selling his steaming wares in Leicester Square, and later in the same day I read that plans are being made for the erection of several new super kinemas in the West End of London. Do people really want their film entertainment served up to them in edifices reminiscent of the Roman Coliseum, with "effects" that exceed the richness of the films themselves in their ill-placed splendour? To me there is something incongruous about it all—like eating one of the aforesaid "hot dogs" off a golden plate—or presenting a Punch and Judy show at the Albert Hall. But the film magnates, of course, know best!

The Super Kinema Bogey.

"In these days, when so many younger actors and actresses are coming into prominence, it is good to see that Lewis Stone still has a large number of admirers. In *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the first film of his that I saw, his 'Rudolf Rassendyll' was as sincere and unselfish as anyone could wish to see, even if he may not have looked quite one's idea of the part. In *Scaramouche*, his dignified, finished performance made many of us sympathise to some extent with the villain 'Marquis.' And, in one of his more recent pictures, *The Girl From Montmartre*, we see him again in the type of part that, I would say, suits him best—that of an English gentleman, no longer with the dazzling attractions of first youth, but always, even in the most desperate circumstances, cultured and honourable," writes *Usher.*

An Older Favourite.

Eugénie writes: "I have never dared to voice an opinion before, but with your permission, I will do so now. The fact is, I have discovered a rare phenomena — a handsome hero with brains!!! Name—Rod la Rocque. Can anybody think of a better movie, from the viewpoint of characterisation, than *Braveheart*? — Chorus of 'No's' (a few indignant 'Yes'es from those who put their personal tastes before their discrimination). In my opinion, *Braveheart* had *The Sheik*, *The Arab*, and all other products of the desert knocked into the middle of next week, to say nothing of *The Vanishing Race*, Dix's ignoble effort at 'Indian stuff.' Rod looked like a Redskin, and what's more, *behaved* like the genuine article, a detail which the desert gentlemen completely omitted. No Arab to date ever warbled the 'Indian Love Lyrics,' or pursued golden-haired females, as Novarro and the rest would have us believe. That is the trouble with Rod—he is too clever; he acts like a human being and the flappers don't like it. A pity—but, obviously a fact—or he would have been at the very top long before now. As it is, the highest rung will always be occupied by someone with a Grecian profile and a head capable of doing duty only as a hatstand; while La Rocque, with more technique in his little finger than the rest have ever heard of, struggles on among the 'also rans,' making sane pictures for the entertainment of the select few."

Brains and Beauty.

Live Star writes: "Having been a reader of the PICTUREGOER for some time, I am at last giving my opinion of a few of the stars. Norma Talmadge: The finest emotional and character actress that has ever lived, and the best of the living. Bebe Daniels: This splendid 'star' can play all parts equally well—high-spirited — comedies — pathetic — tragedies — vamp — beautiful — but not too proud. Jack Holt: A good specimen of the 'brave men of the West'—equally comfortable as a 'gentleman of society,' or as a down and out cowpuncher or tramp. Conway Tearle: The finest 'Heman' on the screen. Ideal type of cave-man. Splendid acting—and his 'snarl' reigns supreme."

Some Opinions.

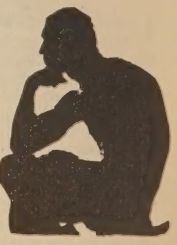
What do other fans think?

L.T. (Cricklewood) writes: "I think it would be a splendid thing if, as you suggest, this year saw an end to the star system. Of course, there will always be fans who go 'potty' over different players merely because they respond to their idea of 'beauty,' but the majority of picturegoers want to see a good story, competently acted by the entire cast. Personally, I am always delighted when I see some simpering, publicity-made star, outshone in his or her picture by a comparatively minor player."

Stories—Not Stars!

This Month's Great Thought.

If "talking films" really become the thing of the future, we shall at last be able to get something for our 1/3 when the lady with the ostrich plumes in the seat in front insists on keeping her hat on!



THE THINKER.

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Rod la Roque and Jobyna Ralston in "Gigolo"

DOLORES COSTELLO & JOHN BARRYMORE

In one of the lavish settings in the film "His Lady," originally entitled "Manon Lescaut." Apart from the remarkable cast, acting and settings, this photoplay will afford film fans excellent entertainment by reason of its interesting comparisons with the German film of the same story, which starred Lya de Putti.

The PICTUREGOER
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Our Observatory

For the Discovery of New Stars that twinkle in the Movie Firmament.

Estelle Brody.

A new little star is up over the British Isles, and every night as it gets brighter we can watch it twinkling, and say, "See that beauty? That's ours!"

Estelle Brody is one of those stars who are recognisable as major luminaries from the very first moment of their first appearance.

When she came smiling out of the *estaminet* in *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*, a stranger, a newcomer from Canada, to the screen, there was never a fraction of hesitation, never a doubt. "Will she do?"—We knew, in a single glance what she was, and what she was going to be, and the only question was, "How soon can we see her again?"

By the time she appeared in her second picture, *Hindle Wakes*, we felt as though we had been her friends all our lives.

Here is a girl who is strong, and simple, and genuine, who doesn't care whether she is beautiful or not; who has no airs; who is one of ourselves; who is quickly touched; who can laugh and make a whole theatre happy with her. She belongs to the *soubrette* school, which is loved the wide world over; the type of Viola Dana and Mady Christians, Vera Reynolds and Karina Bell.

ESTELLE BRODY.

Her technique is still young and tentative, without mannerism and without any great surety of touch, but it is the technique of an artist who *feels* her material, and is working out her own method through experience.

It is the work of a beginner, but of a beginner who is going very swiftly towards a valuable and definite end.

I see a great career in front of Estelle Brody. I see her playing with more and more confidence in the films of this country, until she has risen to the very front of the topmost rank of British stars.

I see offers from abroad, tempting offers, and spirited competition for her services; I see her reputation spreading overseas, growing with every picture she makes, becoming world-famous—until it seems almost incredible that in 1927 we pointed to her on the screen, and said, "That's Estelle Brody. She's a new British actress. This is her first film."

Ian Keith.

Every now and then we gentlemen of the telescope who sweep the film sky in search of rising stars, are troubled with the passage of a comet. There are several of them, strange, fiery personalities who are visible from time to time, who startle us for a night, and go by into the darkness, to be forgotten until the years bring them round again in their circle.

Ian Keith is one of these comets, perhaps the most mysterious of them. We know very little about him.

For months at a time he is hidden from the screen; then a new picture brings him flashily back for a moment: we rediscover him: we delight in him: we wonder about him: and before we have come to know him he has gone.

Gloria Swanson found him first.

IAN KEITH.

He lit the romance in *Her Love Story*, which covered Gloria with beauty.

He may pass out of the kinema and be forgotten, or he may play one great part, a Lancelot of the Round Table, perhaps, and burn it all up with his visionary fire. You can't foretell. You can only wait. Keep your eye on the western sky, and don't forget the comets because the night is full of stars.

THE ASTRONOMER.

Left: Ralph Graves and Paulette Duval with Lionel Belmore.

Circle: Renée Adorée as "Peggy" in "Blarney."

Irish Stew!

The filming of Donn Byrne's great Irish story.

How an incurable romanticist like Donn Byrne could turn his hand from the creation of airy fantasies, like *The Wind Bloweth* and *Messer Marco Polo* to a red-blooded, bare-knuckled, he-man, fight-and-fisticuff affair, like his "Saturday Evening Post" serial, *In Praise of James Carabine,* is a matter, in all probability, which did not agitate the minds of the movie mandarins who purchased the film rights.

Nor can one blame them when there emerges a real programme-thriller like *Blarney,* with Paulette Duval and Renée Adorée as twin heroines battling for the affections of a hot-headed Irish pugilist.

Donn Byrne's adoption of the boxing theme, however, is not quite so paradoxical as appears on the surace. For this modern Don Quixote—author of a few slim volumes of fantastic and oddly-conceived prose-poems — has never lacked a sense of drama, or the heart for high adventure. . . .

Obviously, if he had not been an athlete himself, he could not have described with such vigour and realistic gusto that great fight between "James Carabine" and "Blasco Johnson" in the picture under discussion. Originally known as *In Praise of James Carabine,* the new picture has been re-christened by a somewhat partisan critic *In Praise of Ralph Graves*! For the erstwhile Sennett leading man consistently holds your interest as the egotistical, but charming, Irish youth—"James Carabine,"—idol of the prize-ring, in a picturesque setting of the 'seventies.

Praise, also, is justly meted out to Marcel De Sano, who deftly directed this absorbing story of a boy's swift rise and even swifter fall. Taking four totally dissimilar human beings, he has made of each a type distinctive of a particular layer of the social strata.

The "highspots" of the story are emphasised to the limit of dramatic appeal and further enhanced by an impressionistic juxtaposition of scenes. We are transported, in a moment, to that quaint old-fashioned era when ladies wore cute little *chapeaux,* perched high upon their flowing ringlets, wasp-waisted velvet bodices, and voluminous skirts trailing along the floor; when boxing was illegal in the State of New York—as bootlegging is to-day!—and champions of that sport scorned the use of gloves.

Blarney should have a wide appeal, for it has thrills, comedy, a tender episode in Milady's lamplit bedchamber, as well as authentic character work and touches of delicious satire. It is wholesome, virile, alive, glowing with personality—as if the author had magically distilled a part of himself into the story.

In the character quartette, Ralph Graves' performance is outstanding.

James Carabine, in the Graves manner, is the personification of young egotism, so unconscious, so ingratiating, so naïve, that it attracts rather than repels.

Carabine—boxing champion of Ireland—believes himself favoured of the gods. Arriving penniless and totally unknown in New York City, he acquires a moneyed "backer," wins a number of important contests, and marries the beguiling siren of his heart.

Then his grief begins.

For, with typical Carabine stupidity—as lovable as it is irritating—he fails to perceive when his wife, played by Paulette Duval, has tired of him. True to type, the elusive Paulette, as "Marcelina," transfers her affections to the victorious "Blanco Johnson (played by Malcolm Waite), leaving Carabine to his bitter reflections after the "knock-out" blow in the championship fight.

He is, however, of the rare stuff that does not give in, even under overwhelmingly adverse circumstances, and finds comfort at last in the arms of Renée Adorée, his little "Irish rose."

Paulette Duval, suave and silken, easily captures the honours among the feminine members of the cast. As "Marcelina," darling of the music halls, she is singularly attractive, lending a subtle air of coquetry to the quaint costumes of a bygone day.

A love passage between Ralph Graves and Paulette Duval.

Paulette Duval as "Marcelina," the heartless coquette in "Blarney."

Incidentally, "Paulette" made her début on the screen in a small part—that of "Zinida" in *He Who Gets Slapped.* Subsequently, she was assigned an important rôle in the film version of Samuel Shipman's successful stage play, *Cheaper to Marry*, directed by Robert Z. Leonard, and more recently a notable part opposite Conrad Nagel in *The Exquisite Sinner.*

Renée Adorée, as "Peggy"—Carabine's faithful little Irish sweetheart—is given no opportunity to display her usual vivacity. Indeed, she is rather a sad and forlorn little figure—"the girl who was left behind." The customary Adorée fire is entirely absent from her characterisation.

"Peggy" persists in placidly adoring her pugilistic hero, even when he is so careless as to marry someone else, rushing to her, jubilantly (after his blind and blundering fashion), to impart the glad news. A meek and gentle creature, is this "Peggy, whose kind heart, in the end, wins into its keeping her somewhat battered idol.

Malcolm Waite—as the hulking "Blanco," who both defeats "Carabine" and steals his wife—gives a smooth and convincing performance. Although merely personifying the inevitable menace, he contrives to give the rôle real individuality.

The final scene, where he divests himself of the alluring "Marcelina," iwth whom he has grown excessively bored, is exceptionally well handled.

Among the other members of the cast, Bull Montana makes an effective "Poughkeepsie Killer," while Lionel Belmore, as the rotund impressario, and Del Anderson, the convivial "Sir Valentine," are deserving of special mention.

Several of the fight scenes are particularly interesting, if only by reason of their contrast with present-day procedure.

Similarly, the music hall episodes are a significant reminder of the "good old days"—a fascinating glimpse into the entertainment world of half a century ago!

We Should Worry!

Let the opponents of the kinema do their worst. Who cares?

Slanging the films is the favourite indoor sport of the season. Miss Lena Ashwell says that they teach people to give false values to life; Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop calls the kinema the "unimaginative man's public-house"; the Rev. R. A. Cholmeley, headmaster of Owen's, a big city school, says that films are made solely to attract the greatest number of the silliest people in their silliest moments, and that he would not like to be in Hollywood on the day of Judgment! Selah!

Let us answer these people according to their folly. We can tell Miss Ashwell that even Shakespeare was no stern realist, and that there are many unfortunates who get quite enough realism with their daily bread and stand in real need of a corrective of romance, however hectic.

To Mr. Calthrop we could point out that at least no man has left a kinema imagining that his wife was a punching-ball. The reverend headmaster takes his argument on to a higher plane, and the rarefied air leaves me breathless. But I can still whisper that there is nothing half so silly in the films as the things which are said about them.

The trouble with these good people is that they don't go to the kinema. They merely sling mud at it. If they did go they would either be converted or they would find material for far more vigorous denunciations. Why, any film fan with a temporary grievance could think of more scathing criticisms than their feeble generalisations.

I'm afraid they are fairly represented by a dear old soul of my acquaintance. He went, for the first and last time, to see the scenes of the coronation of King George. And he has been the screen's severest critic ever since.

The loss is all on their side. Over and above the lowly delights of star-gazing they are in at the birth of a new art and they don't realise it, simply because they have always thought of art as the property of an elite few.

This, which is the amusement of a multitude, is beyond their comprehension. Art starving in a garret they will recognise—when the artist has been dead a few years. But art struggling to find a clear path through popularity and prosperity they will have none of.

Emil Jannings and Yvette Guilbert in "Faust."

They are like the savants of the Middle Ages who poured scorn on the men who dared to write in their mother tongue instead of in Latin or Greek. Or like the finicky prelates who were disgusted at the coarse simplicity of the miracle plays enacted by the guild apprentices. But it was the fathers of English literature and the founders of the drama they were despising.

They know nothing of the inspiration of the screen, or of its brilliant craftsmanship. How should they, when the last film they saw was probably *What Happened to Mary?* and *Vaudeville, The Black Pirate, Beau Geste, Faust,* are only a string of names to them.

The Times, entering the controversy with all its customary weight and dignity, is more just; it sees the enormous potentialities of the screen, acknowledges it as a new medium of expression with a technique all its own—is prepared to give it an honourable place in the world of art.

It says, however, and truly, that every film turned out does not pretend to have any artistic merit. It is the commercial side of the kinema which is all wrong; the ephemeral programme film which it fears.

Week after week people crowd into the kinema to see films bearing no relation to real life; films which teach, among other horrible fallacies, that virtue is invariably rewarded with wealth and kisses. *The Times* fears for a nation imbued with such strange doctrines.

I think *The Times* has lost its sense of proportion. That common herd doesn't go to the pictures for reality. They want to leave that outside in the high street. I have seen a woman, her hands still warm with suds from the wash-tub, nod in perfect agreement with the mother in *The Old Nest,* or was it *Over the Hill,* who gave her daughter the rent-money for a new frock, because the landlord had enough already and youth was short. But I'm prepared to swear that she paid her own rent on Friday as usual. I've heard the pithy remarks of a cockney girl on a screen butterfly, whose incredible innocence seems to have involved her in disaster. She would be disappointed if she was deprived of a happy ending, but she isn't too dazzled to remark, in parenthesis, "Well, whatever she gets, she's asked for it!"

The best people don't go to the films? Well, we do! There was a district visitor once who remonstrated with a factory maiden on a breach of the proprieties. "We don't do such things," she said conclusively. The reply fits our case. "You don't. We notices you don't. And we pities you for it."

E. R.

Easy Money

We might all be earning princely salaries if it were as easy to become a stage idol as it appears on the screen.

If real life events were anything like reel life events this world would be such a pleasant place that none of us would ever want to leave it. This reflection arises from having watched sundry film heroes and heroines "make good" on the screen in their various film occupations.

They do it so very easily and so very un-naturally. A young workman has a brilliant idea. He wants the big boss to see it, confident that it has only to be seen to make his fortune. He's right (as it is a film, and not a fact). In the ordinary course of events, he might have to wait years for his chance. Not in a film, though.

The boss's pretty daughter falls in love with him at sight, and in two shakes he is invited to the big boss's house to dine, received by that worthy himself with open arms, and allowed to draw plans on the best dining-room tablecloth. This is not invention, this is what happens to William Boyd in *The Enduring Flame*.

Of course, he marries the pretty daughter, they always do, but in this case Father is entirely with him from the start. It never happens like that in every day affairs. Fortunes are not made overnight, nor reputations, either.

The way film heroines contrive to become stage or operatic idols in a single sub-title is another movie marvel.

Usually she has had no experience at all, nevertheless we are told she is "the rage of Paris," "the idol of the music loving world," or some such rodomontade, and are then treated to a specimen of her art. Easy money! And then some!

Greta Garbo, in *Torrent* is seen for one moment in a kind of Juliet costume on the stage. Then the curtain descends, and she is seen bowing before it and acknowledging tumults of applause, which, so far as we could see she had done extremely little towards earning.

It is the same with stage triumphs on the screen. The "star" merely shows herself, and is immediately cheered and simply deluged with floral triumphs.

Dorothy Gish in *Nell Gwyn* achieves her triumphs with surpassingly little. Audiences must have been a great deal more easily pleased then than they are now.

Then there was Mary Philbin in *A Gaiety Girl*. What on earth was there in her brief appearance on the stage for audiences to rave about? Nobody expects to see a complete theatrical or operatic career depicted in celluloid, though this is actually going to be done when "Jenny Lind" is screened, but a little more verisimilitude in these matters would be an excellent thing.

When Monte Blue appeared in *The Lover of Camille* he looked very well in his pierrot costume and whitened face, but as for deserving the plaudits and magnificent flowers he had showered upon him . . . well you and I could do all he did but we should probably be well "birded" for it. According to the screen, though, Paris is prone to idolise anybody.

Above: Lili Damita won her laurels easily in "Red Heels." Left: No clown ever worked less than Monte Blue in "The Lover of Camille."

According to certain people who have been to Paris, this is not the case at all. Paris is not easy to conquer, and only in a film could anything like *The Dancer of Paris* occur.

The little lady in *Red Heels*, too, Lili Damita, seemed to reach dizzy heights of popularity very rapidly and with surprising ease. We who watch these miraculous triumphs cannot repress a wish that things really WERE as easy as the film makers would have us believe, and that success came at the first call.

BILL BRADBURY.

Laughs in the Letter Bag

By G. R. SILVER

The correspondence of famous screen stars reveals some strange and surprising requests.

Anna Q. Nilsson.

Fan Mail, that barometer of screen popularity and bugbear of all secretaries of motion picture stars, brings to Hollywood each and every day, the strangest assortment of requests ever handled through the United States mails. No really prominent film celebrity escapes —it is one of the penalties of being famous.

Children, inventors, business men, love-sick boys and girls, intelligent admirers, fools, cranks and about everybody else in the world write letters to their favourite stars.

Most of the letters contain requests for this or for that—some are interesting, some are pathetic; others are humorously absurd, while a few are downright impudent.

For example, Douglas Fairbanks received a letter from a woman in Pennsylvania not so long ago, stating that her son, in practising one of Doug's stunts had jumped off the barn roof and broken his leg. She thought it was only right that Doug. should pay the doctor's bills!

Mary Pickford receives a great many letters of a similar nature. A woman in the Middle West wrote saying her husband was very ill and couldn't buy her any of the necessities of life. She wondered if Mary would send her two evening gowns, a fur coat, a car, a radio set, two Persian rugs, an electric stove, and a few other necessities of life!

Anna Q. Nilsson had some very annoying letters about a year ago. It all happened because she stumbled on the set and broke a small bone in a toe of her right foot. When the public heard of the slight accident letters began pouring in to the blonde actress—not letters of sympathy or inquiry but extremely annoying and maddening letters under the circumstances. One of the first began something like this:

Dear Madam,—From a report recently received we believe you will be interested very soon in the fitting and construction of artificial limbs, and we would be pleased to have you give ours a trial . . . ."

Another firm wrote Anna that their patented double-action joint had made thousands happy and it would make her ankle shapelier and prettier than it was before! Evidently the manufacturer had never had a peep at Anna's ankle.

Pola Negri received this request from a gentleman in far-away Cairo:

"Please send me some signed and pretty direct posed pictures of yourself, especially those when you are wearing your evening attire, your bathing suit and your night-gown!"

Matt Moore.

A Pennsylvania book agent thought of what he termed a brilliant idea, and wrote and told Blanche Sweet all about it. He wanted her to come to Pennsylvania during the summer months and together they would make a canvass of all the houses in the state! He stated that he felt sure his sales would be greatly increased and that the publicity attained by Blanche would more than repay her for her trouble!

Ruth Roland has been the constant target for a great many financial demands. They range from fifty dollars for a set of false teeth to a million to finance some fool invention!

Alice Calhoun has received all sorts of strange requests. Some of them are really interesting and unusual, like the following for example:

"Dear Miss Calhoun,—

In carrying out the financial part of a pet charity of mine, I need endless numbers of footless silk hose, which have quite served their purpose as such. Obviously, the only way I can get this "raw material," which goes into a handicraft commodity, is by asking for it; the object and scope of the work which I am trying to do is my justification for the request I am making. I realise, of course, that I am asking for a bigger thing

than money, *i.e.*, your kindly co-operation and trouble in this matter. But the fact that I am enabled, by the use of what is practically waste material, to help over certain rough-going periods people who need aid has in it real romance, and by the same token, hard work and hard planning. One lone stocking is acceptable—more would be a joy!

"Let me, if you are interested, outline what I am doing. I do not want money! The only way to help people is to make it possible for them to help themselves. I have lived in Pasadena and Hollywood and would be glad to furnish references if they are necessary in this matter. May I have a stocking—two, or a dozen? I shall be very deeply indebted to you for your kindness. Very sincerely yours. . . . ."

But all Miss Calhoun's fan mail isn't of this type. She, as well as the rest, has received her share of annoying letters. For instance, a few years ago she got a message which started something like this:

"I've come all the way from Borneo to marry you, and I'm going to get you if it's the last thing I do. . . ."

Now it may be very thrilling to be wooed by a wild man from Borneo but not exactly a delightful experience, as Alice says; in fact, she was very much annoyed and frightened half to death. Her admirer tried in every possible way to get into the studio to see her—even pretended he was a photographer, an actor and a book agent—but Alice managed to keep out of his way.

Wallace Beery once received a letter from a lumberman up in Canada, saying that just as soon as he could scrape up the price of the fare to California he was coming out to give Wallace the beating of his life! It seems he had seen several of his portrayals of villains on the screen and had made up his mind that Beery must be just the same in real life!

Blanche Sweet.

Wallace Beery.

A few years ago a rumour started that Corinne Griffith was stumping through life with a wooden leg! Imagine Corinne's surprise and annoyance when the fans commenced to write her asking, "if it was true that she had a wooden leg?" Not until Miss Griffith appeared in a picture in a costume that showed very clearly that her lower limbs were the ones she was born with did the rumour stop.

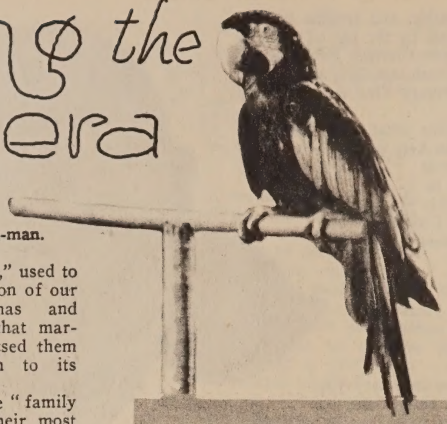
Alice Terry used to have a most virulent admirer who wrote her frequently, insisting that he knew her in a former incarnation, and begging her to divorce Rex Ingram and marry him and be happy for ever!

An Irish boy in Birmingham, England, once wrote to Matt Moore, asking him to give up acting and come over to this country and espouse the Sinn Fein cause!

These are but a few of the many strange requests that the different players receive. And yet, if they value their popularity, it is impossible to ignore them or even to regard them lightly. Such are the obligations of a motion picture star!

Fooling the Camera

Every day and in every way we are more and more deceived by the camera-man.



"The camera cannot lie," used to be the awed assertion of our great grandmammas and grandpapas when that marvellous invention first paralysed them into stiff-necked submission to its magical performance.

Those were the days of the "family groups," when, garbed in their most uncomfortable best, their eyes fastened, bulging, on the little black box before them, relatives of every age and sex clustered together to have a "picture taken.

No photograph was complete without an ornamental flower-pot on stand, and elbows were generally rested gracefully on this article of furniture. Husbands and wives were taken together, with the lady sitting and the gentleman standing elegantly, legs slightly crossed, and one hand resting lightly on the back of her upright chair.

Engaged couples were posed in something the same fashion—the only difference being that the lady in this case usually carried a nosegay of soup-plate proportions.

Looking back upon these ancient relics now we are appalled by their frightfulness. Yet it used to be said, (alas, in that case, for a bygone age!) that the camera could not lie!

It is not true, and never has been true. Not only can the camera lie—it can be completely fooled with the greatest of ease.

In motion picture work particularly, the camera is constantly being fooled. Very, very seldom are things exactly what they seem upon the screen. In the first place there is the elementary rule of make-up. Not only do the artistes in a film have to be made up, but paint has to be applied to innumerable inanimate objects on the "set."

A nice, bright, cheerful looking orange would surely seem a very simple thing for the camera to reproduce. Yet when they made *Nell Gwyn*, the fair heroine's basket of fruit, had all to be painted over, because they photographed black.

An amusing story is related of a parrot on the "set" during the production recently at the de Mille studios of the screen version of Rosita Forbes' famous novel, "If the Gods Laugh."

The bird was a brilliant orange and yellow, but when the "rushes" in which it appeared were screened it was discovered that it had turned out a dead black—something like a very queer-looking crow. Orders were given by Nils Olaf Chrisander, the well-known Swedish director who was producing the picture, that the bird should be "made-up."

Whereupon the fun commenced. The bird protested to the accompaniment of a torrent of language calculated to make even a motion picture director blush, and finally it was given up as a bad job and returned to its owner, a sailor from San Pedro, while a bird of different colour was procured to take its place.

Certain shades of red-gold hair are made by the lying camera to appear

Left: The parrot that caused all the trouble in "If The Gods Laugh." Below: The newly engaged couple as posed by Mae Busch and Lew Cody.

jet-black, and that is the reason that many of screenland's well-known stars who, having been designed by Nature to be blonde, and knowing that as such they are at their best, have recourse to wigs to counteract the camera's malicious perversion of the truth.

The camera is never more absolutely fooled, however, than in the matter of the four seasons. It is as completely misled by artificial light as the unfortunate hens of modern poultry farms, who, by reason of a very dirty trick, quite unconsciously work overtime!

In the modern movie studio it can be spring or blazing summer, though it be mid-winter out of doors. Soft spring sunshine floods a certain scene, or so the camera records, but actually it is the arc lights alone which are responsible.

In Von Stroheim's much discussed new picture, *The Wedding March*, an orchard full of blossom in spring-time is made the setting of some of the most delightful scenes of the film. Yet everyone of these scenes was produced inside the four walls of a studio, and the drifting blossoms which look so amazingly real were all manufactured by hand and fastened on to the artificial trees.

In *White Gold*, which is to be Jetta Goudal's next starring picture, not a single exterior scene is being made out of doors, though much of the story deals with sheep-farming in the plains of Australia.

Back-cloths of colossal dimensions have been specially painted for some of the backgrounds in this picture, and it is said that even dissolving and moving cloud effects have been obtained by artificial means!

Elemental disturbances, storms at sea, hurricanes and avalanches have all been manufactured in the studio at various times. One of the most realistic storm scenes ever screened is that of the shipwreck in the recently completed British film, *The Rolling Road*,

Above: A very creditable desert island, complete with stream, was created for "The Rolling Road."—Carlyle Blackwell and Flora Le Breton. Left: Dorothy Gish with her basket of faked oranges.

yet this, and the beautiful tropical island scenes in the same film were all entirely studio made.

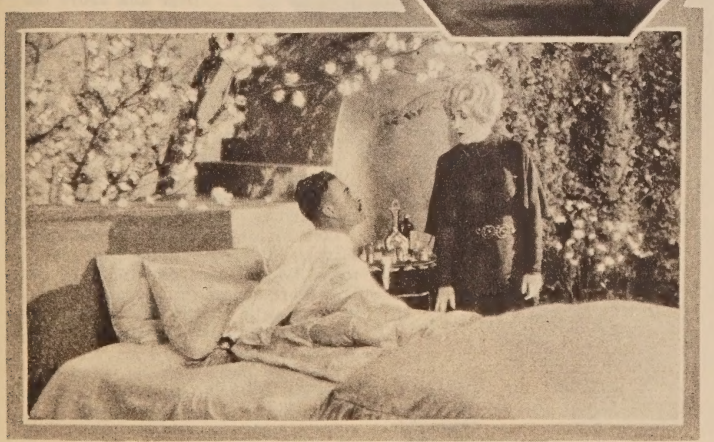
The ship was built in a great tank, and wonderful engineering contrivances deceived the camera into presenting what seems to be nothing less than a fierce tropical storm.

An amusing incident occurred when they were making an April shower in this way for a recent Leatrice Joy picture, *For Alimony Only*. Something went wrong somewnere, and a steady sheet of water came down instead of the gentle shower required. Stars, director and studio staff were drenched, and the camera had to be cranked a second time.

The Schufftan process is the latest German invention for fooling the camera. Miniature objects and "sets" are used in this method, photographing to scale as normal sizes. In *Souls of Flame*, the latest German importation to this country, this process is used with amazing effects. It is this invention which will make "Gulliver's Travels," long contemplated as a film subject by Universal, possible.

Though the camera enjoyed to a great extent the privilege of making fools of the past generation, to-day we have learned to get our own back in fooling its watchful lens, until it reproduces not what is before it at all, but simply what we wish it to record.

OLIVE P. BARRETT.



Artificial apple blossom plays a big part in "The Merry Widow." (Mae Murray and John Gilbert.)

Below: Fred Niblo divides his time between Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and United Artists.

Stars for Sale.

by JOSIE P. LEDERER

You can purchase quite a good one for about £10,000.

Stars for Sale! Stars for Sale! Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

That, or words to that effect, is the slogan of the film corporations these days. For Hollywood's 'cute film firms have discovered that a pretty penny can be made by farming out their most popular players to other film firms.

The method is simple. First catch your star, next put him or her under several years' contract. All that remains to be done after that is to sit back and let the others bid for the star's services, finally accepting the highest offer.

In most cases the hiring fee is very much more per week than the star's salary, and usually the company keeps the difference.

Not always, though. Jean Hersholt, a Universal character-actor was engaged by Carl Laemmle at about (in English money) £200 per week. Hersholt draws his pay check whether he is working or not, and, at one time, it was "not" for so long that Papa Laemmle was pleased when Samuel Goldwyn hired Hersholt to play opposite Belle Bennett in *Stella Dallas*.

Jean Hersholt had not had such a good rôle for months, and he certainly made the most of the none-too-pleasant character part of "Alf. Munn."

After that, others besides Mr. Goldwyn wanted to hire Hersholt, and naturally the hiring-fee went up. Even at the increased price of £600 per week, Jean looked like a good proposition to producers, and he was and is still in constant demand.

But *he* gets all his hire-money, it is said, unless he is idle for two or three weeks. In that case, when he commences again his stock salary of £200 comes off for as many weeks as he was not working.

Cecil De Mille, however, makes other arrangements. He has so many irons in the fire that he sometimes finds himself with a star or two for sale, and at the moment one of his very brightest—Rod La Rocque—is working in another company's studios.

Edwin Carewe wanted La Rocque so badly for "Prince Dimitri," in a film version of *Resurrection* he was to make, that he cheerfully agreed to pay a clear ten thousand pounds to get him. Rod could only be spared for thirty-six days between the finish of one film and the commencement of another, and De Mille warned Edwin Carewe that if Rod wasn't "made up and on the lot" at 9 a.m. the day the new film was due to be commenced, Carewe would have to pay £400 for that and every other day he kept La Rocque over and above the thirty-six.

The star cost over £300 per day, but the producer knows that he's worth it.

William Boyd, it was rumoured, was also hired out for one picture, but so far, this rumour has not been officially confirmed.

Lois Moran, after her sensational success in *Stella Dallas* was "borrowed" for a very substantial fee by Dick Barthelmess for one picture, and is likely to be seen in several different brands of film besides Goldwyn specials during the year.

Likewise Betty Bronson, who went to First National to play opposite Milton Sills in *Paradise*, though she is a Paramount star and her contract has several years to run.

Paramount (Famous-Lasky), is not

Above: Lois Moran, after her sensational success in "Stella Dallas," was "borrowed," for a very substantial fee, by Dick Barthelmess, for one picture.

above borrowing as well as lending stars. For *Beau Geste* they hired Ronald Colman, "by arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn," which arrangement, by the way, cost them about £10,000.

Colman has a nice income of his own, but it is not in such high figures as the above. However, he is one of the cautious kind—preferring a contract to the more precarious, if better paid career of a free lance.

Anybody who feels so disposed can borrow Vilma Banky "by arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn," and at a cost of £10,000 per picture.

The sum of £20,000 would obtain the services of perhaps the most popular team in motion pictures to-day—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Thus far there have been no takers, but quite a few directors would like to have this popular pair, so that it is probable that by the time this is in print they may be working under a new trade mark.

Warner Bros., allowed another producing company to purchase from them the directorial services of Ernst Lubitsch, one of their prize exhibits. Lubitsch was then under contract to make a certain number of films for Warners, but a very high figure tempted them to lessen the number by one and the result was *Forbidden Paradise*.

Dolores Costello, too, was loaned to Famous-Lasky, for *Mannequin*, but these days she is not for sale and producers must bid in vain for her services.

Warner Bros., will not have their delightful Dolores adorning any other films save those made by Warner Bros. Dolores draws one thousand dollars each Friday, so she's quite content.

It was a distinct surprise to many Lois Wilson fans to find Lois in a First National picture opposite Ben Lyon (*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*); but it was a typical Lois Wilson part.

By way of a return Ben Lyon, though a First National star, has been seen in several Paramount films, notably, *Lily of the Dust* with Pola Negri, and *Wages of Virtue* with Gloria Swanson.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as all the world knows, hired right and left for *Ben Hur*, but now they have arranged for its director, Fred Niblo, to divide his time between them and United Artists.

Joseph Schenck has hired Niblo (who is the highest-salaried Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, and under a three-year-contract to this company), to direct two pictures for United Artists to every one he makes for Metro.

Britishers are notoriously slow to adopt any new customs but it is only fair to record that one of the first to play the game of "Lend me a star" was a British producing Co.,—Graham Wilcox, Ltd.

Above: Anybody who feels so disposed can borrow Vilma Banky "by arrangement" with Sam Goldwyn. Right: Since "Stella Dallas," Jean Hersholt has been much in demand.

They borrowed Betty Compson from Famous-Lasky, and they borrowed Mae Marsh for *Flames of Passion*.

Herbert Wilcox, as soon as he commenced directing, annexed another American star, Betty Blythe, and Dorothy Gish, the bright particular luminary of four Herbert Wilcox productions was loaned to British National by Inspiration Films at a nice fat figure.

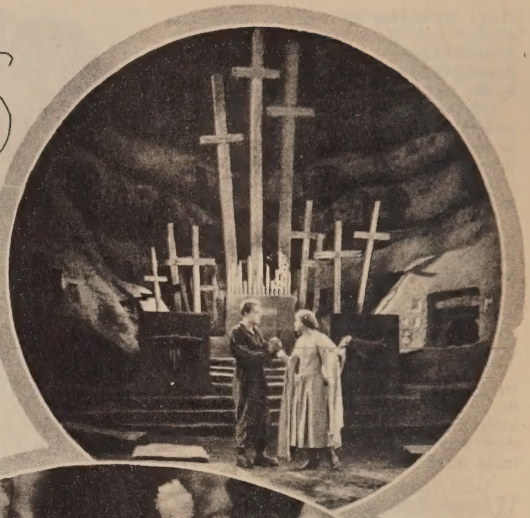
And so the game goes merrily on. The public benefits the most, for it is a very good thing for the stars to change their environment now and again.

It prevents them from growing stereotyped, even if it also prevents them from reaping the full monetary benefit of their work.

Metropolis

A Weird Film from Germany.

Above: Brigitte Helm, the eighteen year old film actress, wearing the plastic mask which she uses in "Metropolis"—which gives a glimpse of the future "robot" world.



Right: The meeting of Freder Fredersen and Maria, the girl of the people, in the subterranean catacombs of "Metropolis."

Above: The artificial "vamp and dancer" (Brigitte Helm) in one of the magnificent cabaret settings in "Metropolis."

Above: The infuriated mob rushing to destroy the machines in "Metropolis."

Rotwang, the inventor, who creates the revolutionary machine-woman, and incites the workers to revolt, bringing disaster upon Metropolis.

The Millionth Woman

Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a million, would leap at a chance to go on the films, but Gertrude Olmstead was the millionth woman.

There are very few girls who, if they were offered a tempting contract to appear in pictures, would not jump at the chance. Even the girl who has never dreamed of surrounding herself with an aura of film fame, will suddenly discover, on receiving such an offer, that to act before the camera is the summit of all her ambitions.

Only one woman in a million would coolly turn down the opportunity of working at one of the biggest motion picture studios in America.

Gertrude Olmstead was that millionth woman.

She never intended to be a film actress, although she hoped to make a name for herself as a dancer.

Fate, however, decreed differently, and when she was only seventeen a beauty contest was held in Illinois and near-by states. Gertrude was still at High School in La Salle at the time, and she had a healthy schoolgirl's contempt of publicity, gained through that most doubtful of all mediums, the beauty competition.

Imagine, then, her indignation when she arrived at a photographer's, where she had been having some photographs taken, and learned that he had sent one of her pictures to the judges of the contest.

Both she and her mother demanded that he should withdraw the photo, which had been sent in without their permission, but the man begged to be allowed to keep it in the competition, more as an advertisement for his studio than anything else.

Eventually Gertrude relented and gave her grudging permission. Then she went back home and forgot all about it, until some time later, when the incident was recalled to her mind in a startling manner.

She had won the first prize and was heralded in all the American papers as one of the most beautiful girls in the States.

After some demur on her part—for she honestly did not enjoy playing the rôle of professional beauty—she consented to take part in the celebration at the convention.

Immediately after that came an offer from Carl Laemmle, who has a shrewd eye for embryo film talent. She turned it down. He made her another higher offer. Again she refused it. It was only when he put a clause in the contract which allowed her to graduate from High School before she turned to the screen, that she finally accepted.

Gertrude Olmstead, who became a movie actress in spite of herself.

Universals paid the travelling expenses of Gertrude and her mother to Hollywood, and put her under a course of training in riding, swimming make-up, acting, and all the hundred and one small accomplishments that the successful actress needs to master.

Then she was given small parts in Universal pictures, and, gradually, as she proved her ability, the rôles given her increased in size and importance.

But it was in May, 1923, when her Universal contract expired, and she started free-lancing, that she had her best chances of showing what she could do. Her first really big part was in support of John Gilbert in *Cameo Kirby*. Then she played opposite Tom Mix in *Ladies to Board*.

Amongst her best known films are *The Big Adventure, Three in a Thousand, Trilby, George Washington, Jnr., California Straight Ahead, The Monster, A Girl of the Limberlost, I'll Tell the World, Cobra, Soul Mates, Dreams of Monte Carlo, Ibanez' Torrent* and *Time, The Comedian.*

It was while she was working in the last-mentioned film that she met and fell in love with her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, who was directing the production.

Off the screen Gertrude is even lovelier than she is on, because her colouring is so beautiful. She has a fair complexion, blue-grey eyes, and wonderful chestnut hair.

Gertrude became a film actress in spite of herself—because Fate proved too strong for her.

But now she's firmly established and a success *because* of herself.

E. E. B.

Below: Willie Fritsch and a bevy of beauty in "The Waltz Dream." Circle: Colleen Moore and Kate Price in "Irene."

Musical Comedy Movies

Lockton Kent

With a little padding here and there it is surprising what can be done with the slender plot of a musical comedy.

When the average theatregoer thinks about musical comedy he thinks immediately of pretty girls in pretty frocks, tuneful music, graceful dancing, the comedian who sang the topical song—of anything light and bright and enjoyable. He seldom worries about the plot, musical comedies in general not being burdened with them.

So that it is really surprising what excellent films have been made from popular musical comedies and comic operas. With the principal characters already well known to the public, with the familiar airs to accompany them, success is almost a certainty, for the comic opera being a favourite one, everybody wants to see the film to compare it with the stage version, and in many cases to hear again the tunes with which they are already familiar.

But, as a plot is absolutely essential to a film, the astute director supplies whatever may be lacking in the original "book," enlarges here and enlivens there, with the result that there is now quite an epidemic of musical comedy movies.

The fact that many of them are in costume has not detracted from their success; the most popular of them all, *The Merry Widow*, is distinctly a costume production. Here, however, there was a genius at the helm, and the first three or four reels of the film were devoted to incidents in the lives of the characters which were hardly hinted at in the musical comedy itself.

When D. W. Griffith undertook to film a popular musical success, he stipulated for a free hand in adapting the plot, and the result was *Sally of the Sawdust*, which, whilst containing the familiar Griffith trimmings, hunted heroine and all, and the principal characters, did not greatly resemble the stage version as seen at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Both "Irene," and "Sally" were given a production in celluloid after the stage versions had been successful. "Irene," which had a good, if simple plot, was rather spoiled in transition—so much time being given to a mammoth fashion display in natural colours, that there was not much left for the story to develop in. Colleen Moore, though, was a very appealing heroine, duplicating her success in "Sally."

Sally depended on its heroine and its comedy work to "get over;" the spectacular side was left out. But *Irene* cost over a hundred thousand dollars for its fashion show alone. In the eyes of feminine onlookers, it was no doubt worth the lot, but others

would have preferred a little more of the original action and a little less of the mannequin parades.

Germany, which is generally supposed to turn out nothing but gloomy masterpieces, surprised many by sending over *The Waltz Dream*, a refreshingly different entertainment to anything seen yet. It was adapted from the popular musical comedy, in which Gertie Millar starred some years ago in London, but its characters were much more like human beings and less like puppets than those in all the others.

More of a light opera than a musical comedy, was *Rosenkavelier*, by Strauss, which enjoyed a great vogue a short time ago. It was screened last year on the Continent, and was a most beautiful production.

But, although the plot was romantic and the actors—especially the stars, Huguette Duflos and Jacques Catelain—well known and capable, it was, if the truth be told, rather a dull affair. The fact that it had been made with the idea of being shown to full musical accompaniment may have had something to do with the slowness of the action.

Yet an English production of "The Bohemian Girl," also screened so as to allow of several of the most popular musical selections being given in their entirety, was extremely popular. Its stars are Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper, but its chief interest is a musical one, or so many music-lovers would not make a point of seeing it again each time it is revived.

"Manon Lescaut," the film version of which has been re-titled *His Lady*, though described musically as a "light opera," is not particularly "light" as to plot. It has a tragic ending, but is so well directed and acted, with so nice a touch, and so well-balanced a sense of values, that it is thoroughly worth seeing.

We also have *The Prince of Pilsen* in screen form, with beautiful Anita Stewart as its star; and Dorothy Gish has made *Madame Pompadour*, the delightful music of which is sure to accompany the film.

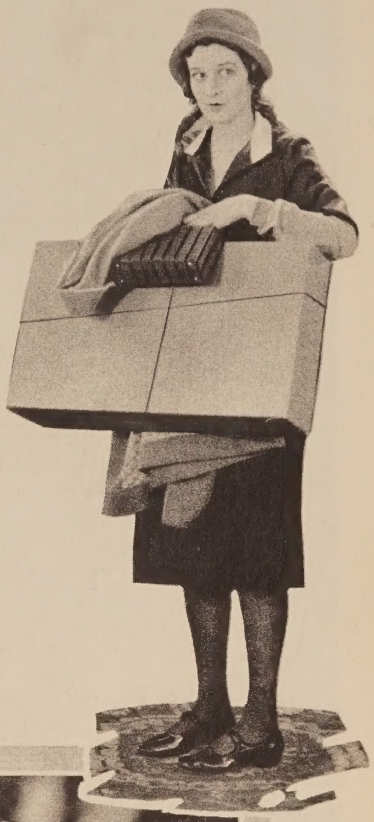
Opera, both light and "grand" is really a pretty good proposition for the films. There are never many characters in an opera, neither are there in a film—if it's a good one. The plot, too, is highly dramatic, with well defined climaxes and strong situations—another asset where the silent drama is concerned.

With the added attraction of being known by name, if nothing more, to the greater part of the world, it has also the merit of being able to lure into the kinemas a section of the public (the opera lovers) who might never otherwise be found there.

And for those to whom grand opera does not, and never will appeal, there remains the musical comedy movie, a comparative new-comer to the kinema, but one which has assuredly come to stay.

Below: Anita Stewart and Allan Forrest in "The Prince of Pilsen," a film version of one of the most popular musical comedies of twenty years ago.

Carol Dempster, in "Sally of the Sawdust," did not greatly resemble the heroine of the musical comedy.



GARY COOPER

Appears to have picked up an outsize in horseshoes, for it took one picture only—and that, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," with Ronald Colman rivalling in honours—to establish him as a star. This debonair young man was fortunate in being trained both as rancher and judge. Hence the combination of intellectual and physical force so apparent in him.

AILEEN PRINGLE

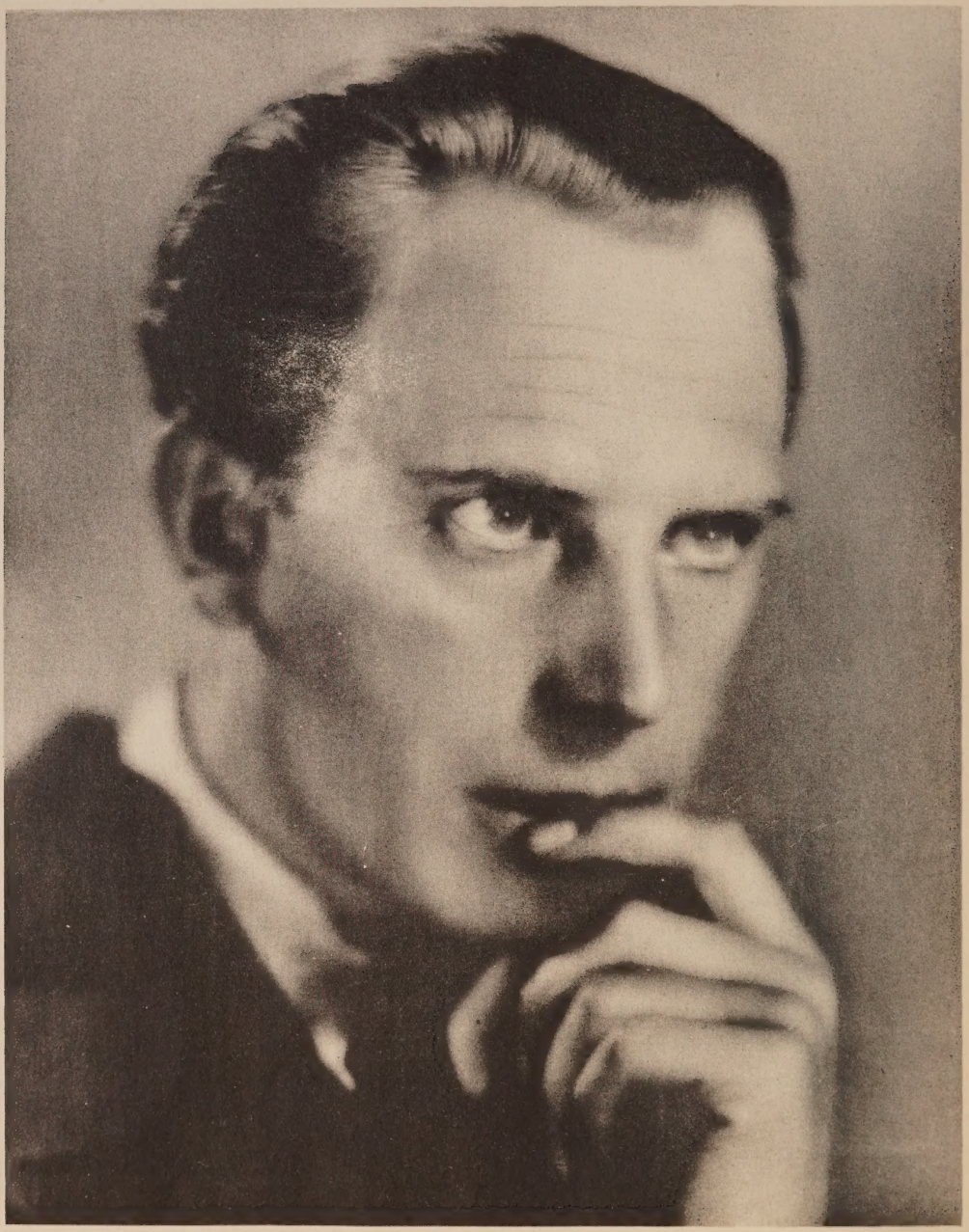
A star much favoured by Madame Glyn, who, strangely enough, bears her strong resemblance. Although married to a wealthy land-owner, she started at the bottom of the ladder and reached the top solely through merit and hard work. Aileen's beauty is of the brilliant, regal type, and, although popular in Hollywood circles, few know her intimately.

PERCY MARMONT

Who played comedy leads in London before attaining fame in Hollywood. It is difficult to visualise Percy the Persecuted tripping the light fantastic and joking of Wigan and mothers-in-law—especially after seeing him in "Lord Jim" and "If Winter Comes." Now we are to see him in "Sorrel and Son," and our imagination is to be stretched still further.

BETTY BRONSON

Very adequately termed "The Barrie Girl." Although the critics declare that she can never reach greater heights than she did in "Peter Pan," her subsequent performances have been consistently charming. Her lack of sophistication is her chief charm, and Fred Niblo chose wisely and well in appointing her as the "Madonna" in "Ben Hur."



LARS HANSON

A first-class actor of Swedish nationality. Having distinguished himself in his own country, Lars is now much in demand in Hollywood, where he has already made "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Flesh and the Devil." His next picture is "The Enemy." His enigmatical eyes and fine physique have established him first favourite with feminine fans.

Filmland's Foreign Forces

By MARGARET CHUTE

The nationalities in Hollywood are as numerous as the tongues in the Tower of Babel.

If all the foreigners in Hollywood marched out one fine day, the Film Town would become a sad, empty place. It is no exaggeration to say that seventy-five or eighty per cent. of Hollywood's film population is foreign, and in that word "foreign" I include the many English players who are doing such good work on the screen.

But the real foreigners—those whose native tongue is neither English or American—run into hundreds, and their big colony provides the most interesting and vivid side of Hollywood life.

Adventuring boldly, these players and directors have come from all over the civilised world. A little while ago, people who live in the Californian film capital said the Scandinavians represented the largest section of foreigners, but now they are run very close by the Germans, particularly directors, who are being imported by the dozen!

Natalie Kovanko, a distinguished Russian, who is a newcomer to Hollywood, has just signed an important contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Some of these importations are becoming American citizens. The thing began, in a way, with the arrival of Pola Negri. When she broke on Hollywood with all her dazzling beauty, her European reputation, her love stories, her jewels, Pola went through a distinctly difficult time. She would tell you so herself; she is always candid about her life, and its strange dramatic happenings.

Hollywood did not like Pola, mainly because Hollywood did not understand her. She was said to be "high-hat"; she was known to be temperamental. Flaming tempers, heated arguments, stamping of feet, "walking-out" of various productions, general storm and strife.

That was Pola's beginning. And it nearly broke her heart. A lot of it was not her fault. It was due to her lack of knowledge of the American language, also to her lack of understanding of the American view-point. For a long time she was desperately lonely, very unhappy. She told me so herself.

Hollywood's foreign colony was not so large in those days, so she had few people to help her, few people who really took the trouble to understand her wild, Slavonic nature, with all its pathos and curious simplicity. And then Appolonia Chalupez, who is really Pola Negri, began to learn. She has learned so much that she is one of Hollywood's most popular figures today.

In her white castle on Beverley Hills, with its exquisite Italian rooms and furniture, she lives like a princess, and entertains like a queen. A dinner party at Pola's is an event.

She likes to make special dishes with her own hands; there are some novel kind of *hors d'œvres* that she prepares with skill and cunning; there is a marvellous salad of raw beef, smoked herring, onion, and mayonnaise sauce that everyone asks about once they taste it. Everything in her house is large and gracious. Like an exotic flower she moves through her rooms amusing her guests; and to go there once means that one always wants to go again.

There is a big basement in that white castle, and Pola, with a flash of inspiration, has turned it into her Music Room, and her private Kinema Theatre. It is very cool down there; one may sit in a soft light, and listen to one of her countrymen playing the songs of Poland on the grand piano, or hear a good radio concert.

When the music ceases a new picture is thrown on the screen that fills one wall, while soft piano accompaniment helps to give meaning and romance to the flickering figures on the silver sheet.

Another foreigner gives the best parties Hollywood, or any other place for that matter, can boast. This is Antonio Moreno, the clever, cultured Spaniard who is never called anything but "Tony."

In the big Moreno house, on the hill

that is known as "Moreno Highlands," Tony Moreno and his wife spend their days and nights entertaining. Daisy Moreno—she was Daisy Canfield, daughter of a Californian millionaire—is easily the most popular hostess in the film world, and their parties are a dream of delight.

You meet *everyone* at the Moreno's; all the visiting celebrities, all the resident stars. Tony, who is condemned to be somewhat sad and sorrow-laden in his film-work, is in reality the cheeriest soul imaginable. He has a gay, jolly laugh; he is always keenly alive, desperately interested in everything that is going on.

As for Daisy Moreno, she is a darling, and it isn't possible to say more than that. She is, in addition, a positively heaven-sent hostess; one of those rare women who can look after the comfort and amusement of forty or fifty guests without appearing in the least to be busy "hostessing!"

The Morenos collect all the famous musicians of the age in their very perfect home. When Jascha Heifetz was in California, he played for them; John McCormack sings in their big music room whenever he is in the West; Raquel Meller was their guest more than once.

Above: The Hungarian, Vilma Banky, is reputed to be not only a first-rate actress, but one of the best loved stars in Hollywood. Left: Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi.

You may dance, or talk, or play bridge, or walk in the garden—and there is always someone interesting to look at or listen to.

A rather complete contrast to the constant entertaining of Tony Moreno and his popular wife, is the secluded, bachelor existence of Ramon Novarro, a very distinguished member of Hollywood's foreign colony. Novarro is a recluse; quiet, studious, always happy to be alone with a book, a violin, or a volume of songs.

The Mexican star is immensely popular; but it is hard to get him to go out. He loves his own home, and has sacrificed a great deal to make this home the attractive place it is for his mother, to whom he is devoted, and his many brothers and sisters—"our tribe" he calls them.

Ramon Gil Samaniegos is a student, a philosopher; one of the most cultured stars in all filmland, and, by strange luck, one of its greatest athletes as well. But you will never find him in night clubs, or restaurants; he is happiest by his own hearth.

From Hungary several notable people have come to make their homes in Hollywood, and their

Left: The home of Pola Negri, who is seen here in her library, is one of the most exquisite in existence. The house, which is almost castle-like in its grandeur, is situated on Beverley Hills. Pola herself is an excellent cook, and her dishes are famous throughout the film colony.

Right: Ramon Novarro, the Mexican film star, as he appears in his latest screen rôle, "The Great Galeoto."

names on the screen. There is Vilma Banky, that charming Hungarian star, who is, by those who ought to know, considered one of the greatest screen actresses of to-day.

Vilma Banky, like Pola, had a rather sad time when she came to California. She knew few people; she spoke scarcely a word of English. But everyone loved her; and in the smiling face she presented at the studios few people were allowed to guess the loneliness that filled her off-stage hours.

Other Hungarians have come to Hollywood, and they are her friends. Victor Varconi, the actor whose name will be famous all over the world within the next year, and his charming little wife, Nusi Avanyossy, have joined Filmland's Foreign Forces, thanks to the excellent judgment of Cecil de Mille, and there they hope to stay, except for occasional trips to Europe.

From Scandinavia comes Greta Garbo, most interesting of stars, and the director who brought her to America, Mauritz Stiller. They say "The Garbo" is temperamental; they say she is difficult. Maybe she is like Pola was in her early days; sad and not understood. Certainly Miss Garbo is moody. She has walked out of some productions, and walked back again.

She is alluringly lovely, and Hollywood palpitated recently over her apparent romance with John Gilbert—a hotly frenzied affair—when they acted together in *The Flesh and the Devil.* But now Jack Gilbert has gone on a brief holiday to New York, and one hears that the romance is over.

Victor Seastrom is another Scandinavian director; and popular players from the North include Lars Hanson and Einar Hansen, who are both doing good work. Sven Gade is Danish, Anna Q. Nilsson is a Swede, Dimitri Buchowetski comes from Russia, and two recent arrivals are Natalie Kovanko, another Russian, and Mr. Haussmann from Java. Austria presents Erich von Stroheim and Lya de Putti—two capable, interesting ambassadors, who have made and will continue to make marked impressions on the screen history of to-day, each in their respective directions.

From Germany, the most brilliant and successful directors of pictures are arriving in Hollywood almost daily. Already there is A. E. Dupont, and Frederick Murnau of *Last Laugh* fame, Erich Pommer, who supervised Pola Negri's latest film, *Hotel Imperial,* Paul Stein, a fine film director and a keen musician; and Ernst Lubitsch, for whose directorial services a bitter war has been waged by several leading companies.

And now Emil Jannings, Berlin's best-loved star has joined the great foreign army. What Jannings will make of Hollywood, and what Hollywood will do for him remains to be seen. Whatever happens, his distinguished personality cannot fail to make a deep impression on the social side of Californian Filmland.

France has given Hollywood some charming, clever actresses; Jetta Goudal, of the exotic appearance and mysterious, isolated private life; Renee Adorée, joyous and full of fun, and her sister Myra; Arlette Marchal, who is steadily making a big name for herself. From Japan comes So-Jin, a fine character actor, and so the list goes on, unending, fascinating, mounting day by day as the ranks of Filmland's Foreign Forces grow greater in numbers, and in artistic strength.

The Finest Story in the World

By E. Raven

Robert Edeson will make an impressive figure as "Matthew, the Publican," in "The King of Kings," now being made by Cecil de Mille.

That Cecil de Mille is sincere in his filming of "The King of Kings" is undeniable, but the general opinion is that the task is too great for any man.

It is very probable that there are people who think that the use of Bible stories for the screen is something akin to sacrilege. There are others who see in it a means of reaching fresh audiences. The general run of picturegoers seem to approve the idea, if *The Ten Commandments* is any criterion.

Where a theme is suitable for the medium of the screen, and is produced with care and understanding, the value of a book is enhanced. Where it is handled badly or deliberately perverted it is degraded. That is true of any book.

The sacred tradition of the Bible only demands that extra care should be taken and that the subject should be approached with some humility and consideration for public opinion. Humility is, however, perhaps inevitably, a quality which most producers lack to a marked degree.

Griffith was the first to use an incident from the New Testament in a film. In his great attack on intolerance, it was natural that he should turn to "He that hath no sin among you," and to the miracle of the wedding-feast. He treated the incident with dignity and simplicity, and, rather unusually for him, left the moral to point itself. It is a pity that those who followed after him did not show the same restraint.

The most pretentious Biblical productions to date are undoubtedly *The Ten Commandments,* and *The Wanderer,* one from the Old and one from the New Testament. And both marred by elaborate trappings. Cecil de Mille has two outstanding characteristics, a showman's love of display and a belief in himself as an apostle of uplift.

The two clash sometimes in a way to make all the little devils chuckle with unholy glee. In the story of the making of the first great moral code he had the opportunity of his life to point a moral—ten of them—and adorn a tale. He was stronger on the adornments than he has ever been before.

Whether the flashing of the ten commandments on the screen was a vital point of the drama, or commendable from a moral point of view, is a matter of opinion. I did read of a lad who, having stolen a dollar to see the film was so impressed that he returned the change immediately after. But—he told the story in a competition for the best illustration of the film's good influence—and he won first prize. He will probably grow up to be a scenario writer.

Raoul Walsh avoided the dangers of a modern sequence in *The Wanderer.* His theme was the parable of the Prodigal Son, a short story as it was told all those years ago in Galilee, but packed with drama. It was quite easy to imagine it expanded into a simply produced film. Alack and well-a-day that, for the sake of a few screen conventions, the whole beauty and meaning of the parable was lost.

The rock on which it was shipwrecked was not that old snag, feminine interest. The little girl the prodigal left behind him was the least obtrusive heroine ever filmed; the siren who lured him away was plausible enough and most certainly ornamental.

The heart of the failure was a sudden collapse before the American craving for a mother. I feared the worst at her first appearance, for I could find no mention of her in the original. When she began to set the light in the window every night my suspicions were confirmed. But even so I was not prepared for the complete fiasco of the scene of the prodigal's return.

Apparently screen fathers could not, in any circumstances, welcome an err-

ing son with unquestioning rejoicings, so we were given a new version of the parable with the mother pleading with an implacable sire. The tale was told better in Galilee.

And was there no one to tell these dull of ear that the language of the authorised version of the Bible is pure poetry and needs no modern interpretation. "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thy sight," is surely good English and intelligible to anyone, apart from the beautiful familiarity of the words. But they paid someone to change it to "I know I do not deserve to be taken back. I have only come to ask your forgiveness," and put his name on the front as a reward.

The fear of this sort of tasteless, meaningless alteration makes a film version of one of the old stories something to be awaited with apprehension. If it were not for that, what a touching drama could be made of the story of Ruth, with Greta Garbo in the name part, and Claire McDowell as Naomi. And the love story is already there!

Or where is there a better tale than that of Esther, the little Jewish Cinderella? But I am not eager to see "Entreat me not to leave thee" translated into American screen jargon, or to have Esther swamped by an effort to make the court of Ahasuherus the costliest set in screen history.

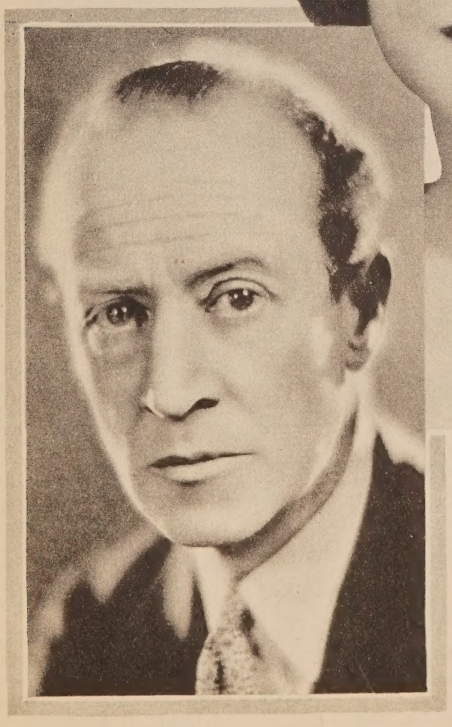
It is not reassuring to know that Cecil de Mille, who has sinned greatly in these matters, as the man who is going to film the life of Christ. As a judge of entertainment value he probably has no equal, though some people do not like their story to be drowned in marble baths or smothered in the ruins of a sugar-stick palace. He has, however, the power to see the nobility of a theme. But he combines with it an unhappy knack of forgetting that theme half-way through.

He has undertaken a task which has attracted many men, both in film and stage production. Most of them have been discouraged by its difficulties and withdrawn. He will be fortunate to avoid offence. For one person who is satisfied there will probably be ninety-nine who are not. *The Light of Asia,* in which the life of their great teacher, Buddha, was told by his followers, seemed to us of the Western world a finely reverent production. Yet it offended many good Bhuddists, and was banned in many Indian towns.

Anything that de Mille does is news, and rumours are rife over his latest effort. He has engaged a remarkable caste, and he has asked the help of many churchmen. He has promised that the words used in sub-titles shall only be those spoken in the gospels. He wants to present the story in perfect simplicity. The news that he has spent two million dollars in production makes the simplicity a doubtful quantity.

But on the whole, I think it would be well to avoid advance criticism. If de Mille is equal to his task, all honour to him. If he fails, and however miserable the failure, one thing at least is certain. The Christ story is too great to suffer at his hands.

Above: The casting of Joseph Schildkraut as "Judas Iscariot" has caused some comment. Centre: It will be interesting to see how the almost childlike beauty of Jacqueline Logan will adapt itself to the rôle of Mary Magdalene.



Below: H. B. Warner should handle well his difficult rôle in the part of Christ.

Left: Here we have a case of love at first sight. In the picture, "A Cheerful Fraud," Reginald Denny wins this fair maiden for his own. Below: Another scene from this mirthful movie. Reginald endeavours to calm the fears of the dynamic blonde, played by Gertrude Astor.

A Lancashire Lad

by KATHLEEN USSHER

In spite of numerous setbacks, Denny has quickly reached the top of the movie ladder.

Six years ago Joseph Schenck—a Cæsar of the Kinema—gazed rather gloomily at some picture "tests" of a lad from Lancashire.

He looked particularly glum.

"No chance for a chap like that," he muttered. "Crooked mouth. Impossible nose. Eyes set all wrong!" And he promptly turned him down.

That lad was Reginald Denny.

Denny's rise to fame is nothing short of remarkable, especially as his advent into pictures in 1920 was simply a trick of Fate.

He was over in New York at the time, in a tidy little stage part that looked like "velvet" for months. His wife and baby were with him, and the Denny family had settled down to a period of comparative calm.

Then came the Actors' Equity Strike—and all Denny's "castles in the air" suddenly crumbled away. He found himself without a job, without prospects, and without friends. The bottom had tumbled out of his world!

It was then that Joseph Schenck glanced at those "screen tests," and assured the young man that he would be no good in pictures. "Crooked mouth. Impossible nose. Eyes set all wrong!"

Hence, when Oscar Apfel sent for him, Denny was pessimistic beyond measure. He revealed what Schenck had said of him.

But Apfel was consoling.

"Oh, well! You're cheap anyway," he said. "We'll try you!"

Not very propitiously, therefore, the Lancashire lad made his debut on the screen.

Thirty-nine East, with Constance Binney, and *Footlights*, with Elsie Ferguson, followed. And before Denny quite knew what had happened, he was being starred in the *Leather-Pushers* series which made his name.

The feature-length comedy-drama concluded the good work, and now people are declaring that Denny has succeeded Wallace Reid in pictures—and Universal is paying him accordingly.

His recent pictures have been directed by William E. Seiter, who "found" in himself a clever comedy director through his association with Reginald Denny. The combination seems unbeatable, and there was much anxiety in Hollywood when it became known that Seiter was to marry the beautiful Laura La Plante and be tempted to desert Denny in order to direct for his bride.

It is announced, however, that Seiter will only direct one picture for the lovely Laura, after which the happy partnership between Denny and himself will be renewed.

It was with Seiter directing that Denny made his first deliberate bid for the favour of the film fans in a rapid succession of comedy hits: *The Fast Worker, Where Was I?, What Happened to Jones?, Skinner's Dress Suit* (with Laura La Plante), and *Rolling Home*.

His unfailing spontaneity and exuberant spirits won him undisputed place as comedian-de-luxe, and, what perhaps is more important to the young man and his family, is a contract for five big feature pictures, the first of

which was *Take It From Me* (with Blanche Mehaffey), and the second, *The Cheerful Fraud,* one of the most diverting film offerings of the season.

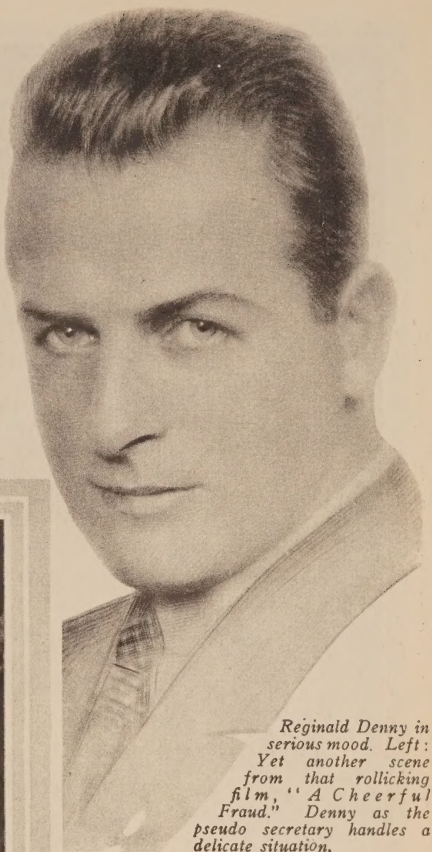
There is nothing pretentious about *The Cheerful Fraud,* and it has not been produced on a large scale—but its humour is irresistible.

Denny is seen in a rôle which sufficiently enables him to utilise his inimitable flair for comedy, and the supporting cast, without exception, is good. It includes four other Britishers beside the hero. They are Emily Fitzroy, Charles Gerrard, Wilson Benge and E. J. Ratcliffe.

Gertrude Olmstead, as the leading lady (Ann Kent) does some of the best work of her career, evincing a more convincing personality than has been this actress's wont.

The plot deals with a wealthy young Englishman, "Sir Michael Fairlie" (Reginald Denny) and his love-at-first-sight of a girl, whom he takes to be the daughter of a retired grocer, living in affluence. In order to be near the girl, Denny acts in the capacity of secretary to this grocer, only to discover that the young lady in question is not the daughter, but the secretary of the ex-grocer's wife, herself an incurable snob, and a social climber of the most pertinacious type.

Reading of the arrival in England of Sir Michael Fairlie she invites him, without introduction, to be her guest. A burglar in Sir Michael's rooms receives the message, and, in his anxiety to elude the police, impersonates that gentleman, and arrives at the country home of the grocer and his wife.



Reginald Denny in serious mood. Left: Yet another scene from that rollicking film, "A Cheerful Fraud." Denny as the pseudo secretary handles a delicate situation.

Complications, of course, arise with his entry, for Denny has told his new employer that he has been Sir Michael's secretary for years! He is then introduced to the man (Charles Gerrard) who is supposed to be himself.

Further complications, misunderstandings, intrigues. Denny is caught with the wife's jewels in his hands. The real thief escapes, and Denny races after him and eventually captures him. All ends happily for the two young secretaries.

The tempo in these final scenes is considerably quickened, though there is never a suggestion of anything illogical in the story.

Although lacking in a certain riotous humour that distinguished its predecessor—*Skinner's Dress Suit*—particularly the sequence, where Denny breaks up the bridge party to teach his rather ponderous fellow-guests the latest "stomping" step of the Charleston—*The Cheerful Fraud* nevertheless abounds in breezy "situations," and that jolly, irresponsible, harmless tomfoolery, which kinema fans have learnt to associate with this lovable Lancashire lad.

Sporting Stars

Above: Eleanor Boardman is an ardent tennis fan, and will give any opponent a hard game. We think that ball, however, must have gone into the net, for where is Eleanor's charming smile? *Right*: Karl Dane's ball is lost to sight on the Hollywood Golf Club links. Karl's height is a great asset to the length of his drive and all his caddies adore him.

Above: Another star who plays the noble game of tennis with a force and energy which confounds her opponents is Carmel Myers, whom we see above, executing a pretty stroke. Tennis is an extremely popular pastime for whiling away the long hours between scenes.

Right: Irene Rich favours archery as a recreation from the hard life of the studio. This is another very popular sport in Hollywood, and many of the stars are highly skilled archers.

# of Screenland

Top: *Laura La Plante threatens to behead her fencing tutor, Paul Vasel. To the right of her we see Sally O'Neill in the act of preserving her girlish figure. Left*: *Doris Hill goes in for mighty biceps. The lady in the boat is Gertrude Olmstead, and we think her choice the most enviable of the lot. Right*: *Another pupil of Cupid—Dorothy Phillips.*

Above: Marion Davies and Roy D'Arcy in a scene from "Beverley of Graustark."

Kingdoms of the REEL

by LEONARD HILLMAN

The appeal of the mythical and imaginative in films appears to be universal.

It really is amazing; I, for one, cannot understand it. These mythical kingdoms, so dear to the heart of the novelist, playwright and film producer, are always situated in the Balkans. I cannot understand—with all this territory occupied by "Ruritania," "Illyria," "Monteblanco," "Graustark," and the rest, where are Bulgaria, Serbia, and the other principalities who have the honour to be mentioned in the atlas?

Again, all these kingdoms have princesses who are betrothed, without their previously having been consulted, to the dissipated prince of the neighbouring principality.

This disposal of surplus royalty serves two purposes—the one, reasons of State—delightful euphemism—the other to avert bankruptcy, for these toy kingdoms are always on their last financial legs.

Yet, in spite of this chronic and deep-seated pecuniary embarrassment, the palaces are always gigantic, the army always well equipped, and everyone flaunts gorgeous clothes.

Why isn't it possible to avert disaster by cutting down expenses rather than by dispensing with the princess? Because, after all, she very seldom marries him; she elopes with the handsome young American, on holiday in the Balkans, who wins her love, confounds the foreign prince (in two senses), and averts the revolution that is always being plotted in these parts.

However, the finest example of this type, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, so famous that it has given to these kingdoms the generic term "Ruritanian," does not rely entirely on this formula for its success; true, there is a princess and a potential revolution, but there is no bankruptcy and no heroic American with whom the princess can elope.

Above: A scene from "Flower of the Forest," a fantastic, though charming, German photo-play.

The author, Sir Anthony Hope, had a much higher opinion of royalty than had his numerous imitators, for "Princess Flavia," played in the Rex Ingram film, as to the manner born, by Alice Terry, renounces all hope of happiness for the sake of "Ruritania."

In addition to Alice Terry, Lewis Stone, the fascinating and dependable, played the dual rôle of "Rudolph Rassendyll," the English gentleman, and of "Rudolph of Ruritania," the royal roué; Stuart Holmes was "Black Duke Michael," the power behind the throne, and Ramon Novarro played his henchman, the youthful, villainous, but wholly charming "Rupert of Hentzau."

With the filming of the second book an effective contrast was supplied. Rex Ingram, having altered his story slightly by making "Rupert" commit suicide, naturally could not film the sequel, so Selznick bravely, but rashly, took on the job.

I have no wish to be harsh, but for Alice Terry read Elaine Hammerstein, for Lewis Stone read Bert Lytell, and for Ramon Novarro read Lew Cody. You now have some idea which was the better film, and whether, with regard to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, its sequel was also its equal.

So great was the success of Alice Terry and Lewis Stone as royalty that the experiment was tried again, this time by Victor Seastrom in his production, *Confessions of a Queen,* a very free adaptation of Daudet's "Kings in Exile."

Once again the acting of the principals was faultless, in particular that of Lewis Stone, as the king whose "heart was bigger than his kingdom," and whose hobby was the art of caricature. The theme, however, was painfully thin and only the genius of producer and principals saved the story.

Once started, the craze was difficult to stop. Norma Talmadge made a popular "box-office" hit with *Graustark,* using all the typical old ingredients; Elinor Glyn had one of her exotic and erotic novels filmed and retitled *The Romance of a Queen.*

Eric von Stroheim brought all his strange genius to work and made the bare skeleton of the musical comedy, *The Merry Widow,* into his most satisfying and popular film to date: a fine play, *The Swan,* was mutilated to give Adolphe Menjou his first chance of donning the purple; even Jackie Coogan entered the lists with *Long Live the King.*

Then the theme fell into the hands of the the comedians, Larry Semon made his most ambitious film, *The Wizard of Oz,* a conglomeration of excellent acting, Ruritanian romance, and senseless buffoonery. Two other inadvertent comedies belong to this class, *If I were Queen,* intended as a drama, and *The Love Toy,* intended to be a satire.

Still more are to come, Constance Talmadge, emboldened by her sister's success, has made *The Duchess of Buffalo,* a typical story for her effervescence; Richard Barthelmess has made *Just Suppose;* Raymond Griffith and Adolphe Menjou have both made sparkling comedies based on that theme, so full of possibilities, of royalty on vacation; Corinne Griffith is starring in *Into Her Kingdom,* the story of a mythical princess; and Marion Davies, evidently thinking that her male impersonation in *Little Old New York* deceived her public into believing she was a boy, has attempted a second hoodwinking in *Beverley of Graustark.*

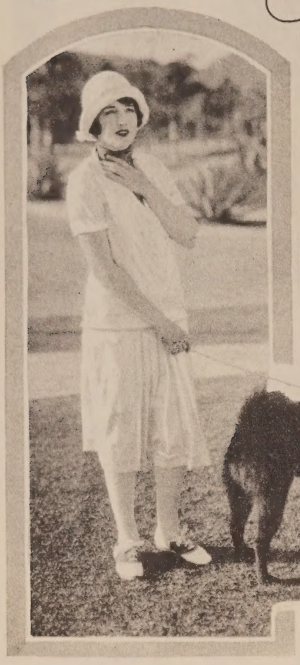
But the craze has not been confined to America; both France and Germany have made Ruritanian films. France has recently completed *The Princess and the Clown.* Germany's contribution to the galaxy is *Flower of the Forest.* This will probably prove the best of the bunch.

The action and photography throughout is excellent, and though the theme practically invites it, there is none of that moral miasma that is sometimes rather prominent in German films. *Flower of the Forest* is a delicate and charming little fantasy on the old-established, yet ever-new theme of toy kingdoms.

Above: Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom," seems overawed by the majesty of the ancestral throne. Left: Jackie Coogan is tired of being a King in "Long Live The King," and indulges in a nap.

Right: Constance Talmadge has joined the ranks of royalty in her film, "The Duchess of Buffalo." In this picture the charm and effervescence of Constance's acting is given full scope.

Lucky Dogs!



Bebe Daniels would appear to have contracted a hoarse throat with calling for her chow, whose odd name is "Ah-Honc-Ke."

The little creature who is sunning himself in Billie Dove's smile is not of the squirrel genus, but a prairie dog named "Pepper." He was a gift to Billie from Mrs. Jess Smith, the wife of Zane Grey. Left: Leatrice Joy seems happy in her choice of an affectionate little Sealyham, who is devoted to her, and is always to be found in her vicinity.

Below: Norma Shearer's pet has the distinction of being the smallest dog in the world. His name is Pedro, and his breed the Chihauhua, a near relation to the Mexican hairless dog.

This collie is as beautiful, in his way, as Mary Philbin is in hers. His silky coat and faithful brown eyes are a constant delight to his mistress.

For fifteen minutes Mme. Claire talked and talked, and gesticulated and gesticulated, without selling a thing to Mrs. Hiram Bent. In the end she sent for Fifi.

Mrs. Hiram Bent was from St. Louis, and therefore a hard buyer. It took a deal of the art of salesmanship to sell to Mrs. Hiram Bent. Hiram, who lived to sign cheques and to pile up banking accounts, remained in this matter, neutral. Hiram was a business man. He did not care how his wife spent so long as she was satisfied. "Have what you want, my dear," was always his motto. Mme. Claire's trouble was that Mrs. Hiram Bent did not seem to know what she wanted.

Came Fifi, with an unbroken record for selling goods to the obstinate.

"Sell gowns to this woman!" hissed Madame. "For fifteen minutes I have tried, and I have failed. Sell!"

Fifi was a number of things, besides beautiful. When time permitted she was a model. When time pressed, she took hat-boxes round. When all else failed she was a saleswoman. Madame had an eye for business in so many directions that perhaps she was a bad business-woman. Hiram could have told her that. Madame made money, but not so much as she could have done. Hiram, the onlooker on this occasion, saw, as onlookers always see, most of the game. His quick brain was never idle. To-day it was very nimble.

After five minutes, in which she had to her own astonishment, purchased five gowns, Mrs. Hiram Bent called time, and Fifi retired once more with honours. And Hiram came to the end of a sum in mental arithmetic.

"That girl of yours is a smart saleswoman," he ventured to remark to Madame.

"Fifi? But she is my cleverest!" agreed Madame with a shrug.

Which was truer than Madame knew, or Fifi would never have been permitted, three minutes later, to hang a hat-box on the delightful curve of her arm and set off in a taxi to deliver the hat therein to Marquise de la Mar.

CHARACTERS:

Fifi - - Corinne Griffith
Etienne - - Norman Kerry
Hiram Bent - - Willard Louis
Mrs. Hiram Bent Dorothy Cumming
Mme Claire - - Rose Dione
Marquise de la Mar Paulette Duval

Narrated by permission from the First National Film of the same name.

A casting of pearls, this, had but Madame known.

Fifi, like others of us, had brains but not too much money. The choicest creations of the house of Claire she wore, but at parades, for no longer than a second or two. She might dream of the time when she would wear her own and ride in the Bois on a sunny afternoon, the envy of every eye—but that dream seemed fated to remain for ever a dream. And yet. . . .

And yet here she was! Riding in the Bois, with the latest creation of the house of Claire by her side! In a box!

The thought held hands with the deed to one of Fifi's nimble wits. Almost before she had done thinking the lid was off the box and the creation was on her dainty head. There was a mirror on the wall of the taxi. She glanced therein and decided that the effect was excellent. Glances that were cast from the sidewalks showed that others than herself were of a like opinion.

"I look good!" said Fifi to herself. "And to look good is to be good. Oh! if only I might have my chance!"

Cross-roads in Paris are like cross-roads everywhere. They seem built for the purpose of preventing everything but the roads themselves from crossing. A uniformed arm shot up out of the chaos, and traffic came to a stop. By the side of Fifi's taxi was Captain Etienne Dupon, seated on his horse, but incidents were so many and so interesting in that traffic block that, for the moment, Fifi did not notice Etienne, and Etienne did not notice Fifi. Only the horse which Etienne rode seemed to be noticing in particular. It noticed the hat that Fifi wore. And proceeded to chew it.

It was Fifi's cry of dismay that first concentrated Etienne's attention on the taxi.

"A million apologies!" he hastened to offer, when their eyes met.

"My hat! My hat! It is ruined!" said Fifi.

"Two million apologies!" Etienne supplemented.

"But why should you apologise?" asked Fifi. "Did *you* eat the hat?"

"I swear that the horse shall keep

Hiram, the onlooker on this occasion, saw . . most of the game. His quick brain was never idle. To-day it was very nimble.

his stable for a week," said Etienne; and then as the traffic eased: "Bid your driver draw up in that little side street there. I will dismount."

And so, of course, before the sun had moved another pace across the sky Fifi and Etienne were sitting with a table between them, and Etienne was ordering of the best that the restaurant could provide.

"This is sudden," protested Fifi; though why the protest she did not quite know.

"But you interest me," said Etienne. "I'm sure we had to get to know each other some time. My name, by the way," he added casually, "is Etienne Dupon."

Fifi started. She had not realised that it would come to this.

"Mine," she said— "oh, mine is Marquise de la Mar."

"Now you interest me more than ever," said Etienne, "for I have known Marquise de la Mar for five years. It makes me feel that we are old friends."

Fifi blushed.

"At any rate," she said, "that is the name on the hat box I carried, and this hat is the Marquise de la Mar's."

Etienne laughed.

"The money that all this is going to cost you must let me pay."

"If you'll promise——" put in Fifi.

"You must promise," said Etienne. "Promise that you will take lunch with me again in this restaurant to-morrow."

It was the first of many luncheons in that little restaurant.

Meantime, Hiram Bent was thinking things over, and the more he thought things over the brighter he considered the prospect to be.

"I think, my dear," he said to his wife, "that we might make an even better success of business here, in France, than we made back home in America. You like Paris. How'd you like to settle here?"

"I think that would be just divine," replied Mrs. Bent. "And how do you propose to set about it?"

"Madame Claire is my idea of a fool," Hiram explained. "That girl she has there is a gold mine, but Madame does not see it. All the better for us—keeps the price down. The girl is a genius. With coaching she could pass as the best dressed, brainiest, and most beautiful girl in Paris. She's a *saleswoman*. She's an asset—a big asset. But Madame does not see that. I think Madame's business cannot be too rosy. I wonder for how much she would sell out?"

"Hiram! And you mean that—that we'd run the business, here in Paris?"

"You'd like that?"

"Hiram, you're marvellous!"

"I believe I am," said Hiram modestly. "Get your hat, dear, and we'll go and talk business with Madame."

The business talk lasted until late in the evening, and the end of it was that Madame retired with what was for her a comfortable fortune, and Hiram became possessed of the modiste's business at what was for him bargain rates. One cast-iron stipulation only was made—Fifi was to remain with the business.

Fifi had much to tell Etienne next day at luncheon.

"If I am not a marquise, at least, I am part of the way towards it now," she said laughing. "A rich American has bought over Madame's business, and it is to be run—in my name."

"Wonderful!" said Etienne. "The other day it was a million apologies. To-day it is a million congratulations! You'll make good. I know it."

"I intend to," said Fifi. "But let me tell you. I am to be known as Mlle. Modiste, and Mr. Bent—that's the American—says that the place has to *feature* me! I am to be made famous, not the shop; and when I am famous then the shop cannot help being famous. I am to go everywhere and know everyone, and Mr. Bent says that inside a year ours will be the most famous establishment in all Paris."

"You deserve it," said Etienne.

"And the salary he is giving me!" Fifi smiled her triumph. "I shall be paid so well by the business of Mlle. Modiste, before she starts in business, that almost I shall be able to not work for her when she does."

A shadow appeared on Etienne's face.

"This American must think a great deal of you?"

"He does. He says I'm the cleverest little thing he's met since he came to Paris."

The shadow deepened, but Fifi did not observe it.

And it was not until long after they had parted for the day that the shadow on Etienne's brow lifted—and then it was not completely. He thought of Fifi for a very long time, nor could he think of her without thinking too of the Marquise de la Mar.

He had not told Fifi of his engagement to that regal young woman; just as until now he had not told himself that another than the Marquise held his heart. Now he faced facts, and facing them saw that only Fifi, who so accidentally had come into his life, could ever hold the place that the Marquise could hope to hold.

What a complicated tangle, life. He saw, or thought he saw, an enthusiasm in Fifi's eyes at the mention of the rich American such as he himself could never call forth. In a way he felt relieved that he had never told her about the Marquise, or that he had never told the Marquise about Fifi.

Etienne did not sleep well that night.

After Paris had been talking of nothing but Mlle. Modiste for four weeks, and doing nothing but flock to her establishment and purchase her gowns at the most unheard-of figures, an event

was planned for the shop that sent Fifi hastening to Etienne like a herald. She liked Etienne always to have the news of her enterprises first.

"All the head buyers from London, Berlin, Vienna and Madrid are attending on the seventh," she told him, "and Hiram—that is, Mr. Bent—has staged a grand surprise for them. He is sending out invitations, printed like royal commands. He says that all the buyers must attend our show and that we shall scoop up ninety-nine per cent. of all the business that is going. We are giving a revue—a real revue, with real artistes, wearing our gowns—and we are taking the most fashionable theatre for it. Of course, it will be merely to feature our models, but it will be a real entertainment, and buyers are human. They're all coming, and I know that the dresses I am designing will keep them there. Oh, Etienne! this is success! Success!"

Etienne nodded.

"You will come?" Fifi said.

"But—I'm not a buyer!"

"You are my good friend," said Fifi, "and the best seat shall be reserved for you. How could I do my best without your help? Besides I want you to be there, because after the revue there will be my surprise!"

"Your surprise?" Etienne stared.

"Hiram says I must make Paris talk, and keep it talking. This is my very own idea, and I have told nobody yet. Oh, but it will make Paris talk! I think it is the sauciest thing that has ever been done!"

"Saucy?"

"Very saucy!"

Etienne frowned. He realised that at last he had reached the point when he did not desire Fifi's connection with the saucy. If this was the way to make Paris talk he preferred Paris silent.

And yet what could he say?

"You won't take me into your confidence?" he begged.

"Nobody," said Fifi firmly. "It is such a—yes! beautiful surprise that I want you to be surprised with the others. To tell you now would spoil all, and if it were spoiled for you, I think I would not care to go on."

And at that point it had to be left. No more explanations would Fifi offer and the most Etienne could hope for was a teasing smile. He made up his his mind, however, to be early to that special seat on the evening of the revue performance.

There was a dinner to the buyers first, but this Etienne did not attend. Some of his time, he felt, was due to the Marquise, and already he had had a difficult task in accounting for his evening off to see a fashion revue without her. However, when the curtain rose on the first scene he was there in his seat.

Of the success of the show there was no doubt from the very first minute. Cheers rang out at the brilliance of the mere spectacle when the curtain ascended, and as frock succeeded frock, gown succeeded gown, fresh cheers were called forth. The delight of the foreign buyers knew no bounds, and ushers who passed to and fro among the audience, were kept busy recording thousands of pounds worth of orders. At last the curtain fell, to an incessant roar of cheering, leaving Paris stunned but delighted, and the house of Mlle. Modiste the richer by a considerable fortune. There were many calls for Fifi herself, and presently she came before the curtain.

"I thank you," she said simply. "From the bottom of my heart I thank you. And now comes a little surprise I have kept in reserve for you all. It is in the sacred cause of charity, so that I know none of you will mind assisting. In the sacred cause of charity I will now auction the clothes that I wear!"

Paris gaped, gasped, and broke into a fresh cheer. Paris, that is, if one counts not Etienne.

"Beginning," added Fifi, "with my hat."

The curtains rose, disclosing a curtained stage. In the middle of the stage was a screen. Behind the screen tripped Fifi.

"My hat," she said, peeping over the top of the screen. "How much for my hat?"

"Five hundred francs," said somebody.

"Five hundred francs, yes! And?" Fifi appealed.

"A thousand!"

"A thousand? Much better, but not very good!" Fifi smiled. "Come!"

"Two thousand!"

"It is yours!" Fifi tossed the hat across the screen and it was caught by Hiram and handed across the footlights to its delighted new owner. Fifi disappeared for a moment and reappeared over the top of the screen, waving something in her hand.

"My shoes!"

Paris began to get excited, and the more Paris became excited, the deeper was the frown on Etienne's brow.

"One thousand—two thousand—three. . . ." The bidding went up and up until at length the shoes were disposed of. Fifi disappeared and appeared once more, this time holding aloft her stockings.

"My stockings!"

Paris roared, leapt to its feet and feverishly carried on the bidding.

"The gentleman over there!" said Fifi, tossing the stockings to Hiram and bobbing down behind the screen once more.

"Gentleman!" murmured Etienne beneath his breath.

Again Fifi was seen. Now her arms and shoulders were bare and it was her gown itself that Hiram held aloft.

"My gown!"

"Ten thousand francs!" shouted somebody.

"Stop!" shouted Etienne, but nobody heard in the hubbub.

The gown went to somebody, and when next Fifi's head appeared above the screen Etienne felt that he could not look. He looked, therefore, for a door, and seeing one, rose.

Three or four more offers were made and accepted, and then even the imagination of Paris was halted. Over the screen could be seen Fifi's laughing

It was Fifi's cry of dismay that first concentrated Etienne's attention on the taxi. "A million apologies!" he hastened to offer when their eyes met.

face, and when Paris had done cheering it paused to mop its brow. Nothing, surely, remained now to be auctioned? Etienne paused at the door.

And then, to everybody's vast surprise, a man in the body of the theatre leapt upon a chair and began to shout.

"Twenty thousand francs for the screen!"

Sensation. Fifi nodded, Etienne swung round and plunged through the door. It crashed after him and the bidding was on. At fifty thousand francs it ended, and the winner jumped over the footlights.

"I'll have it now," he said.

"Take it," said Fifi and Hiram together, and thrusting the screen aside Mlle. Modiste stepped down to the footlights—fully dressed.

Paris loves a jest, and it loved this none the less because already it loved the jester. Amid a round of riotous applause Fifi made her way from the stage to her dressing-room—and there she met Etienne.

"I have come," he said, "for an explanation."

"But of what?" she said, surprised.

"Of this," said Etienne.

"Why, poor boy, it is a joke. You didn't think——?"

He didn't say what he had thought.

"All the time I was dressed—fully dressed," said Fifi.

"You don't see. That is not the point," persisted Etienne.

"Dear child, what is the point?" Fifi pouted.

"It cheapens you," Etienne protested. "And then you ask me to be present—to see Paris making a joke of you—laughing at you—getting a new sensation out of you. You! You—you must have seen—must have known!"

Fifi gasped, looked away, looked back at him.

"I must have known—what?" she asked.

"That I loved you!"

"That—you—loved—me! Loved me! Etienne! I—I——"

"Oh, fear not," he said brokenly. "If you tried to kill my love you did well, for it is dead. I've called to say good-bye. After to-night I shall forget that I ever met you, and you had better forget that you ever met me. Good-bye."

She did not speak. She had no time to speak. He was gone and the door was still behind him before she had properly realised what it was that had happened. When she did realise she flung herself upon a chesterfield and burst into bitter sobbing.

It was thus that Hiram found her.

"My dear child," he said, "what is the matter?"

"Take me away," she sobbed, "right away from Paris—to some place where I can forget Paris and all that it means."

He did not ask her why. A very shrewd man was Hiram Bent. He merely nodded and whispered:

"To-morrow. Deauville."

Coincidence, that pokes into the affairs of all of us, flicked its finger

Again Fifi was seen . . . and it was her gown itself that Hiram held aloft.

and threw Etienne and Marquise de la Mar to the golden sands of Deauville. Etienne at least was consistent. He was trying to forget Fifi by remembering the Marquise. That he was making a ghastly failure of it was a fact he turned away from.

Three sultry days dragged themselves off the calendar and seemed to take a week over doing it; then one day Etienne and Fifi and Hiram met face to face in the gardens. And Etienne knew. Knew that he never could forget Fifi. Knew that he must tell the truth to the Marquise before another hour had passed. Knew, too, that he hated Hiram.

A quarrel is easy to pick when it is less of a quarrel than a pretext. How it arose Hiram never clearly knew. All he was clear about was that by some unexpected means he had been challenged to a duel.

"Say, that's a good stunt, if the Paris papers take it up," was all he said. "I've never done any duelling, but I guess I can't say no to a fresh sensation. When's the game?"

"At sunrise to-morrow," said Etienne. "My seconds will await your pleasure this afternoon."

"I'm your man," said Hiram.

Fifi, amazed, stopped the car a hundred yards away and slipped back. Etienne was still sitting beneath the trees.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded.

"Because I hate any man who means anything to you," said Etienne.

Fifi's quick wits never worked quicker than now. At all costs she must save her good benefactor from almost certain death.

"Even to the length," she said, "of fighting my husband?"

Etienne tried to speak, but she was already on her way to the waiting car. He snapped his fingers, turned on his heel and began to pace up and down.

That afternoon Hiram had a caller. It was not, as he had expected, Etienne's seconds. It was their principal.

"I come," said Etienne, "to apologise."

"Sure," said Hiram cheerfully. "Anything you like. But why apologise?"

"I did not understand that the lady was your wife."

"My——?" Hiram stared. "Excuse me one moment," he said. And he went out of the room, reappearing presently with a plump and jolly-looking lady whom Etienne had never seen before.

Etienne bowed. Hiram bowed. Mrs. Hiram bowed.

"My wife," said Hiram simply.

Etienne shot a glance at the ceiling.

"Then why should Fifi——?"

"I guess," said Hiram, "because she's the biggest-hearted kid that ever lived. Say, if you want to pick a duel with me, and you haven't got an excuse left, will it help you if I call you a fool right now?"

"But I agree," said Etienne. "I am."

He walked towards a door.

"I cannot expect you to forgive me. I will say good-bye," he said bowing.

"Not that door," said Hiram, grinning. "This door. Fifi's behind it. When you're through proposing come back to me, and we'll talk over plans for the wedding. I'm a great little organiser."

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4711. Eau de Cologne

A playful passage between Ian Hunter and Isabel Jeans in "Downhill."

Down with Downhill Ivor

by E. E. BARETT

Ivor travels Downhill and finds it a rough journey, but, apparently, quite exciting

The average film hero is usually a pretty noble fellow.

Self-sacrifice is as the breath of life to him. He is always taking upon himself the burden of another's folly for no very obvious reason except, perhaps, that the one-and threepennies worship him for it, and, anyway, it all comes right in the end.

Of course, unkind people might say that he only does it because it gives him an opportunity of enjoying, in his subsequent adventures, all sorts of deviations from the straight and narrow path that would not otherwise have been permissible. For the film hero who has been falsely dishonoured at the beginning of a story may do almost anything during the remainder of the picture and emerge in the final close-up with an unimpeachable reputation.

But then, unkind people will always say these things, and the ardent film fan knows that his penchant for nobility is just one of those sterling qualities that go to make him the heroic figure he always appears to be.

When, therefore, I learnt that Ivor Novello was going to portray a sort of modern "Rake's Progress" in the screen version of his play, *Downhill*, I knew that his start on the downward path must be anybody's fault but his own.

I went down to the Islington Studios one afternoon, when work on the picture had just started, with the intention of finding out for myself what black villainy had contrived his downfall.

I was not left in doubt for long. As I had suspected, there was a woman in the case, and, by the look of things, she was giving poor Ivor a very bad quarter of an hour.

For the enlightenment of readers who did not see the play, perhaps I had better give a brief idea of the plot.

Ivor has the rôle of Roddy Beswick, a boy in his last term at one of our great public schools. He has the promise of a brilliant career before him, but taking upon his shoulders the blame for a piece of folly of his chum, "Tim Wakely's"—because the boy is the son of a poor parson, and "Roddy" knows that disgrace would probably kill his father and ruin his chances of taking up the scholarship he had just won—he is expelled.

Turned from home because of his disgrace, he faces the world alone. From then on the story traces the various phases of his downhill journey, until he is unexpectedly vindicated and restored to home and honour.

The "piece of folly" that Ivor so nobly shoulders for his friend is the very personable Annette Benson, who plays "Mabel," proprietress of the village teashop and confectioner's, and, incidentally, it seems, the reason why boys leave home.

When I arrived on the scene she was apparently accusing Ivor (looking very innocent and guileless), of not having "done the right thing by her." The scene was the headmaster's study, and the headmaster himself, played with rare scholastic dignity by Ben Webster, was a horrified third party to the interview.

"Mabel" put up her accusations in a spirited and fiery manner, and it was evident from the severe expression on the schoolmaster's face that "Roddy" was in for a bad time after she had gone.

At length, when she had worked herself into a state of trembling hysteria, she was gently, but firmly, propelled outside the study door by Mr. Webster, and—"Cut!" shouted Mr. Hitchcock, the director. Immediately cameras ceased whirring; Ivor lost that hang-dog expression, the severity on Mr. Webster's face softened into quite an amiable smile, and Annette Benson re-appeared round the door through which she had made her hasty exit, and smiled upon her victim of a moment before.

Annette, by the way is a very capable and attractive little actress who has appeared in far too few British films lately, owing to the slump in production over here. She has, however, quite a number of recent continental successes to her credit.

"Yes, I'm the girl that causes all the trouble," she told me cheerfully, as we chatted together on the edge of the set, while something was being done to the lights (something always is being done to the lights in a film studio). A few minutes later she was back on the set going through the whole scene once again, with enthusiastic hatred.

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Violet Vanbrugh.

"There is no better tonic food than 'Ovaltine' for tired nerves and overtaxed strength and it is very efficacious in building up one's constitution to enable one to endure strain."

Such an appreciation as this is the more remarkable when one recollects that Miss Vanbrugh's profession imposes an almost unparalleled nervous strain.

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Ivor Novello as the schoolboy, "Roddy," in the opening scenes.

Below: Ian Hunter and Isabel Jeans in a scene from "Downhill."

When I eventually left, Ivor was still receiving a vigorous verbal wigging from the enraged girl.

So far as I can see he spends most of his time running out of one bit of trouble into another. In the course of his progress downhill he marries an actress. When I tell you that the lady in question is Isabel Jeans, you will realise that there are rocks ahead.

I looked in at the studio some days after the school sequence, and found them filming a fight scene between Ivor and Ian Hunter. They were in a room in "Julia's" (Isabel Jeans') flat. Ivor's right hand was decorated with a top hat, through which he had accidentally thrust it in the heat of battle. Ian Hunter had just dragged down a window curtain and stood with a chair in his hand, aimed at his opponent's head. Surrounding furniture seemed in imminent danger of destruction.

I hastily got out of range of the chair. The camera, I noticed, was protected by a wooden screen, in which a small, square hole had been cut, just big enough to shoot the scene through.

At the word of command the chair was hurled. Ivor dodged and it fell in pieces at his feet.

Studio hands rushed forward and hammered it together again, then handed it back to Ian Hunter for a re-take. The scene was repeated some half-a-dozen times until the right effect had at last been obtained, and the chair was so weak that it literally couldn't stand!

All this time the lovely cause of all the trouble was seated on a couch near the set, an interested spectator. She wore a wonderful gold negligée, trimmed with brown fur, and a wig of short, yellow curls.

The change from brunette to blonde is not the only difference that fans will see in Isabel Jeans in this picture.

Alfred Hitchcock, realising how banal the plot might easily become, is treating the greater portion of it from a comedy angle, and the rôle of "Julia" is a much lighter one than Miss Jeans has hitherto played.

The whole of the fight scene is relieved with subtle humorous touches, because, as Mr. Hitchcock remarked, "You can't treat two men fighting in a flat in lounge suits, seriously. The scene must be funny."

Later I had a chance of judging Miss Jeans' powers as a comedienne for myself, and she certainly seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing remarkably well.

Apparently she is present when the two men start to fight. As the heat of battle grows, and the furniture begins to suffer, she gets into a state of extreme agitation. She implores them frantically to stop—not because she fears for the safety of either of the

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LETTERS OF A DÉBUTANTE

MAYFAIR,
Wednesday.

Dearest Cynthia

Last night I dined and went to the theatre with Dad's old friend Major Montague and his daughter.

The Major—who is really a tremendous dear—paid me the most charming old-fashioned compliments on my complexion, which I received as prettily as I knew how, inwardly registering a little vote of thanks to Icilma Cream. His daughter begged me afterwards to tell her how I managed to keep my powder in such perfect condition without ever having to "touch it up"—so I passed the secret on.

As a matter of fact, there's much less powdering done in public now than there used to be—I expect it's because ninety-nine women out of a hundred have discovered the virtues of Icilma.

Your loving
Gwenda

Women of Fashion Prefer it

Icilma is prized among leaders of Society because a marvellous lightness makes it the perfect base for powder. It takes nine times as long to bring Icilma to this perfection as to prepare an ordinary cream. Unique in containing the famous beautifying Icilma Water from Algeria.

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To preserve bobbed or shingled hair in its fullest beauty, use the Icilma treatment. Icilma Wet Shampoos make a rich lather, cleansing thoroughly and leaving the hair beautifully lustrous. Between the wet shampoos Icilma Dry Shampoos are especially valuable. They keep the hair soft, fluffy and free from grease and dust. 3d. per sachet or in cartons, 7 for 1/6.

1/3 per jar. Large size, 2/-. Vanity Bag size, 9d. In beautiful jade-coloured jars. Two Perfumes — Bouquet, Blue Carton, Red Seals, or Magnolia, Green Carton, Green Seals. Please ask for the perfume you require.

Icilma
THE CREAM OF SOCIETY

Annette Benson, Ivor, and Robin Irvine. The scene speaks for itself.

contestants, but because she doesn't want to see her happy home completely wrecked. Then, as her prayers have no effect, and the fight grows even more fast and furious, she gradually collects all the most cherished vases and ornaments, and takes them out of the danger zone.

A film star has to have a very vivid imagination. When the camera was turned on Miss Jeans for her work in the fight scene, the two men stood on one side to watch, and she had to go through all the pantomime of dodging the chairs and other missiles that were thrown, while she ran round in a frantic effort to save her property, with nothing but the whirring camera in front of her.

The vehemence with which she stamped her foot at nothing, and implored it to stop fighting, could not have been more realistic if the two men had been battering each other to pieces in front of her eyes.

The work of destruction was still going on when I left, but now Ivor had once more taken the floor. In spite of her tearful pleadings, he had seized one of Julia's beloved vases, and was preparing to hurl it at Ian Hunter —or, rather, at a little mark on the wooden screen that protected the camera. He missed the bull's-eye at his first shot, and hit the lens of the camera, so he was promptly supplied with another vase and prepared for another shot.

Downhill, when it is finished, should be one of the best pictures Mr. Hitchcock has ever produced.

His treatment promises to be even more original than in previous films, and he has given his characteristic bent for symbolism full play.

There is, for instance, a scene near the beginning of the picture which was taken on an escalator at Maida Vale Tube Station. Ivor is shown dejectedly leaving his father's house, after a stormy interview. He wanders into the nearest station and takes a ticket, without caring where his destination is. Then he steps on to the moving staircase, and the camera films his gradually receding figure. The first stage on his road downhill has started!

The scenes were shot in the small hours of one Sunday morning after the trains had stopped running for the night, by kind permission of the Underground authorities. Some remarkable lighting effects were obtained, lorries outside the station supplying the "juice" for the sun-arcs that were used.

Later in the story there are some interesting scenes in a night club. Here again Mr. Hitchcock's subtle humour and sense of symbolism has created, not the ordinary night club that picturegoers see in every other film that is shown, but a skit on night club life in general.

The wild flappers, and jazz-mad youths usually depicted on the screen as the chief habituées of the movie night club, are conspicuous by their absence. Instead of the spirit of "flaming youth" he has achieved an effect of excitement-craving middle age.

The club is entirely filled with people beyond their prime. On the day that these scenes were filmed, over two hundred extras were engaged, and a jazz band, composed of rather decrepit-looking old men, made music for them to dance to. These scenes should be some of the most amusing in the whole film.

The cast of *Downhill* is an unusually good one.

It includes, amongst other people, Barbara Gott, Violet Fairbrother, Mickey Brantford, Lillian Braithwaite, Norman McKinnell, Sybil Rhoda and Jerrold Robertshaw.

Ivor Novello fans will love it, because they would love anything that featured their idol. And the people who do not go to see a film because of the personal attractions of the star, will appreciate the clever direction that can get over the weaknesses of a banal story.

Mr. Hitchcock believes in satisfying all portions of the public, if he can possibly manage it. He realises that the average "highbrow" picture is seldom a good box office proposition, because the story is often above the heads of the average picturegoer. He prefers to take a "lowbrow" story and give it a "highbrow" treatment.

So everybody ought to be satisfied.

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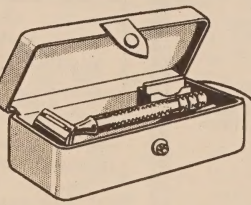

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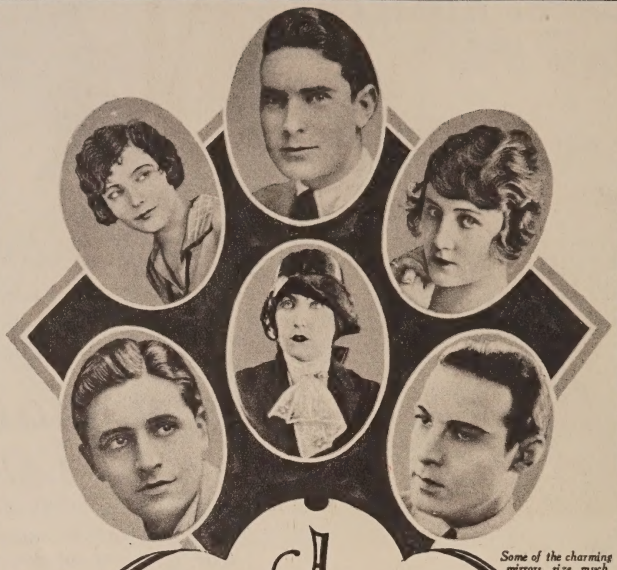
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Betty Compson	Ben Lyon	Conway Tearle	Lillian Gish
Jackie Coogan	Lloyd Hughes	Constance Talmadge	Alice Terry
Gladys Cooper	May McAvoy	Gloria Swanson	
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New additions to **3d.** Sepia Glossy Cards

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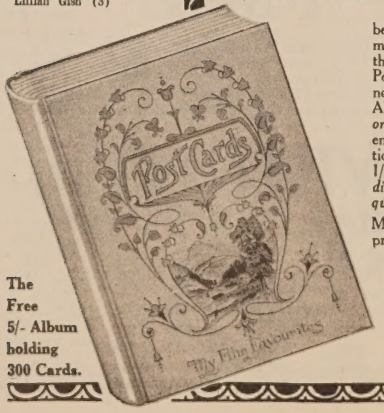

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(Guinea Voucher Free). The February winner of Guinea Voucher presented to member who purchased the most postcards during that month is:—Mrs. Brown, 45, East Street, Bedminster.

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On this line write film star to go on back of Mirror.

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A film version of the musical comedy *Lady Be Good* is being made by First National. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are being featured.

The Missing Link is the title of the latest Syd Chaplin comedy. A highly intelligent chimpanzee named "Akka" shares acting honours with Syd.

The marriage of Alice Calhoun recently took place in Hollywood. The fortunate man at the other end of the wedding ring was Max Chotiner, a Los Angeles theatre owner.

Shirley Mason, the diminutive American star, who is one of the famous Flugrath sisters, was recently married to Sidney Lanfield, a scenario writer.

Her sister, Viola Dana, is not following Shirley's example, but is devoting all her energies to her picture work. *Salvation Jane* and *Nice and Wicked* are two of her forthcoming productions.

Colleen Moore is to make another visit to England and Ireland early this summer for the purpose of making a picture. The title of this has not yet been announced.

Karl Dane, who scored his first big success in *The Big Parade* is featured with George K. Arthur in *Red, White and Blue.* The two seem to be working up a comedy partnership, for it is announced that they will play in other pictures together.

Sally O'Neil's success in pictures seems to have affected her whole family with filmitis. Her sister Sue has just signed a contract with First National, and will be known henceforward as Molly O'Day.

A brother Jack is also looking for a movie career, under the family name of Noonan, and another sister Isabelle has been playing an extra part in King Vidor's new production *The Mob.*

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have bought the film rights of Sir James Barrie's *Quality Street,* and it is to be Marion Davies' next starring vehicle. Sidney Franklin will direct it.

Jackie Coogan has signed a new contract with Metro. He does not mean to desert the screen now that he is growing up, and he starts work immediately on *The Bugle Call.*

After several years of domestic retirement, Mildred Davis, who, as everyone knows is Mrs. Harold Lloyd in private life, is coming back to the screen. She will play in *Too Many Crooks,* for Paramount.

The screen version of *Old Heidelberg* is well under way, and promises to be one of the biggest things Ernst Lubitsch has ever directed. Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer play together for the first time in this film. Other important members of the cast are little Philippe de Lacey, Jean Hersholt and Chester Conklin.

The new P.D.C. picture *The Yankee Clipper,* in which Elinor Fair and William Boyd play together, has been re-titled, for British audiences. It is now known as *White Wings.*

Milton Sills seems to have made a permanent place for himself as a real "he-man" of the screen. His latest picture, in which he is supported by Natli Burr, is called *Diamonds in The Rough.*

The Kid Brother proves to be everything good that one expects from a Harold Lloyd picture. We laughed continuously when we saw it at the Plaza recently.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have officially starred William Haines. His first starring vehicle will be *Spring Fever,* which will be directed by Sam Taylor.

Gilda Grey, who proved a very alluring film personality in *Aloma of the South Seas* is busy at Paramount Studios on a new picture, *Cabaret,* Judging from the title this should be a great box office attraction.

Gainsborough Pictures have acquired the film rights of *The Constant Nymph,* and Basil Dean, the brilliant young stage producer, will direct. So far no details are to hand with regard to the cast. Scenes for the film will be made in London, Paris and the Tyrol.

Work on *Virginia's Husband,* the new Archibald Nettlefold subject is in full swing at Walton-on-Thames. Harry Hughes is directing, and the cast includes Lillian Oldland, Patrick Susands, Mabel Poulton, Ena Grossmith, Marie Ault, Charles Dormer and Fewlass Llewellyn.

A film version of Rosita Forbes' novel *King's Mate* is being filmed by Wardour. The many desert scenes in the story are being shot in Morocco, and the interiors will be taken at the Elstree studios. Lilian Hall-Davis, Warwick Ward, and Forrester Harvey are in the cast.

Fox's have finished their screen version of H. G. Wells' *Marriage,* and we are glad to see that they are keeping to the original title after all. Virginia Valli stars and Alan Durant, James Marcus and Lawford Davidson are also in the cast.

When the cast of the new Gaumont war film, *Roses of Picardy,* returned from the south of France, where they have been filming exteriors in a small village specially built for the purpose, they left one member behind in Nice. This is Humberstone Wright, who has been engaged by Rex Ingram to play in *The Call of the Blood,* his latest production.

The golfing fever has taken serious hold among filmdom's élite. Amongst the more serious cases are Douglas Fairbanks and Joseph Schenck (on the extreme right), who are seen above, taking the necessary treatment for their complaint.

Old and faithful fans who remember the early days of the film industry, when the antics of John Bunny moved them to laughter, will be interested to hear that George Bunny, brother of the late comedian, has a rôle in Marie Prevost's latest picture *The Night Bride.*

Three hundred society people are to appear in a picture being made in England. Sixty per cent. of the profits made by the film are to be given to the National Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis. The deeds that are perpetrated in the name of Charity!

Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson seem to be forming a screen partnership that bids fair to be very popular amongst the fans. After very successfully co-starring in *Midnight Lovers* for First National, they are making *Bed and Board* for the same company.

Work was recently started on a new Buster Keaton comedy, which is as yet untitled. It deals with an entirely new phase of college life. James Horne directs and the supporting cast includes Ann Cornwall, Harold Goodwin, Florence Turner, Grant Withers and James Mack.

Joseph Schildkraut is very much at home in his latest picture, *The Heart Thief.* He played in the stage version of this, which ran under the title of *The Highwayman* and spent three years in Europe with it, forty weeks in New York and twenty weeks in Chicago. Lya de Putti, the lovely Hungarian star, is to be co-featured with him, and Nils Olaf Chrisander will direct.

Madge Bellamy's next picture will be a comedy-drama of modern life. It is to be called *Ankles Preferred,* and in it she will have the rôle of a young girl worker in a metropolitan store who gets on in the world. Lawrence Grey. J. Farrell MacDonald, Allan Forrest, Barry Norton, and Joyce Compton are also in the cast.

Louise Fazenda is at last being starred by Warner Brothers, and her first starring vehicle is *Fingerprints,* a comedy-mystery thriller. John T. Murray is supporting her, and the pair have done so well together that Warners have cast them in another film *The Gay Old Bird* to be made immediately after *Fingerprints.*

All the war epics that can be filmed are gradually being brought to the screen. Gaumonts are to film the story of the Dover Patrol. As in other cases, where war films that aim at being a faithful record of events, have been made by British companies, official assistance has been sought from the Admiralty.

Another naval picture of a different type will also be made by Gaumont this year. This is entitled *Sailors Don't Care,* and aims at being a rollicking but true to life presentation of "life on the ocean wave!"

Amongst the pictures scheduled for production by Gaumont this year are also *The Campbells Are Coming,* a story of the relief of Lucknow, and a screen version of *The Arcadians* and *The Glad Eye.* So it really looks as though the studios at Shepherd's Bush are being extended to some purpose.

An interesting series of two-reel comedies is to be made by Madelene Brandies, one of the few women producers in the business. They will feature the sons and daughters of some of the biggest stars in the business.

The cast of the first picture, *Young Hollywood,* boasts Erich von Stroheim, jun., Tim Holt, Barbara Denny, Eileen O'Malley, Billy Reid, George Bosworth, Mary Desmond and D'Arcy McCoy.

Einar Hansen, the young Swedish actor, has signed a long-term contract with Paramount, and his first film for that company, just completed, was *Barbed Wire* with Pola Negri. Now he is playing opposite Esther Ralston in *Fashions For Women.*

After a taste of sophistication in screen rôles, Irene Rich is to return to a neglected wife rôle in her next picture. This is entitled *Don't Tell the Wife.*

There's no end to the surprises Hollywood hands out. The very latest announcement is that Betty Bronson, after being "discovered" by Sir James Barrie, has been re-discovered by Elinor Glyn. The latter has written her new film story *Ritzy* specially for the little actress.

Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman seem to have established a permanent screen partnership. After their recent success in *The Night of Love,* they are to play together again in *Harlequin.*

After trying to reconcile his ideas of art with commercialism, and falling rather badly between the two stools, D. W. Griffith has torn up his contract with Paramount. He is now joining forces with Cecil de Mille at the de Mille studios.

Noah Beery has tired of villainy for the sake of villainy, and in *The Rough Riders* he has a purely comedy rôle. He has the rôle of a gruff, big-hearted Texas sheriff.

Another Hollywood extra has struck lucky. He is young and ingenuously good-looking and his name is James Murray. After two years hard work in the crowd he was seen by King Vidor, who selected him to support Eleanor Boardman in *The Mob.*

In her next picture, *Convoy,* Dorothy Mackaill plays the part of a society girl who is employed by the Government in the secret service.

Clara Bow is once more announced as engaged. This time the lucky man is Gary Cooper, her leading man in *Children of Divorce.* As Clara's engagements average about one a month, we don't attach much importance to this. Gary will probably help to form a society of Clara's ex-fiancés before long.

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Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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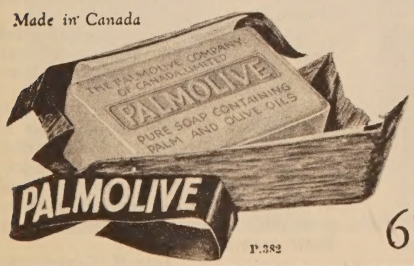

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P.382

Tastes that thrill

IF you are simply thrilled with a chocolate you'll want to say much more than "It's nice." The words you want are "It's Cadbury's," for that means tastes that thrill.

There are nine kinds of Cadbury's ½-lb. blocks—nine different tastes. Milk or plain Chocolate, or each with fruit and nuts or just with nuts. And to give your palate an adventure try Mexican or Bitter Chocolate. Cadbury's ½-lb. blocks—thick blocks which keep to the full the tastes that thrill. Get a Cadbury ½-lb. block.

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Get a Cadbury ½lb block

See the name **'Cadbury'** *on every piece of chocolate*

The Pick of the Pictures

THE BIG PARADE (*J. M. G.*).

So much has already been written in the columns of this magazine in praise of *The Big Parade* that I almost hesitate to add my quota.

For I have yet to meet the person who can swallow the whole of America's super-glazed war pill and honestly admit that they like it!

In the beginning, *The Big Parade* is a great film—a masterpiece of treatment! In its entirety it is awful!—as far removed from historical fact as is chalk from cheese!

An opening sub-title apologises for featuring America first, last and all the time, by suggesting naïvely that this is the War as it appeared to three Doughboys—as it might have appeared to anyone.

So far so good; the Doughboys are wonderful; the heroine (Renée Adorée) is charming; the humour is clever.

Then comes part two, and—THE WAR!

In broad daylight the American troops advance through a wood in the glory of full leaf. Their bayonets are drawn, and they advance in single file. German snipers appear here and there among the branches, but America, pushing on to victory, heeds them not!

Still in broad daylight they come to open country and are seen marching in solid battalions towards the front line.

Eventually the front—a large field with innumerable shell holes over it, is reached. "What!" scream the soldiers. "Are they going to send us out on that barrenness?" They start digging trenches (although the war has been raging for three years), and the hero and his two pals (Jack Gilbert, Tom O'Brien and Karl Dane) retire to a dug-out.

One is sent out into "No Man's Land" with despatches, and the others wait for him. After three minutes of waiting and about ten minutes of war, Gilbert runs amok! "God!" he screams, "I wasn't sent out here to die like a rat in a hole!"

IT is all very dramatic, of course, but rather reckless, and the Germans, who can scarcely be expected to hang up the war for a mere delivering of sentiments, lose very little time in issuing him "a packet."

After this it is all plain sailing for the American equivalent for "Blighty" (minus a leg), the best mother reunion scene the screen has ever given us, and a happy ending with the girl he left behind him.

King Vidor is to be congratulated upon his handling of individual scenes, his masterly hold over his players, and his magnificent comedy relief.

Above: John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade."

Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Lilyan Tashman and Monte Blue in "So This is Paris."

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP (*First National*).

It was in Mack Sennet's bathing comedies, I believe, that Harry Langdon first excited the attention of the multitude. A big future was promised for him when he got his opportunity—some folks even declared that his genius would outshine that of Chaplin, Lloyd, or Buster Keaton!

While he has a long way to go to beat Chaplin, he is easily as funny as either of the others. His Simple Simon face and mirth provoking mannerisms are different! He has a way with him!

For the purposes of this story he is Harry Logan. His father is deeply in debt, so somewhat gloomily he goes forth to seek his fortune.

He has always admired the posters of the Burton Shoe Company because of the face thereon. It happens to be the face of the daughter of the managing director of the firm, but Harry doesn't know that until after he has entered a competition to walk in Burton's Boots from Massachusetts to California. The daughter's interest stimulates Harry to put his best foot forward and he starts on the 3,000 miles with gusto. Troubles great and small assail him, he mistakes the road, encounters a cyclone, climbs up an embankment, hangs over a precipice, falls and blocks the road to other competitors, fights and steals and struggles, becomes a convict, and eventually escapes to love and prosperity!

SO THIS IS PARIS (*Gaumont*).

Although the plot of this production has done yeoman service in many a farcical comedy, under the inspired direction of Lubitsch and the brilliant acting of a fine cast, it takes on quite a semblance of novelty. It is full of witty, humorous and utterly unexpected twists and turns, and should thoroughly delight every picturegoer with a taste for the slightly satirical fare for which this director is justly famous.

The story, adapted from a play by Meilhal and Halevy, opens with the introduction of Paul Girand (Monte Blue), a young Parisian doctor very much in love with his wife, Suzanne (Patsy Ruth Miller).

Suzanne's modesty has been offended by the carelessness of a neighbour over the way who appears at the window in a state of semi-undress.

Furious, Paul dashes off to punish the offender, to find that the flat is occupied by Georgette Lalle, ballet dancer and a former friend. Complications immediately ensue, involving Paul in various scrapes from which he eventually emerges resolved to be a better man in future.

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Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount; April 11).

Melodrama. A story of human emotions in the South Seas, with Gilda Gray as a very alluring Hawaiian siren. Percy Marmont, Warner Baxter, William Powell, Harry T. Morey, Julanne Johnston and Joseph Smiley form a capable cast. Director, Maurice Tourneur. Nothing particularly original about it, but it is quite good entertainment.

Blarney (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; April 25).

Sporting drama. A boxing story set in the late nineteenth century, that is really excellent entertainment. A good cast includes Ralph Graves, Renée Adorée, Paulette Duval and Malcolm Waile. Director, Marcel de Sano.

Born To Battle (Ideal; April 18).

Western. Conventional story with one or two novel situations, some good fights and clever child acting. Competent cast includes Tom Tyler, Frankie Darrow, Jean Arthur, Fred Gambold, Buck Black, Leroy Mason, and Ether Laidlow. Director, Bob de Lacy. Fair entertainment of its kind.

Broken Hearts of Hollywood (Gaumont; April 25).

Melodrama. A heavy and obvious story of life in Hollywood studios that seldom rings true. The acting of Louise Dresser, in a "mother" rôle, is the best thing in the production. Patsy Ruth Miller, Douglas Fairbanks, jun., are quite good in the leading juvenile rôles, and the rest of the cast is competent but unremarkable. Poor and crude entertainment.

Butterflies in the Rain (European; April 25).

Marriage drama. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood star in this screen version of Andrew Soutar's story. There is nothing outstanding about any of it. A capable cast includes Dorothy Cummings, Robert Ober, Oscar Beregi, Dorothy Stokes, Edwards Davis, Edward Lockhart, James Anderson, Clarence Thompson, Rose Burdick, Robert Bolder, Ruby Lafayette, George Periolat and Grace Gordon. Director, Edward Sloman. Moderate entertainment.

The Cheerful Fraud (Universal; April 1).

Farce. A light and amusing screen version of a novel by K. R. G. Browne. Reginald Denny is very bright and cheery in the title rôle, and he is ably supported by Gertrude Olmstead, Otis Harlan, Emily Fitzroy, Charles Gerrard and Gertrude Astor. Director, William A. Seiter. Excellent entertainment.

Christine of the Circus (Argosy; April 25).

Circus drama. A conventional story with one or two really good thrills and convincing acting. Pauline Garon, Cullen Landis, Otto Matieson, Robert Graves, John Elliott, Martha Mattox and Betty Noon form the cast. Director, Archie Mayo. Quite good entertainment.

The Country Beyond (Fox; April 25).

Drama. A story of Broadway and the Canadian North West, adapted from a novel by James Oliver Curwood. Good work comes from Olive Borden, Ralph Graves, Fred Kohler, Evelyn Selbie, J. Farrel MacDonald, Lawford Davidson and Gertrude Astor in leading rôles. Director, Irving Cumming.

Crossed Trails (Renters; April 14).

Western. Heavy cowboy melodrama, with an involved plot, featuring Franklyn Farnum. J. P. McGowan, Alyse Mills and a capable cast support.

The Danger Quest (Butcher; April 18).

Stunt melodrama. Reed Howes is a good, brisk hero in a story mainly concerned with his adventures in Africa, in search of a big diamond. Good supporting cast includes J. P. McGowan, Ethel Shannon, David Kirby, Billy Franey, and Fred Kohler. Director, Harry Brown. Fair entertainment.

The Dice Woman (P. D. C.; April 11).

Farce-melodrama. Priscilla Dean, John Bowers, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lionel Belmore, Phillips Smalley and Malcolm Denny in rather crude mixture of semi-burlesque melodrama and comedy. Director, Edward Dillon. Poor entertainment.

A Farmer's Boy (F. B. O.; April 25).

Comedy-drama. Charles Ray in one of the rural comedies for which he is best known, in which, from a shy, country lad he develops into a "small town" hero. Duane Thompson, Hallam Cooley, Fannie Midgley and George Fawcett are good in supporting rôles. Pleasant, light entertainment.

Fascinating Youth (Paramount; April 25).

Comedy - romance. This picture boasts amongst its chief attractions, sixteen newcomers, all of them young artistes from the Famous-Players-Lasky school. These are Buddy Rogers, Ivy Harris, Jack Suden, Walter Goss, Claud Buchanan, Mona Palmer, Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunn, Iris Gray, Gregory Blackton, Thelda Kerwin, Jeanne Morgan, Dorothy Nourse, Irving Hartley, Robert Andrews and Charles Brockaw. They are quite promising but not startling. Ralph Lewis, Harry Sweet, Chester Conklin, James Bradbury, sen., and Joseph Burke are some of the older artistes in the cast. Director, Sam Wood. Quite good, light entertainment.

Fighting Fists (Pathé; April).

Sporting melodrama. Richard Holt, Ruth Dwyer, Mortimer Snow, Gany Odell, and Edward Cecil in a story of the ring. Plenty of rough stuff and some quite good boxing scenes. Director, Duke Worne. Fair entertainment.

Fine Feathers (Gaumont; April 7).

Farce. Louise Fazenda, Jacqueline Logan, Douglas Gerrard, John Milgan, Heeley Edwards and Jason Robards in a well-produced and well-acted story of two mannequins and their manœuvres into wealthy marriages. Director, Roy Del Ruth. Very good, light entertainment.

The Gay Cavalier (Butcher; April 4).

Costume drama. A French film set in the Louis XV war period. The story is rather rambling, but there is some sincere acting from a good cast that includes Simon Girard, Simone Vaudry, Claude France, Jacques Guilhene, Renée Heribel, M. Peyriere, Paul Guide, M. de Guingand, and M. Colas. Director, Rene Seprince. Quite good entertainment of a spectacular type.

The Gay Deceiver (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; April 4).

Comedy-drama. Lew Cody, Carmel Myers, Dorothy Phillips, Marceline Day and a good supporting cast in a story of a middle-aged actor who suddenly meets a daughter whose existence he has not before known. Quite good entertainment.

The General (Allied Artists; April 18).

Comedy. Buster Keaton as the engine driver hero of an American Civil war story, goes unsmilingly as usual through a series of amusing adventures. Marion Mack is his leading lady, and there is an excellent supporting cast. Capital entertainment.

Gigolo (P. D. C.; April 25).

Melodrama. A rather theatrical story of a man who, broken by the war and private misfortunes, becomes a "gigolo" (professional dancing partner) in Paris, but ultimately regains his manhood. Rod La Rocque plays the title rôle, and he is supported by Jobyna Ralston, Louise Dresser, Cyril Chadwick, and George Nichols.

Good and Naughty (Paramount; April 4).

Comedy. Pola Negri is very well cast in a farcical story full of good situations. Tom Moore, Ford Sterling, Miss Du Pont, Stuart Holmes, Marie Masquini and Warner Richmond form an excellent support. Director, Malcolm St. Clair. Very good, light entertainment.

Her Second Chance (First Nat.; April 13).

Melodrama. A somewhat improbable story of a race track feud. Anna

Under the lights

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Picturegoer, April, 1927

Q. Nilsson is convincing in a leading rôle, and the rest of the cast, which includes Huntly Gordon, Charles Murray, Mike Donlin, Dale Fuller, Sam de Grasse, William J. Kelly, Corliss Palmer and Jed Pronty, are adequate. Director, Lambert Hillyer. Quite good entertainment.

High Steppers (First Nat.; April 4).
Romantic drama. Adapted from a story by Sir Phillip Gibbs, this is the usual absurd American idea of English life. Mary Astor stars, and is supported by Lloyd Hughes, Dolores del Rio, Alec Francis, Lita Carewe, John T. Murray, Emily Fitzroy, Edward Davis, Charles Sellon, John Steppling, and Clarissa Selwynne. Director, Edwin Carewe. Fair entertainment.

Honesty—The Best Policy (Fox; April 4).
Burlesque. Johnny Walker, Pauline Starke, Rockcliffe Fellowes and a good supporting cast, in a bright and snappy story cleverly acted and treated. Very good entertainment.

The Lily (Fox; April 11).
Domestic drama. An excellent character study of a selfish French father and his family well directed and sincerely acted. Belle Bennett, Ian Keith, John Sainpolis, Reata Hoyt, Bany Norton, Richard Tucker, Gertrude Short, James Marcus and Lydia Yeomans Titus form a very good cast. Director, Victor Shertzinger. Good entertainment.

Love's Blindness (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; April 18).
Marriage drama. Pauline Starke, Antonio Moreno, Lilyan Tashman and a rather poor cast in a story by Elinor Glynn of marital misunderstandings. Director, John Francis Dillon.

Mlle. Modiste (First Nat.; April 11).
Romantic drama. A somewhat thin story, with some good mannequin parades and one or two humorous situations. Corinne Griffith, Norman Kerry, Willard Louis, Dorothy Cummings and Rose Dione form a good cast. Director, Robert Z. Leonard. Quite good entertainment.

Mantrap (Paramount; April 18).
Comedy. Clara Bow is admirably cast in the title rôle of this piquant and excellently produced story of a confirmed flirt. A very good cast includes Ernest Torrence, Percy Marmont, Eugene Pallette, Tom Kennedy, Josephine Crowell, William Orlamond Charles Stevens and Miss Du Pont. Director, Victor Fleming. Very good entertainment.

Meet The Prince (P. D. C.; April —).
Farce. A bright little story of a Russian Prince and his sister, exiled and penniless in America. Joseph Schildkraut, Marguerite de la Motte, Vera Steadman, Julia Faye, David Butler and Helen Dunbar form a good cast. Director, Joseph Henabery. Good, light entertainment.

The Mill (W. and F.; April 18).
Comedy. Long and Short, the two Danish comedians, in a rather thin story that is mildly amusing. A good thing to take the children to.

A Night of Romance (Wardour; April 21).
Romantic drama. Leon Mathot, Simonne Vaudry, Sylvio de Pedrelli, Chas. Vanel and Rachel Devierys in a story of smuggling and brigandage.

(*Continued on page* 61).

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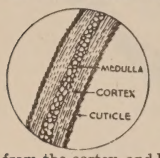

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"Do not trust him gentle maiden"—
That is what the song advised.
Of all but one this may be true—
Now, tell me, what have you surmised?
That I am a Novello fan,
Or am enchanted with Tom Mix?
That Ronald Colman has my heart,
Or that my hero's Richard Dix?
I cannot say, I know them not,
But one I'll always know and trust.
His beauty would surpass the lot;
He charms me—love him, then, I must.
You meet him here, you meet him there.
His fame is spreading near and far,
His pictures are shown everywhere—
He's Rin-Tin-Tin, the canine star.

CHRIS.

TO R. N.

(With apologies to W. S.)

The qualities of Ramon are far-famed;
They shine e'en in the Hollywood that's Heaven
To us that gaze beneath. He is most blest;
He's shown to us by Metro, and the films he makes
Are mightiest in the mightiest; he becomes
Of Movieland the Monarch with most radiant crown.
We scorn to own the lure of other kings.
But Ramon is above this sceptred sway,
Publicity he craves not; and the things
He does are known but to himself.
Our Señor's power lies not in the Press
But in our reason's justice. Therefore, fans,
When "genius in obscurity" you cry, consider this:
That in the heart of filmdom none of us
Should see Novarro; we are content to praise him,
And that same praise I now do humbly render
To Ramon's Caesar. I have spoke thus much
And yet a word must say,
Which, if you follow, you will see has merit;
Give thanks to Ingram, who put our Ramon "there."

BETTIE (London).

TO VILMA BANKY.

Why do I take my pen and write,
Of charms that never can be mine?
Why take the trouble to indite
These verses to those eyes divine?
How can this uninspired pen,
This paper and this mundane ink,
Record before the world of men
Half that your beauty makes me think?
If things unreal could come to earth,
And shadows could be living things,
The dream that gave this poem birth
Should come to me on rainbow wings.
But since, to mortals such as I,
You must remain a vision seen
But never touched, I sit and sigh,
And watch your shadow on the screen!

JOHN (Henley).

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in George but not in O'Brien,
My second's in Ben but not in Lyon,
My third is in Tom, but not in Mix,
My fourth is in Richard but not in Dix,
My fifth is in Reggie but not in Denny,
My sixth's in James and also in Renny,
My seventh's in Estelle and also in Clarke,
My eighth's in Pauline and also in Starke,
My ninth is in Owen but not in Moore,
My tenth is in Marjorie but not in Daw,
My last's in Dolores and also Costello,
And altogether he's a very nice fellow.

Answer—GEORGE LEWIS.

ESTELLA BRAMSON.

PICTUREGOERS' GUIDE

(*Continued from page 58*).

Director, Henri Etiévant. Fair entertainment of the somewhat theatrical, continental type.

The Night Patrol (Ideal; April 4).

Crook melodrama. Dick Talmadge does some vigorous stunts in a commonplace crime story. Josef Swickard, Mary Carr, Rose Blossom, Grace Darmond, Victor Dillingham and Arthur Conrad support. Director, Mason Noel. Fair entertainment.

Prisoners of the Storm (European; April 4).

North West drama. House Peters, Peggy Montgomery, Walter McGrail, Harry Todd, Fred de Silva, Clark Comstock and Lillian Nicholson in a well-directed story with a good strong plot. Director, Lynn Reynold. Good entertainment of a heavy, dramatic type.

Prowlers of the Night (European; April 4).

Western. Fred Himes is the rugged, cowboy hero of a story neither better nor worse than others of its type. Barbara Kent, "Slim" Cole, John T. Prince, Joseph Belmont and Walter Maehle form an adequate support. Director, Ernst Laemmle.

Red Clay (European; April 28).

Melodrama. William Desmond as the college educated, Red Indian hero of a racial-problem story. Marceline Day and Albert J. Smith head an adequate supporting cast. Fair entertainment.

Revelation (Stoll; April 4).

Drama. A French film with a strongly religious theme of human regeneration. A good cast includes Maurice Schultz, Gaston Jacquet, Edmond van Daele, Berthe Jalabert and Marguerite Madys. Director, Julien Duviver.

So This Is Paris (Gaumont; April 18).

Farce. A brilliantly produced and acted story that is *risqué*, but never vulger. Monte Blue, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lilyan Tashman and André Beranger do very clever work in the leading rôles. Director, Ernst Lubitsch. Excellent entertainment.

Spanish Passion (W. & F.; April 25).

Romantic melodrama. Lya de Putti, alluring as ever, is the heroine of this bandit story, set in some fine mountain scenery. The film is a German one, with a German cast. Quite good entertainment.

Thirty Below Zero (Fox; April 4).

Melodrama. Buck Jones stars in a story of the North-West, in which the drama is weakened by too lavish a leavening of farce. Eva Novak, Frank Butler and Harry Woods support. Average entertainment.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp (First Nat.; April 25).

Comedy. Harry Langdon in an amusing full-length slap-stick picture, which does not only rely on knock-about stuff for its humour. Joan Crawford, Tom Murray, Edwards Davis, Alec Francis and Brooks Benedict support. Very good entertainment.

The Transcontinental Ltd., (W. & F.; April 11).

Railway melodrama. Conventional story, with the usual "frame-up" on the hero, who is vigorously played by Johnny Walker. Eugenia Gilbert, Alec B. Francis, Edith Yorke, Bruce Gordon, Edward Gillace and George Ovey form a competent support. Director, Nat Ross.

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PICTUREGOER SALON, 23, ENDELL ST., W.C.2

Speaking Likenesses

Marie Lloyd, jun.

Ever since moving pictures were first invented, those engaged in their production have dreamed of a time when not only the human figure, but sound and the human voice will be recorded on the screen.

All sorts of experiments in "talking pictures" have been tried, but none have been quite so successful as the De Forest Phonofilms. Years of patient labour, of heartbreaking disappointment, and the gradual overcoming of all sorts of difficulties and obstacles, have gradually produced a method whereby perfect synchronisation of sound and vision have been obtained.

There is still, of course, room for improvement. Some sounds, for instance, are much easier to record than others, and are reproduced with far greater clarity.

I have lately seen two short Phonofilms—one a duologue entitled *As We Lie*, featuring Lilian Hall-Davis and Miles Mander, the other a Grand Guignol drama, *The Antidote*, starring Jameson Thomas. Both are quite good short "novelties" to break the monotony of the average picture programme.

It is in this way that the Phonofilm will be most useful. Short playlets, famous music hall turns, that many people would never have the chance of seeing and hearing in the ordinary way, can be shown in any small hall, and enjoyed by the kinema patron.

The making of the Phonofilm is an art in itself, for the director must have a sound knowledge of both screen and stage technique. Add to that the fact that he can give no spoken words of direction while the scene is actually being shot, because the slightest sound is recorded by the microphone, exactly as in broadcasting, and you will have some idea of the difficulties that face him.

I paid my first visit to the Phonofilm studios at Clapham last month, when Lewis Sydney, the famous *raconteur* who made his name with the old-time Follies, was being featured in a short act, under the able direction of Bertram Phillips, the production manager for the studios.

The scene was an ordinary stage set, with black curtains, through which Sydney appeared, clad in a pierrot's costume. The special camera used in taking Phonofilms was muffled in a large wooden case, through which only the lenses peeped—for even the whirring of the camera might be picked up by the microphone, and so make the sound record blurred and indistinct.

The microphone itself hung just above Sydney's head, where it could pick up the sound of his voice as he told one or two amusing anecdotes. The sound itself is recorded, by methods too technical to explain, on an eighth of an inch along the side of the film on which the picture is being taken, so that perfect synchronisation of sound and movement is thus assured. So that the producers may know whether the voice is recording well—is not pitched too high or too low, or recording too slowly or too quickly—there is a special room at the studio with a species of loud speaker, through which the sound is transmitted exactly as it will come when the Phonofilm is shown.

Lilian Hall-Davis and Miles Mander in "As We Lie."

A special operating machine is, of course, needed to reproduce the sound when it is thrown on the screen.

Visiting the studios a few days later, I found Edith Sitwell, the well-known poetess, making her début as a film artiste. She read some portions of verse by herself, and some by her brother, Osbert, and her voice, heard through the loud speaker, seemed to lend itself remarkably well to the recording process.

Scenes of this sort are, of course, fairly easy to direct. It is when several players are acting together, as Mr. Bertram Phillips pointed out to me, or when several kinds of musical instruments are being used, that things become more complicated.

E. E. B.

How to Make Up the Free Pa ttern Presented with This Issue.

The dainty day dress from *Coming Fashions*—a free pattern of which is presented with this issue—will, I feel sure, appeal to all PICTUREGOER readers. With the clear and concise instructions given below you will all be able to make it up for yourselves.

The Pattern is cut to fit a 36 inch bust, but as everyone's measurements vary, it is necessary to fit the pattern before cutting out the material, to see that it is the correct size. If the pattern is required to fit a smaller figure, it can be adapted by tacking two pleats, one across the width, and the other across the lengths of the front and back, making the size of the pleats according to the user's own requirements. There are six pieces given in the pattern, the front and back of the bodice, the collar and sleeve and the front and back of the skirt.

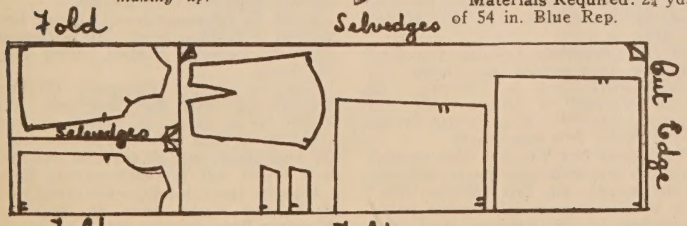
To Cut: Place the pieces of the pattern on the material as shown on the diagram, leaving turnings on all the edges and 1½ in. for the hem. Mark the position of the notches with little tacks, these show how the various pieces are joined together, and also mark the length of the rever.

To Make Up: First prepare the pleating for the skirt, turn up and invisibly hem the lower edge, well press, and send to be pleated. Tack up the underarm and the shoulder seams. Slit the front as far as the notch, and tack the collar to the neck. Tack the seams in the skirt and tack the top of the skirt to the lower edge of the bodice. Fit on, making any alteration necessary, and mark the length required. A simple method of marking the length is by using a ruler and marking an even measurement from the floor to the lower edge of the frock. After fitting, stitch the underarm and the shoulder seams, neaten and press. Stitch the collar to the neck and carefully press. Stitch the collar and rever facing together across the rever, and press, tack on the right side of the frock, stitch and press over, and neaten. Trim the front as illustrated. Stitch the seams in the skirt, neaten and press. Turn up and invisibly hem the lower edge and well press. Arrange and stitch the top of the skirt to the lower edge of the bodice. Finish with two suede belts, as illustrated.

Dainty day frock in blue rep with pleated skirt and tight sleeves. Use the diagram given below when making up.

The Sleeves: Stitch the darts and the seams in the sleeves, well notch, neaten, and press open the turnings. Tack the tops of the sleeves into the armholes, the little tacks corresponding. Fit on, and mark the length required. After fitting turn up the sleeve at the wrist and neaten with a narrow strip of crossway silk, well pressing. Trim the sleeves as illustrated. Stitch sleeves into armholes.

Materials Required: 2¾ yds. of 54 in. Blue Rep.



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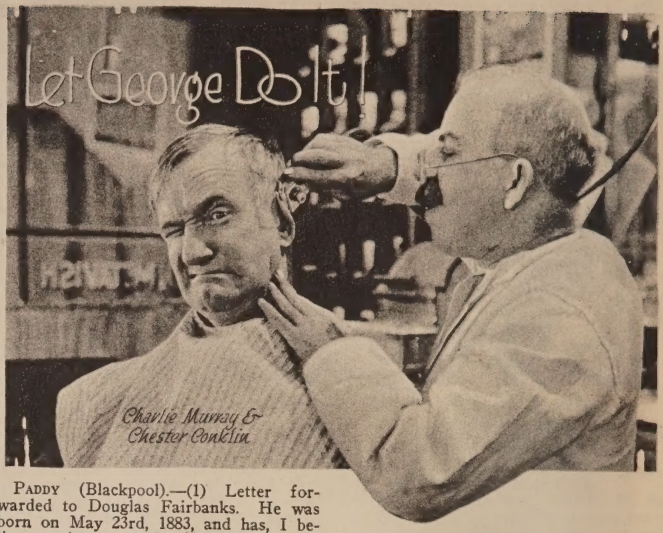
Have you these "latest arrivals" in your Album?

William Boyd
Lawrence Gray
Creighton Hale
Neil Hamilton
Mildred Harris
Lya de Putti
Esther Ralston
Alberta Vaughn

Esther Ralston

Write for complete list of "Picturegoer" Sepia Glossy Postcards, 3d. each, 2/6 doz., real photographs, from Picturegoer Salon, 23, Endell Street, London, W.C.2.



PADDY (Blackpool).—(1) Letter forwarded to Douglas Fairbanks. He was born on May 23rd, 1883, and has, I believe, quite a good sense of humour. (2) George O'Brien still rejoices in single blessedness. (3) He was born in 1900.

MOGGY (Fulham).—So you've only just discovered PICTUREGOER? What a lot you've missed, up till now, haven't you? (1) William Boyd is in his early twenties. (2) He's married to Elinor Faire. (3) An art plate of William appeared in April, 1926, PICTUREGOER. You can obtain a copy of this number from our Publishing Department, Endell Street, price 1/3, post free.

R. B. W. (Maidenhead).—Glad you think me such a little ray of sunshine. (1) Vera Reynolds has brown hair and hazel eyes, and she is 22 years of age. (2) There is no Vera Reynolds' Club so far as I know. (3) I'll pass on your suggestion to the Postcard Club.

J. I. (Plymouth).—Thanks for the compliments. I must think them out carefully. (1) Youcca Troubetzkoy is no relation to the Princess Troubetzkoy now in England. (2) He is somewhere in the early twenties—I can't say exactly where. (3) Write to him c/o Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California, for a signed photo.

M. R. (Leyton).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) I think he will send you a signed photo.

MOVIE MAD (Surrey).—(1) Rod La Rocque's address is c/o Cecil de Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Yes, I think he will send you a signed photo if you ask nicely. (2) Richard Barthelmess played in *Way Down East* and *Broken Blossoms.*

G. V. G. (Reigate).—Glad you like your "Carols" prize, and enjoy PICTUREGOER.

D. R. (Wimbledon).—Glad you liked the little handkerchief last month. (1) Joseph Schildkraut is Austrian. (2) Victor Varconi is Italian. (3) The former is married to Elsie Bartlett Porter, and the latter to a cemedienne.

THE SAUCY SIX (York).—You couldn't make my grey hairs any greyer, children, so fire away! (1) The "Who's Who" sold by Picturegoer Salon gives potted biographies of 100 stars, some of them British and some American. (2) The Ian Hunter in question is the same actor who played in the British film, *Not For Sale.* I think he would let you have a photo. (3) Address Betty Balfour c/o Gaumont Films, 6, Denman Street, W.1. (4) Henry Victor's address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood. (5) Piccadilly Studios, Poole Street, Islington, would probably know June's address. Thanks for love!

TUTTY (Hull).—Letters forwarded. I see no reason why you shouldn't get replies from them all, although, of course, you can't expect the stars to answer personally.

S. H. B. (Birmingham).—(1) I cannot say how long a film star usually takes to answer fan mail. There is no rule about it. (2) Ivor Novello isn't married. (3) His address is 11, Aldwych. (4) His latest pictures are *The Lodger, The Return of the Rat,* and *Downhill.*

IVOR'S FAN.—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Isabel Jeans isn't married so far as I know. (3) *The Lodger* was released in February. (4) *The Triumph of the Rat* is a March release.

IRENE (Purley).—(1) I've forwarded your letters. Glad you like PICTUREGOER. (2) My face is a purely personal matter. No camera can stand the strain.

MARY (Brighton).—(1) Your plea is granted already. There was an art plate of Greta Garbo last month.

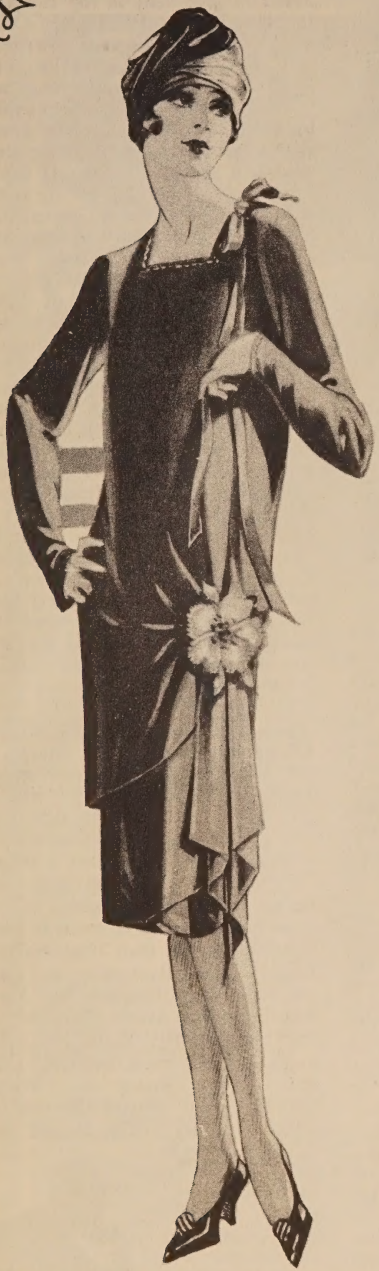
J. S. (Hants).—(1) The girl in *What Price Glory* is Dolores del Rio. (2) She has done very little film work. Her next picture will be *Resurrection.* (3) An art plate of Henry Victor appeared in December, 1926, PICTUREGOER

C. M. C. (Bayswater).—(1) Letter forwarded to William Boyd. His address is c/o Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California.

GLASGOW WINNIE (Glasgow).—(1) Yes, Barbara La Marr died last year. (2) There is no point in raking up old scandals, Winnie. Live and let live! (3) Pola Negri was at one time married to a Count, but she isn't married now.

LINCOLN IMP (Lincoln).—I'm afraid that if Famous Lasky have no stills of *Monsieur Beaucaire,* you won't be able to obtain them anywhere else. Sorry!

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



Day Frock in deep blue crêpe, with the new square neck and tiered skirt. Notice the side lift to the left. This is just one of the fifty ideas in spring fashions, illustrated in the April "Coming Fashions."

"Bewitching Blues"

Of course, your new frock will be in this fashionable shade? How do you like this one in deep blue crêpe?

DEEP blue "hyacinth," "navy," "horizon," —the blues have bewitched the designers this Spring! And, of course, there is "Betty Blue," the Duchess of York's favourite colour—the shade chosen for the charming Day Frock, a Free Pattern of which is tucked inside this number of the "Picturegoer."

Having decided upon your frock, you will probably wrinkle your brows asking: "What colour the hat? The stockings? The gloves?"

You can safely leave the "ensemble" to "Coming Fashions" because, you see, "Coming Fashions" not only tells you *what* to wear but what to wear with it! For example, if you are going to make up the Free Pattern, a pinky mauve is the correct contrasting colour.

You will find a wealth of ideas in the April "Coming Fashions" for your new spring finery, as well as

Another Free Pattern

which, this time, is a fashionable Coat-Frock. A shilling spent on this number will save endless regrets. Get a copy to-day.

COMING FASHIONS
AND THE HOME LOVER
Monthly, One Shilling

Few people seem able to agree on the subject of "What makes the film?" Some say it is the star, some the story, and some the director, that is all-important. From my lofty (?) position as an acknowledged Thinker, I should like to suggest that making a film is very much like making a pudding. If any one of the ingredients is of an inferior quality, the result can never be perfect, no matter how good the others may be. A bad actor can ruin an otherwise good picture, just as a bad egg can ruin an otherwise good pudding. A bad cook can make an unappetising mess with the most perfect ingredients, and a poor director can produce a film with the best actors and story material, without providing us with any real entertainment.

A Vexed Question.

Ens Rationis, writing on the same subject, says: "What makes the film? 'Tis a question well-nigh impossible to answer, for I don't suppose two people think alike on this subject. However, in my opinion the star and the story rank first, with the star, perhaps, just a little to the fore. A poor story is often made quite tolerable by the acting of the star, especially if he or she happens to be one's own particular favourite. On the other hand, although the story is good a film always seems to me lacking in something and a trifle unsatisfactory if the chief parts are not well played. While enjoying it to a certain extent, I should have enjoyed it more had the star been good also. So, for me, a star without a story, or a story without a star is not enough. One without the other does not satisfy; but with both I would be content."

A Fan's Opinion.

"Will you spare me a little corner of your page on which to rejoice at the triumph of my beloved hero, Victor McLaglen," writes *Irene*. "He deserves every bit of the good fortune that has come to him, and lots more, too. He is such a fine man in every way. No egotistical tailor's dummy, Victor! He is just the finest—but I had better put the brake on! Once I get started about Victor I'm apt to develop 'brook' tendencies! But I was pleased to see that even our cynical Cedric sang a little hymn of praise to him last month. *That* is a proof of the charm of my hero's personality, because Cedric Belfrage is *so* hard to please!"

An Appreciation.

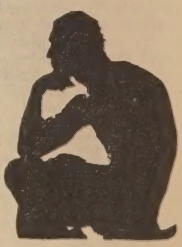
(Your request for an interview has been passed on to the Editor, Irene.—*The Thinker.*)

Ivorite writes: "I feel very indignant, and would be very relieved to give vent to my feelings! In the March PICTUREGOER, *Eugenie* writes: 'As it is, the highest rung will always be occupied by someone with a Grecian profile and a head capable of doing duty only as a hatstand.' Now, if this is a hit at Ivor Novello, for he is the only star famous for a Grecian profile, I feel it my duty to deny this foolish statement. However much anybody may dislike him, no one can rightly accuse him of being brainless. Can one compose and play music, write plays, manage companies at various theatres, and act on the stage and screen without brains? Of course not! Some people, because a fellow is handsome, think he is worthless and stupid, which is all wrong. Good looks make them no different from anybody else, unless they get conceited, and Ivor is anything but that. I admire Novello for his acting, his versatility, his poise; every movement is polished and natural as in every good actor. He certainly has wonderful looks, but that alone could not keep him in the high place he has occupied for so many years."

A reply to Eugenie.

Betterton writes: "Pola Negri's portrayal of 'Becky Sharp' in the forthcoming film version of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' will be truer to type than Mabel Ballin's. I hope that a strong English cast will be got together to support, for no author, apart from Dickens, is more typically English than Thackeray. I suggest Lionel Barrymore as 'Lord Steyne,' Gibson Gowland as 'Rawdon Crawley,' Ernest Torrence as 'Sir Pitt Crawley,' Victor McLaglen as the great-hearted, faithful 'Dobbin,' Henry Victor as 'George Osborne,' and Norma Shearer as 'Amelia Sedley.' The hardest part to cast will be 'Jos. Sedley.' He can't be left out, and the only man who could have played him was poor Willard Louis. Walter Hiers might be able to pass muster if he doesn't try to be funny."

Some Suggestions.



THE THINKER.

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¶*Someone has detected in Harry Langdon a startling resemblance to Lillian Gish. There is an explanation.*

This brilliant new comedian must be added to the very limited list of those who, like Chaplin, win your laughter by first enlisting your sympathy.

The buffetings of Fate puzzle him. You know at a glance that misfortune is something he always hopes, but never expects, to escape. Yet his martyrdom is a secret shared only by the audience.

He meekly claims the right to exist—even as a blot on the landscape. And this is more effective than a flaunting challenge. To Langdon's mute apology for trespassing into stardom we reply: "Granted."

The PICTUREGOER
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL 13. No. 77. MAY, 1927. Editorial Offices: 93, Long Acre, London. American Representative: Elizabeth Lonergan. Registered for Transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

Keep that in! Being our own odd footage

Some stars are made; others are borne.

Charlie Chaplin has still to finish *The Circus*. Just now it seems hard to imagine him as a hero of the ring.

Many screen players find it difficult to earn their bread—no doubt owing to the shortage of rôles.

Budapest police watch in picture-theatres to arrest kissing couples. A poor time for Hungary lovers!

A film of the Post Office at work has lately been made. No doubt the mail lead registers emotion.

America's new talking films are extraordinarily successful. We are credibly informed that even the noise of chewing gum from the audience is entirely drowned.

Which reminds us that we were recently asked if sound-films will ever be really popular. Our view is that they are preferable to some of the unsound films now going round.

More and more film stars, dreading stoutness, are ruthlessly adopting reducing treatment. It is hoped that one or two will disappear altogether.

Our latest information regarding a new X-ray film is that the producer is busy on interiors.

Temperament is a terrible thing. Clive Brook, we read, is playing opposite Pola Negri in *Barbed Wire*.

A new book, "What's Wrong with the Movies?" contains over a thousand pages.

Picture theatre staffs have an excellent health record. But we believe that sometimes doormen get livery.

An old picturegoer asks us when we are to see more of Betty Blythe. This query raises not so much the matter of probability as of possibility.

The world's oldest film actor is reported to have died, but this is incorrect. We can state officially that the oldest film actor in the world is alive.

CALLOUS COUPLETS.

The eighth and last reel was the worst,
And bitterly the critics cursed
When, every trial and peril braved.
The leading lady's life was saved.

The fact that Sir Alan Cobham is to appear in an aviation story should allay the fears of those who doubt the high level of coming British films.

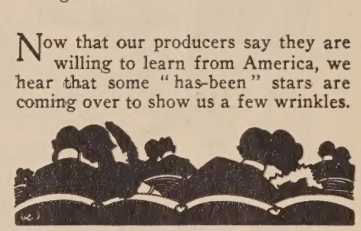
The cutting of films is as delicate a science as surgery, we learn. Some of it certainly seems to have been done in the theatre.

Which reminds us of the British producer who resolved to have his film cut by Sir Alfred Fripp.

Strenuous protests against films without a single sub-title are being made. It is not fully realised that many people are threatened with having nothing to read aloud.

With iron self-restraint, we refrain from commenting upon the information that *The Glad Eye* has a strong cast.

Now that our producers say they are willing to learn from America, we hear that some "has-been" stars are coming over to show us a few wrinkles.



Screen patrons are contemplating forming an official association. We knew they must be putting their heads together about something.

A Hollywood boom is reported, and several stars have each ordered a new hogshead of lip-salve.

And Tom Mix has bought another gross of white hats. Such are the overhead expenses of stardom.

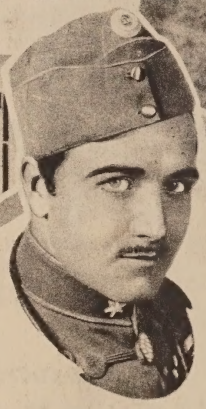
A famous novelist has been commissioned to write three original screen stories. Who is going to write the fourth?

A kinema usher tells us he holds the record for long service. When he first began, hairpins used to be picked up.

Our sympathy goes out to the author of three hundred original screen stories, who found himself unable to furnish a plausible excuse to his wife for staying out late.

Leaping to Stardom

By E. E. BARRETT



Circle: Luck appeared to Larry Grey in the person of Gloria Swanson. A scene from "Stage Struck." Left: James Hall, a new leading man for Pola Negri, in "Hotel Imperial." Above: Lois Moran's leap to fame was meteoric.

¶Even in the movies, Lady Luck has a finger in the pie; and the biggest fall of all may easily be upon one's feet.

Earning fame in the movies is usually a pretty uphill task. For the comparative few whose names and faces become known to the fans, there are hundreds, just as talented and as beautiful, who go down into obscurity unhonoured and unsung—beaten and broken by the uneven struggle.

Fate plays strange tricks with the lives of men and women. Nobody knows quite why she gives so lavishly to a favoured few, making the way easy and smooth, while the paths of others, from the cradle to the grave, are strewn with difficulties and disappointments.

Yet undoubtedly this is so, and in few professions is this consistent unfairness more noticeable than in the movies. It is a popular fallacy that hard work brings its own reward. A certain proportion of hard work is always necessary for the attainment of real and lasting success, but Lady Luck plays a very big part, and, while some people really seem to be born with golden spoons in their mouths, others aren't even provided with Britannia metal, free of charge.

Numerous aspirants to film fame struggle on for years, doing extra work and small parts, only to find in the end that youth has slipped away and they have nothing left but the contemplation of a life of uneventful industry. Their failure to achieve distinction is not, as a rule, their fault.

Once in a while, however, Fortune smiles her very widest and most generous benediction at the beginning of the game, and success comes, with a leap and a bound, almost "overnight."

Betty Bronson, whose choice for the much-coveted rôle of "Peter Pan," after she had played only one or two "bits" in pictures, brought her instant success, is a classic instance. Lois Moran is another, for she was at the very beginning of her career as a dancer and a motion picture actress, when Sam Goldwyn met her in Paris with her mother, and signed her up for her big rôle in *Stella Dallas*.

Dolores Del Rio, one of the screen's latest beauties, was quite unknown to film fans less than a year ago, and, in fact, had never even contemplated a screen career. She was born in Durango, Mexico—incidentally the birthplace of Ramon Novarro, although the two did not meet until after she came to Hollywood—and her parents were Spanish aristocrats of ancient lineage.

At sixteen she became the bride of Senor Del Rio, and, as the mistress of his large house, she entertained many famous visitors to Mexico.

She had always been an ardent film fan, and when, in the early summer of

A star born under a lucky star. Betty Bronson, in the title rôle of "Peter Pan." Below: A lady who has been much favoured by Fortune's zodiac is Gilda Gray. As she appeared in "Aloma of the South Seas."

1925, Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor arrived in Mexico City to be married, accompanied by Edwin Carewe and Mary Aiken, Dolores was invited to meet them at a friend's house.

Edwin Carewe immediately realised what a wonderful film type she was, and he told her that she ought to go on the screen. Dolores treated the whole idea as a joke, but later, when the film folk returned to Hollywood, the director wrote to her, offering her a rôle in one of his pictures if she would come out there. She decided that she would like to try the work, but it took her three months to coax her family and husband round to her point of view.

Another comparative newcomer to Hollywood who has "got there" remarkably quickly, is Gilda Gray. She was a cabaret queen in New York when the title rôle in *Aloma of the South Seas* was offered to her, and she said good-bye to the Follies to become a screen star. Now the movies seem to have claimed her for good, and she is hard at work on her second picture, *Cabaret*.

Sometimes an established star plays fairy godmother to the fortunate young newcomer. Gloria Swanson made Lawrence Grey famous by letting him support her in one or two pictures, although he had had very little screen experience, and he is now one of the most popular of Hollywood's juveniles.

James Hall is another newcomer who has come straight from the stage to the screen to play leading parts. He has supported Bebe Daniels and Pola Negri, and will, rumour has it, be one of Lasky's stars in the near future.

These are a few of the fortunate ones, to whom stardom has come comparatively easily. Lest, however, the film-struck should find in them encouragement to ignore my oft-repeated warning to let the movies alone, I would stress the point that they are the exception and not the rule—and Lady Luck is a fickle jade!

She Comes from Wigan

¶When Marie Ault attained stage fame, the screen found a brilliant recruit.

Marie Ault ran away from Wigan —another insult to a much-maligned town! But it was to go on the stage.

She told me so herself, over a cup of tea in her dressing-room at the Ambassadors, where she is playing in "Fanatics."

"I was born there. When I left school I became fascinated by the glamour of the stage, like lots of other girls. My family was dead against the profession, so I took the law into my own hands. I secretly obtained a tiny part in a pantomime on tour; then I just stole off one night. It was a dreadful thing to do—I nearly broke my poor mother's heart.

"I thought it was all going to be such fun, but when I'd been away a little while I discovered what hard work the stage can mean. I wasn't so keen about it then, but I stuck to it through plain obstinacy—because I wanted to prove to them at home that I could win success. And after that I learnt to love the work for its own sake.

"I had a pretty thin time for some years, and it wasn't until I made a sudden big success in 'East of Suez' that I really began to feel I had made good.

"In the meantime I had been doing some film work, more or less as a sideline. My first film was Thomas Bentley's *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, made just before the war.

"During the run of *East of Suez*, I was also being filmed in *The Monkey's Paw*. Then I was in Graham Cutts' *Woman to Woman*, and I've been in all his subsequent pictures for Gainsborough — *The Rolling Road*, *The Rat*, and *The Triumph of the Rat*."

These are some of the principal pictures in which the little lady from Lancashire has appeared, but the finest character study she has ever done was undoubtedly as "Mrs. Bunting" in Alfred Hitchcock's production of *The Lodger*.

Marie Ault gave a remarkable performance as Mrs. Bunting in "The Lodger."

Immediately after that, she played for Gaumont in *Mademoiselle From Armentieres* and *Hindle Wakes*. The latter, she pointed out, is the first Lancashire play she has ever played in.

She has just finished a leading rôle in the Archibald Nettlefold production, *Virginia's Husband*, and has signed a contract for a starring "mother" rôle in a new film to be made by British International at Elstree.

At the outset of her screen career, pictures were a secondary consideration with Marie Ault. Now, she assures me, they have become more important than the stage to her.

Full of unquenchable enthusiasm and sturdy Lancashire determination, this little dark-haired, bright-eyed actress (who, by the way, bears a striking facial resemblance to Bernard Goetzke, the German film actor), has won her place on both stage and screen by sheer hard work and real merit. And, whatever further laurels Fate has in store for her, she will always have the satisfaction of knowing that she has earned them all.

E. E. B.

Left: As the sinister café-keeper in "The Triumph of the Rat." Above: An expression from her own registry office; and on the right, in a new screen rôle.

The Broadway Boulevardier

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

¶Movie Morals and the Vitaphone are discussed by our friend in New York.

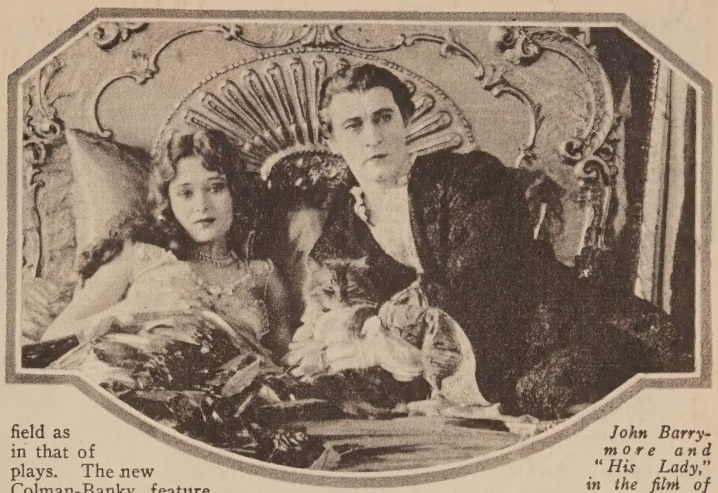
"Clean up the screen"—the cry has risen with new vigour from a full-throated chorus of yokels out where Sunday is Sunday. The Middle West is not going to stand for having its morals tarnished any longer. But while the West wants them on the cob, New York likes them on the hip. So a general squabble has started as to whose morals are going to get first consideration.

The police raid on three so-called "dirty" plays on Broadway the other night has focussed the attention of the entire show business on the censorship question. A stirring fight is in the offing between the Grundies and the producers. Books, motion pictures, and magazines have been swept into the discussion. Everybody desiring a little newspaper publicity has taken the opportunity of pouring maledictions on the degrading influence of the movies. The American is not exactly a retiring body when it comes to publicity.

At every street corner along Broadway discussions are going on as to the definition of the word "art." They decided at the customs recently that the sculpture of Brancusi isn't art because it bears no direct resemblance to nature. On the other hand, the so-called "art" poses of chorines in the Shubert revues and beauty-culture magazines are officially denied the designation of art because they are too close to nature. The matter remains unsettled, but meantime the well-meaning little word is under police suspicion no matter in what connection it is used.

Adolph Zukor, who, in addition to his monarchy of Famous Players, controls the Charles Frohman Company of stage play producers, did his best to keep the movies out of it from the start by withdrawing "The Captive" (one of the plays the yokels lost sleep over) while it was still playing to standing room only. He wanted to show how deeply he has the moral welfare of the public at heart.

Already the activities of the Grundies have made it clear that they mean business as much or more in the movie field as in that of plays. The new Colman-Banky feature, *The Night of Love,* has been told in several places to keep off the grass. Based as it is on the feudal overlord's right to an option on all local brides on their marriage night, many of the most active Grundies have refused to believe that the whole idea wasn't the product of some pornographic scenarist's imagination. *The Flesh and the Devil,* with its osculatory scenes of unparalleled violence, has also been up against it in more than one bigger and better Western burg. Mr. Zukor's *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* has been another offender.



John Barrymore and "His Lady," in the film of that name.

The fact is that Hollywood producers, who already make different versions of most pictures for Continental showing, will have to extend this idea still further and do the same thing for the Middle West. All they have to do is to make kissing scenes several times over, varying the period of contact, from the ten seconds laid down as the maximum in England, to the half-hour or so demanded by French and Turkish fans. For the Middle West they can be done over again with the hero implanting his caress on the hem of his sweetie's bustle.

The "Talkies" Hit Town.

Warner Brothers, who a year ago were in a bad way for money, stars and directors, have made a large fortune since then and are the envy of every producer in America. The fairy godmother in the case was the Vitaphone, the latest and first really effective method of synchronising sound and motion pictures. Warners speculated on this invention when it was brought to them during their period of depression, and its success has been so astounding that recently they turned down an offer of a cool million for a small share in it.

They now have three pictures showing on Broadway at theatre prices in conjunction with Vitaphone. Between them they are piling up a profit of about £5,000 weekly for Warner's. *Don Juan* has been running to capacity houses for eight months, *The Better 'Ole* for six, and *His Lady,* the latest Barrymore, has been on nearly two months.

Not a Title Supplanter.

No effort has been or is to be made to substitute the spoken word for subtitles in the feature pictures. As far as these are concerned the function of Vitaphone is merely to provide orchestral accompaniment, perfectly synchronised, on a scale such as would be impossible in the confines of a normal theatre. Here will be the great asset of the Vitaphone in small town theatres where normally the music is provided by a wheezy organ. Instead of this they will now, if they can afford the necessary installation, show their pictures to an accompaniment of a symphony orchestra conducted by world-famous musicians.

The potentialities of the Vitaphone in synchronising pictures and speech are being shown in short "presentations" which precede the features. Famous artists like Al Jolson, Elsie Janis, Gigli, George Jessel, Marion Talley and Mary Lewis are shown in short vaudeville acts in pictures, in some cases with the usual stage patter and in others with songs. The Vitaphone is sufficiently realistic to make this method of presenting artists in many cases as satisfactory as seeing them perform in person.

The opening of *His Lady* provided the unusual experience for a number of artists of both seeing and hearing themselves sing and act from a stall in the auditorium. Many famous operatic stars were there, including Gigli, Scotti, Tita Ruffo and others of the Metropolitan company.

Brains Plus Beauty

By LIONEL COLLIER

¶ *After all, beauty is but skin deep....*

The beauty of May McAvoy is obvious enough here—but for "The Enchanted Cottage" it was most cleverly and adequately disguised, and it was her talent that won her laurels for her.

It is a popular delusion that any woman possessing a sufficient quota of good looks has a passport to screen fame. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

It is owing to the prevalent idea that good looks are a lot more than half the battle that bogus film schools are enabled to exist and live on the credulity of possibly beautiful girls whose looks are not commensurate with their histrionic abilities.

I hope, however, that this will not encourage the "homely" girl to take screen "lessons!"

It is quite safe to say that no beauty contest has ever produced a star of the first rank; and further, that no beauty contest has ever produced a girl who has shone longer than her first try-out permitted on looks alone.

Let us admit that, to a very large extent a producer can infuse in any of his cast his own conception of a part and make him or her a temporary success, but woe betide that artist when he or she comes under control of a producer who is not in the first flight and has not sufficient brains to visualise the part and express his or her own interpretation of it.

When one surveys dispassionately the actresses who really count on the screen it is amazing how few can really be admitted into the class called beautiful and, in addition, be credited with subtlety of intellect.

It is safe, I think, to put almost at the head of such a list Dolores Costello, the young actress who comes from one of the stage's oldest families.

This daughter of Maurice Costello, an old time matinée idol of the screen, first came into the limelight when she was personally selected by John Barrymore to play the lead in *The Sea Beast*. Dolores was first an artist's model, then a danseuse on the stage. The period of *The Sea Beast* demanded a girl with beautiful unbobbed hair as well as talent; Dolores had both.

She is one of the most unsophisticated-looking of screen heroines; about her there is a freshness and a beauty of limb that captivates. Much more important for any lasting success, she is an actress to her finger-tips.

Take for example her last two productions, *Her Lady* and *The Third Degree*. A wider diversity of type could hardly be imagined. In the first, a very much adapted version of "Manon Lescaut," she makes of the cocotte Manon a really human figure and is much more in the picture than John Barrymore, who seems to have forsaken acting in an emulation of Fairbanks. She has evidently understood her part fully and no extravagances on the part of the producer have managed to pull her out of period or spoil her charm.

As a complete contrast watch her performance in *The Third Degree*, a picture which concentrates on that inquisitorial cross examination which is one of the scandals of American justice. It is not her beauty that moves one in the stirring climax of this picture, but her really fine acting; the actress is not nearly as skin deep as the beauty.

Critics on both sides of the pond, always scared of hailing as great any newcomer, have now succumbed to Dolores.

Dolores Costello must have been heading the queue when Dame Fortune was distributing talent, for her share is exceptionally large.

Of all the gladsome and intriguing actresses on the screen none can touch May McAvoy for a certain fairy-like grace which is altogether disarming.

Born in New York, her first ambition was to be a school teacher. Luckily for the screen this was not realised. Although she was very well known before, it was really in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, as Lady Windermere, that the fullness of her beauty and art received its greatest recognition.

She excels in a light part but is able to rise to dramatic heights, as witness her performance in *Ben Hur* as Esther, the slave girl. This picture was so long in the making that she is not as familiar a figure on our screen as one could wish. She, I think, would have been a more ideal Peter Pan than was Betty Bronson. She somehow expresses the necessary spirit of youth and light-hearted beauty, and gaiety.

Mady Christians, established herself as an actress of the first water in "The Waltz Dream."

Marie Prevost is one of the few whose talent is as obvious as her beauty. A scene from "Kiss Me Again," with Monte Blue.

Other films in which she shows to advantage are *The Road to Glory* and *My Old Dutch*. But her genius and charm was at its highest point in that exquisite Pinero fantasy, *The Enchanted Cottage*, with Richard Barthelmess—a greater film than was generally realised.

Laura La Plante, definitely one of the prettiest stars on the screen, began her career as a Christie Comedy girl and played in Westerns before she ventured into more ambitious work.

Her first triumph was under Dimitri Buchowetzki, the famous Russian producer, in *The Midnight Sun*, a lavish story of a prima ballerina of the Imperial Russian Ballet.

To her acting the picture owed, to a great measure, its success; she was at once sympathetic and surpassingly lovely. *Butterflies in the Rain* and *Her Big Night* still further advance one's opinion of her ability and charm.

Then take Norma Shearer. She is a Canadian from Montreal; four years ago she was unknown. It is only in fiction that stardom is achieved overnight. Hard work is the only road to success and Norma has had her share. Without the brains to use her beauty to its fullest advantage she would never have obtained the position she holds to-day.

One of her best comedy characters was in *His Secretary*, one of the best comedies of last year. It is a rôle that needs careful handling and Norma gives it a wealth of sauciness without a hint of vulgarity.

Indeed, Norma seems to have fitted beautifully into the Metro-Goldwyn intimate light technique.

In *He Who Gets Slapped*, one of Victor Seastrom's, the Swedish artist's finest production, she shows how a dramatic rôle should be played.

She followed this up with another circus picture, *The Devil's Circus*, and scored another success.

Marie Prevost is quite one of the most alluring of American stars, and equally favoured with brains. Marie is always piquant, always provocative, and is as effective in her light rôles as she is in more serious parts.

She stands in a class by herself, I think, always tantalising and never more alluring than when she is most tantalising!

Two of her big hits were, of course, in the Lubitsch productions *The Marriage Circle*—perhaps the choicest of

(*Continued on page* 44.)

Tailors don't Care!

P. L. MANNOCK

¶Being a Beau Brummel is all very well—but it hampers sartorial enterprise.

Savile Row may swoon, but Douglas Fairbanks says it's the man that matters.

Walter Forde (centre) claims to be the best (and oftenest) turned-out man in Clubland. Below: Lew Cody, expelled from the Four Hundred, but content to wreak havoc in rural areas.

There have been a good many classic pronouncements on mere man's attire, but in these days we have to ask ourselves how many of them hold good. Especially acute is this issue when we are confronted with the gaunt fact that quite a number of very famous men are not only proud of being deplorably untidy, but actually find their slovenliness of garb very profitable.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," was old man Polonius's counsel to Laertes. Lord Chesterfield instructed his heir in the precise trappings of a Georgian buck. In a later day the self-made merchant shrewdly points out to his son that if you look as if you have slept in your clothes, most people will conclude that you have; and that you may never get to know them well enough to explain that your head is so full of noble ideas that you haven't time to bother about the dandruff on your shoulders. It is a terrible thought—but these authorities never saw Chaplin.

Why there should be something funny in slipshod attire is a problem that needs elucidation by a Bergson, a Thomas Carlyle, or a Will Rogers. A sleek Derby winner arouses our admiration, but a shaggy Shetland pony raises a smile with most of us. The grubby mongrel is a figure of fun, while the greyhound is just classically beautiful. The immaculate grooming and tailoring of Jack Buchanan, Raymond Griffith or Clive Brook is all very well. But the collarless frock-coat of Mr. Robey and the concertina trousers of Mr. Bard are symbols of a fellow feeling whose basis is mirth.

If clothes are an expression of personality, it must be the imperfections of humanity that appeal to us most; for they have more variety. A dress coat can only be correct in one way, but it can be incorrect in fifty ways.

How many men have worn Chaplin's clothes? No one else has worn his genius of which they are a vivid expression. So it seems that slovenliness may be a sign of genius. We all know men in whom it is the only sign!

Have you ever thought of the tyranny of a comedian's stock make-up? We expect and hope to see Charlie and Buster Keaton in their familiar apparel. Funny men on stage or screen are often doomed to wear for ever a garb they are nervous of changing. It becomes a livery. Does it become a harness?

Let us stem our tears and reflect on the consolation afforded by a successful comedian's income. Appalling sartorial crimes may blanch the cheek of a dance-lizard or may send Foreign-Office clerks shrieking into monasteries; but they build up bank balances for their wearers, from the pockets of the grateful audiences of the earth.

I believe that the real source of the joy we experience when seeing comic clothes is snobbery. In nearly all of us is a streak of amused contempt for the poor fish who is blissfully unaware that he is doing the wrong thing. The whole essence of the fun of a shocking hat or a waistcoat three sizes too large lies in the wearer's ignorance of the fact that he is a social outrage—a "gent" who serenely believes he is a gentleman. If he realised his ludicrousness he would abandon it.

Having thus deftly touched on the philosophy of eccentric raiment, let us leave the comedian to his wad of earned increment and consider the unstylish hero. What a pity it is that Charles Ray no longer periodically gives us those delightful studies of rural youth! His "best suit" was always pitifully grotesque, although in the

home village it was, of course, regarded as the *dernier cri* (French). No one has ever succeeded him, and I somehow feel that the public ought to see him again. *Sweet Adeline* was a recent picture in his old vein which I hope many of our readers will pester their theatre-managers to show. Dick Barthelmess and Harold Lloyd have assumed this "rube" rôle, but never so effectively as Charles.

Then there are the "bounders"—often quite lovable. Do you recall Tom Moore as *The Song and Dance Man*? Here, and in many other similar films, the aggressively startling rig-out peculiar to the strolling actor lends a great deal to the characterisation. Yes, there is a very fine field in the "flashiness" of male attire.

I say nothing about American variations of evening dress. A straw hat with a dinner jacket—in America, a tuxedo—may well make Savile Row shudder. But I don't see the use of complaining. After all, the United States belongs to its inhabitants—or at any rate, to some of them, and they must please themselves.

But I do wish Hollywood would take the elementary

At the village whist drive, Charles Ray causes more revokes than any other local Lothario; his wardrobe harbours, not plain moths, but Purple Emperors.

The apparent carelessness of everything Mr. Chaplin wears is inspired by genius.

trouble to find out how Britons dress. I remember seeing in a Maurice Tourneur production, a young English aristocrat at a Scottish grouse-shoot. He wore a silk hat and white spats and carried a seat-stick on the moors!

Heroes in rags will always be popular. There are several reasons. Poverty is the testing-time for heroism of all kinds and an Adonis with a trouser-fringe, buttonless coat and disreputable hat and boots has the effect of extorting sympathy of a kind far removed from that ever handed out to the glossy and sleek young man who has apparently stepped out of a bandbox.

Squalor can be immaculate in its own way. There is a picturesque glamour to a Greek profile in sordid surroundings, and if the handsome fellow is really in rags, a manly torso has something of a chance to be featured. Even a stubby chin has a suggestion of virility.

Rags improve some men. To me, Thomas Meighan, Rod La Rocque, Lionel Barrymore and George K. Arthur are always at their best when apparently destitute. Our own Stewart Rome has never been better than in parts of *The Great Gay Road* kind; and Ivor Novello is surely the most romantic wearer of tatters in the world. And can you imagine a well-groomed Lon Chaney? Something must also be said for the principle of contrast. Where is the full-jolliness of attaining wealth, a pretty lady and wonderful new suits unless there is shown the balancing side of the story—poverty?

This brings me to the culminating point—the heading of this article. It is, I fancy, because of costume contrasts that tailors don't care. There would be no such thing as bad clothes if there were no standard of good clothes. As the dishevelled scarecrow of a hero comes up to the faultlessly-arrayed villain, the tailor in the audience chuckles. Could anything be more calculated to impress the world with the glory of perfect tailoring?

His instincts may urge him towards sartorial perfection. He may be conscious for an instant or two of a burning desire to seize Mr. Chaplin and unroll lengths of new suitings, flourishing professional lithographs of the Prince of Wales and discoursing on rolled lapels. He may have a fleeting wish to run a tape over Mr. Novello and to cover Lloyd Hamilton with tangents in greasy chalk.

But his sounder reason prevails. He appreciates that this is a deliberate dramatic design which is actually helpful to his calling.

When Half-Gods Go

By E. RAVEN

¶A peep at statistics almost invariably reveals surprises.

America has been trying to tabulate the stars in order of popularity according to the box-office. The result is somewhat curious. The first fifteen were John Barrymore, Harold Lloyd, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Tom Mix, Lon Chaney, Buster Keaton, Rin-Tin-Tin, Reginald Denny, Fred Thomson, Hoot Gibson, Sally O'Neill, William Boyd, Harry Carey, and bracketed together, George Sidney and Charlie Murray.

Chaplin is only twenty-seventh in the list; Marie Prevost, H. B. Warner, Wallace Beery, Irene Rich, somewhere in between. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, the Talmadges, the Gishes, Pola Negri, Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, Adolphe Menjou, and a few more whose names you would expect to see in any list, are passed over—also rans.

I don't know what you think, but the result startled me. To find Chaplin so low in the estimation of the box-office is disconcerting, but in view of the long gap between his films, not altogether unexpected. Barrymore and Lloyd pass in their respective positions, but Fred Thomson, Rin-Tin-Tin, Sally O'Neill, George Sidney and Charlie Murray!

Fred Thomson I saw for the first time after a depressing course of second-rate French films, and I certainly became aware that the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty has its points. Sally O'Neill is a very delightful tomboy. But are these two really more popular than Constance Talmadge or Menjou?

The box-office says so and the box-office must be right. I have seen many letters from American fans which would seem to throw doubt on that list so far as they are concerned. But fans are not all of the film public. There are hosts of people who go to the pictures without thinking it necessary to tell anyone why they go—or stay away. The kinema manager must judge by experience, not by fan mail. It is very probable that the most popular star of all according to a fan vote would not hold the same position in the eyes of the box-office.

What would be the result of a vote now among English fans? And what has the English box-office to say about it? The first question you must answer for yourselves. In the matter of the second I conducted a small private investigation.

Sally O'Neill has danced her way to the foremost ranks of film favourites.

The fans are very loyal to Lewis Stone—the perfect gentleman and accomplished artist.

Bearding the box-office was good fun. I tried all sorts of kinemas, big ones and small ones. The managers were all very kind, but a little bewildered at my demand for their most popular stars. Not one of them was prepared with an arbitrary list.

They differed widely in their choice. One had no use for Tom Mix, another reckoned on him to fill the house. One would not thank you for Colleen Moore, if she was "given away with a pound of tea." A few yards away she was a box-office delight. The Chaplin-Lloyd controversy was soon settled. One and all they declared that they would not dare to miss either of them. Chaplin, they said, might be a back number—between pictures. But when he did at last appear, woe betide the exhibitor who thought to do without him. Both broke records with *The Gold Rush* and *For Heaven's Sake.*

A few stars I was able to sort out as being marked specially attractive by all of them. *Pola Negri* was a draw in anything, I was told. Others were Thomas Meighan, Richard Dix, Ricar-

do Cortez, Dorothy Gish, Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Denny, Laura la Plante, and Lewis Stone, who is credited with greater popularity than many of the ladies he supports.

After that they gave it up. They had all arrived at the same conclusion. Solemnly they assured me that in these days it is the story that counts, not the star. They argued that there are so many stars, not far removed from each other in ability or popular appeal. People no longer go to the kinema once in three months to see one particular favourite.

They go once or twice a week and are prepared to welcome anybody so long as the film itself is good. The managers judged that they did better business with a good film featuring unknown players than with a poor film starring someone who had been reckoned popular. In support of this they cited *The Waltz Dream* and *His People* which had been enormous successes in spite of having no bright particular stars to back them.

On the other side of the argument they placed many players who had dropped back entirely on account of bad films. They thought this applied more to new-comers than to the older favourites. The public was willing to tolerate from Meighan, for instance, what it would not endure from a new star. They mentioned Rod la Rocque, Kenneth Harlan and Leatrice Joy as being very great disappointments. Rod la Rocque, especially, had made quite a furore at one time, and then dropped right back.

And so they worked back to their first theory, the film, not the star, is the draw. Interesting, isn't it? Can it really be that the star system, Aunt Sally of a thousand critics, has committed suicide from sheer excess of stars?

It is indisputable that there are more stars in Hollywood now than in the Milky Way, and quite a few of them can reckon on a reasonable amount of support from the public. We used to speak of the Big Four in the days when Fairbanks, Pickford, Griffith and Chaplin really were miles beyond all their competitors in popular esteem. But the Big Four, even as expanded into United Artists, cannot claim that it has an overwhelming preponderance of popularity. We spread our approbation over a large area instead of laying it all at the feet of one divinity.

But while there are heroes and hero-worshippers the star system will not die. When half-gods go the gods arrive, says the poet. But we cling to our half-gods with all their warm, human imperfections. Purely reasonable respect and admiration will never quite displace the warmth of partisanship and personal loyalty. After all, "Pola Negri in anything" sounds as though there is life in the star system yet!

According to the box-office, Rod la Rocque's popularity has been clouded by the inferiority of many of his rôles.

Whether her rôles are good or bad, the public generally flock to see Pola Negri. Right: Adolphe Menjou's popularity is apparently established.

Actors with a Licence

¶*The friend of man is threatening to become his rival as far as movies are concerned.*

Cheer up, Rin-Tin-Tin! We know you are dying to gambol in the garden with that new family of yours, but an overwhelming fan-mail is one of the prices one expects to pay for popularity.

Above, we see young Jackie Condon registering doubt. Will his sturdy steed prove victorious in to-day's race? See "Our Gang" in "Derby Day" for the answer. Left: "Sittin' pretty" is the only description one can give of "Buddy"—versatile canine celebrity of screen and vaudeville.

"Yes, Sir! That's my baby!" "Tige," with the ring round his eye and a reputation for his good work in the "Buster Brown" comedies, is introduced by Pappa Pal. Right: "Our Gang" seems to find their Pal's dignified efforts to drive the car distinctly amusing.

Little & Great

Three studies of the inimitable star of screen and stage.

¶The world has seen Pauline Frederick's pictures for thirteen years, but few will depose her from the pedestal of the screen's greatest tragedienne.

I had always thought of Pauline Frederick as a tall woman. Seen on the screen I believe she strikes most people that way, perhaps because one always associates women of height and sweeping dignity with the rôles of drama and tragedy that she usually portrays.

It is absurd, really. There is no reason on earth why a little woman should not be as moving to watch, in tragic circumstances, as a tall one. Yet it was with something of a shock that I discovered, when I met Miss Frederick in the flesh for the first time, that she is as slight and small as any modern *ingenué*.

Not that she is any the less striking for that. One is conscious of her amazing personality from the very first moment of meeting her, and her eyes seem almost to hypnotise one. They are steel-blue in colour, and large—almost too large for her face, which is small and dead white. But it is not only the eyes themselves that arrest one; she has the longest lashes I have ever seen on anyone, standing out black and thick almost an inch in length.

"I hate Americanisms and slang terms," she told me. I have always taken pains to speak English correctly, and I'm very proud of the fact that I have some British blood in my veins. Some of my ancestors were Scotch settlers who made Boston, my birthplace, their headquarters."

Pauline was born on August 12th, 1884. Apparently her histrionic talents began to show themselves at a very early stage in her career, and when she left school, where she shone in the usual amateur dramatics, she determined to go on the stage. Her first stage appearances, oddly enough, were in farce, and it was some time before she had a chance in drama.

Undoubtedly the most popular of her film portrayals was *Madame X*. It was to play in a revival of this popular melodrama, at the Lyceum Theatre, that Miss Frederick came to England at the beginning of the year. While she is here she will also star in a screen version of Edward Knoblock's play *Mumsey*, under the direction of Herbert Wilcox.

She intends to stay in England for some time, she informed me, and in the Autumn will appear in a new West End stage production that is being specially written for her.

"I like London," she declared, "but I have so many calls upon my time that I really get very little chance of seeing it properly. Sometimes I ride in the Row in the early morning—I adore horses and riding. But the hired hacks lack fire, and I am used to horses with plenty of spirit."

It is the individuality of Pauline Frederick that has been her greatest asset all through her career. This shows itself even in her dress. When all other women are wearing light stockings, she invariably wears black, because she likes black and has strength of mind enough to defy Fashion. With her pallor, undoubtedly it suits her better than any other colour could possibly do, and Pauline is wise enough to know that.

E. E. Barrett.

Hell for Leather Hero!

¶True to his name, Victor captures all hearts by his personality and charm.

Victor McLaglen is all of a soldier of fortune—every inch of his six foot three.

Prospector, prize-fighter, circus acrobat, and King's Lifeguard, Victor has filled many rôles in the drama of Life, even reigning like an Eastern potentate during the recent hostilities as Provost-Marshal of Bagdad!

No rôle that he has hitherto filled on the screen, however, fits this young colonial giant so completely as that of the colourful "Captain Flagg" in *What Price Glory?*

When it was known that Laurence Stallings' sensational stage play would be translated to the celluloid, competition raged among leading male players at Hollywood for the rôle of "Captain Flagg." It was voted by common consent as the plum of male rôles at that time—the arch "he-man" characterisation of the year.

The man selected had not only to prove that he was a daring and licentious rough-neck—devoid of all drawing-room charms and refinements—but that under a forbidding and weather-beaten exterior there beat a heart of gold.

Twenty actors were called, but Victor was chosen.

To-day he is on the top of the world. *What Price Glory?* is a supreme success. And Victor has achieved what every male actor apparently yearns for—a chance to appear as the cursing, drinking, swearing, slap-dash, swash-buckling, hell-for-leather hero!

To all these manly virtues, then, Victor gives full vent as the ranker-Captain. The battle of Belleau Wood—the war itself—is merely a background for his amorous exploits—a drop-scene, as it were, to the battle between two men for the same type of woman, whether it be in China or the Phillipines, or "behind the lines" in France, 1918.

In the first place, the masterful methods of "le grand capitaine," (McLaglen) win the lady's smiles, until the handsome, card-sharping "Sergeant Quirt" (played by Edmund Lowe) strolls along and captures her impressionable heart.

That is all the story there is in *What Price Glory?* but it is told with a terrible crudeness, a stark reality, almost painful in its intensity.

Two tender episodes alone redeem this orgy of male savagery. One when, with a grin and an oath, Flagg tears off his identification disc and gives it to the young soldier, the raw recruit

In four characteristic rôles: top left, "What Price Glory?" top right, "Winds of Chance"; above, "The Call of the Road"; and circle, "The Beloved Brute."

Left: He has obviously captured the heart of Marjorie Hume in "M'Lord o' The White Road." Below: As Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory?"

and "Mother's boy" (Barry Norton), who comes to him, distressed almost to tears by the loss of his own badge.

"Take it, boy!" he says, with rare good humour. "No one cares what becomes of me. Scratch out my name and write yours on instead."

Secondly, later—after the bayonet charge—when he leans for an instant, puzzled, wondering, ashamed of his womanish tears, over the body of the youth, lying dead at his feet. Only then do we get a glimpse of the soul within this sturdy, hard-bitten soldier, the tenderness that lies buried deep within his wild and lawless heart.

After all, Victor's success in *What Price Glory?* is but the climax to a career crammed with lively action.

He was born in a suburb of London, but passed his boyhood in South Africa.

On the outbreak of the Boer War—he was fourteen at the time—he pleaded to be permitted to enlist, as a brother of his had done. He was refused. So he ran off to enlist on his own account. The bulk of his six foot three eventually landed him in the Life Guards, in which he served at Windsor Castle and at Whitehall. On many occasions he acted as one of the glittering sentries of the Horse Guards, that are the admiration and awe of visitors to London.

Three years later, free of Army entanglements, the wanderlust seized him—five of his brothers were in different parts of the world—and he set out for Canada.

Here, at a later date, Buddy Bishop, sporting editor of "The Tacoma News," saw him box, and persuaded him to come under his management. Bishop was so successful a mentor that he got Victor a bout with Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world. This was directly after Johnson had defeated Tommy Burns, and it got Victor his broken nose! The battle—a six-round affair—was staged in Vancouver on March 10th, 1909. The negro, according to Wood Soans, of "The Oakland Tribune," won by a shade.

Fighting was not altogether to the liking of Victor, for soon thereafter he teamed up with his brother, Arthur, and they toured Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, Tahiti, Australia, Ceylon, Bombay, and later, Africa.

It was while at Capetown that the brothers McLaglen heard that war had been declared. This was in 1914, and the two did not waste much time in getting to London. Here they found all their brothers, Leo from China, Lewis and Clifford from South America, and Fred from Canada. All saw active service, and returned, excepting Fred. He was killed in East Africa.

Because of his previous war experience, Victor was given a commission, and sailed with the Irish Fusiliers for Mesopotamia. He was later attached to the Cheshires, who fought so bravely against the Turks and Arabs to release General Townsend, when he was bottled up with his army at Kut-el-Amara.

As Provost-Marshal of Bagdad, Victor almost lost his life on several occasions. An Arab, after a sentence to thirty days in gaol, wounded him with a knife. At another time a street-vendor sold him some poisoned dates.

Back in London after the war, he met J. Stuart Blackton, who was so impressed with his moving picture possibilities that he signed him up to play opposite Lady Diana Manners in *The Glorious Adventure.*

When the British producer invited him to go to Hollywood, it is stated that Victor had to go into debt to get there. Anyway, it was a great gamble. He made his first appearance in the United States in *The Beloved Brute.* Then came a rôle with Charles Ray in *Percy,* and another in *The Hunted Woman,* for Fox. After that there was not an idle week, but he seemed doomed to mere "heavies" in other stars' pictures for a while.

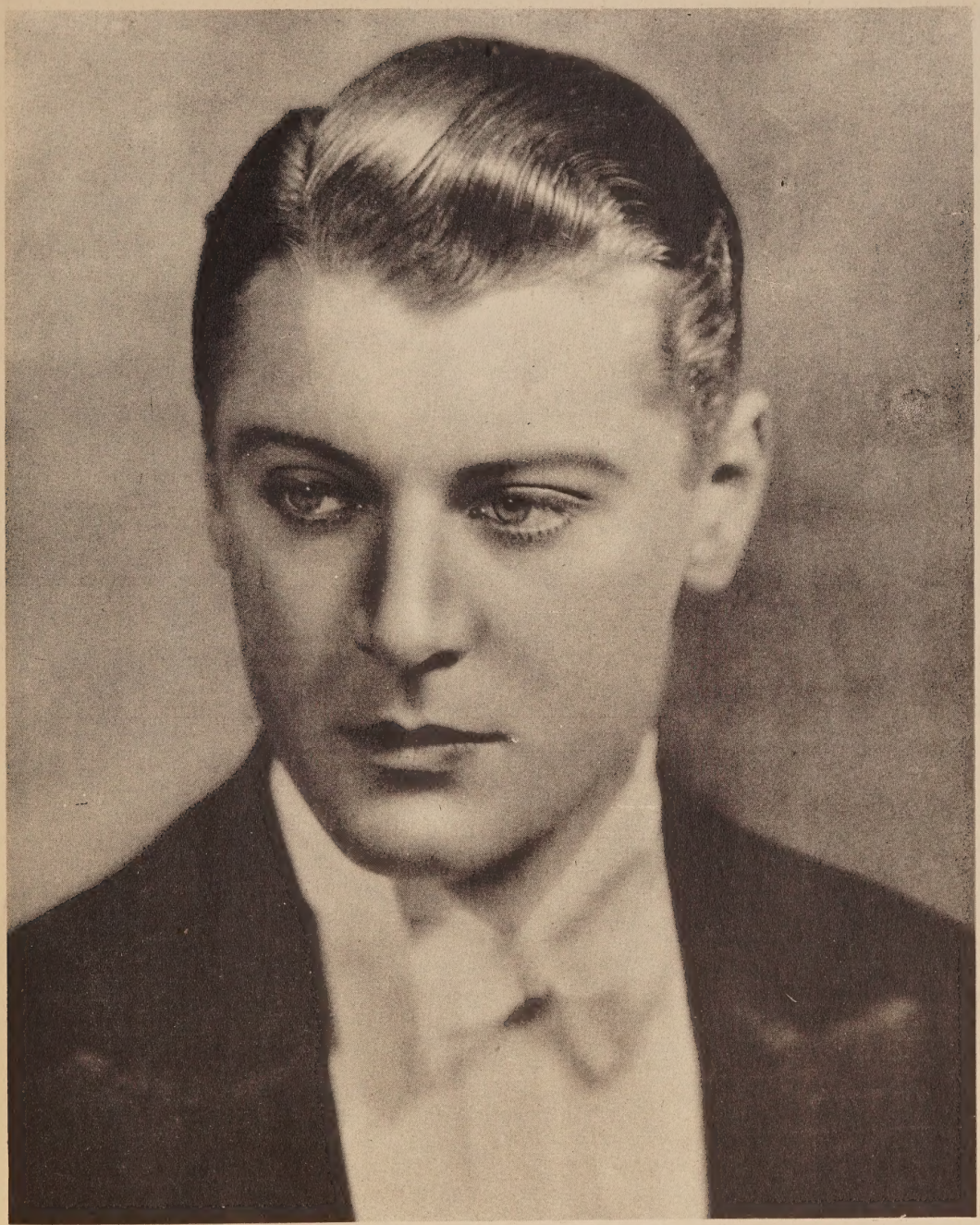
To-day, however, he owns his own charming home, several odd "lots" about town, a handsome car, and the respect of his banker, as well as an attractive Mrs. McLaglen—and Sheila! He appears not only as the shining star of *What Price Glory?* but also in *Beau Geste* and *Winds of Chance,* one of the most talked-of recent pictures.

The adventurous Victor has travelled to far greater heights of fame and prosperity on the strength of his "rough-neck" rôles than he ever could have achieved as a perfect gentleman—on the screen.

Oh, yes, it certainly pays to be a hell-for-leather hero!

MARY BRIAN

Hides bèneath this sweet exterior a burning desire and determination to play rôles of character. We hope she will get her way, for Mary has ample talent to enable her to get away from the rather tame rôles she has been allotted hitherto. Her most prominent pictures since "Beau Geste" are "Behind the Front" and "The Knickerbocker Kid."



RALPH FORBES

A youthful Britisher, now attaining film fame with meteoric rapidity. Since his remarkable performance as John in "Beau Geste," casting directors have been on his track to such effect that already he has been assigned three excellent parts in "Tillie the Toiler," "Mr. Wu," and "The Branding Iron."

JAMESON THOMAS

From musical comedy this English actor has graduated into one of the assets of our studios. "Chu Chin Chow" gave him very little scope, but he was fascinating in the "Apache," and you will soon see him in "Roses of Picardy." Just now he is in Morocco in "Kings Mate."

ALICE TERRY

Bowing to the will of her fans and wearing the blonde wig which they all seem to prefer to her own auburn locks. Having made a great success of her rôle in "The Great Galeoto," with Ramon Novarro, she is now at work on her husband's latest picture, "The Garden of Allah."

MILDRED DAVIS

Has decided that husband Harold Lloyd and daughter Mildred Gloria are to absorb less of her time and the screen more. Yes, we are happy to announce that Mildred is coming back to films at last, and will shortly be seen in the title rôle of "An Old Fashioned Girl," the screen adaptation of Louise Alcott's famous book.

A Hollywood Holiday

by MARGARET CHUTE

¶ *So many hours are spent in dark studios under fierce arcs, that Sunday is the only real day for stars to bask in Californian sunshine.*

Tony Moreno, winner of tennis tournaments, finds the net profit of the game as bracing as its practice. Why not?

To see the most amusing side of Sunday in Hollywood it is necessary to be up and out in good time, and to take up a strategic position on the pavement just at the junction of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard.

Closed limousines carry family parties to the orange groves round Santa Barbara, or to the delights that may be found across the Mexican border, in Tia Juana. In nine out of every ten of these cars are famous faces. And then there are the vehicles of *hoi polloi;* the ramshackle bone-rattling cars that seem to spill Filipinos, Japanese, and Mexicans as they bounce along, so loaded are they.

The procession along the Boulevard amused me so much that I stood watching it nearly every Sunday I was in Hollywood. Everybody rides, as a matter of course; there are a few cyclists, motor and otherwise, and a very few horse-drawn traps. But otherwise King Petrol reigns supreme.

There is such a lot to do in the film capital on Sunday. Would you like to swim, or fish, or sail a boat? Does it amuse you to play golf, or tennis, or a queer form of baseball on the sands? Do you like a swift run in a high-powered car—two hundred miles as a Sunday trip is just nothing—or does the idea of climbing 7,000 feet up a mountain to Lake Arrowhead sound attractive? Or would you potter in a garden?

Among the ardent gardeners are Clive Brook, Percy Marmont, and Milton Sills.

So that I might get a comprehensive idea of the way Hollywood spends its Sundays, Rod La Rocque promised to call for me one glorious Sunday morning, and show me round. Rod certainly drives a wicked car! He possesses two Rolls-Royces, and careers round in a flash of beige or green.

We parked ourselves at my corner of the Boulevard to watch the cars go by. We had not been there more than two minutes before Rod was calling—"Hullo, Claire!—Hullo Bert!" and there

Patsy Ruth Miller and friend are confirmed sunbath addicts—and who shall blame them? Here they are basking on the lawn in Patsy's garden.

Syd. Chaplin says there's a secret in saxophone playing, but it's a difficult one to keep from the neighbours.

went Claire Windsor and her popular husband, Bert Lytell, bound for the Beach.

"Morning, Jack!"

This time it was John Gilbert, driving a big car alone, and full of smiles. "Going to San Bernardino for lunch; back again for tennis at Eagle's Nest afterwards. Come in, won't you?" he shouted over his shoulder.

Hurrying in his graceful white car came Reginald Denny with his wife, his daughter Barbara, all hatless, and two friends, bound for a day's trip to their new Log Cabin high in the mountains.

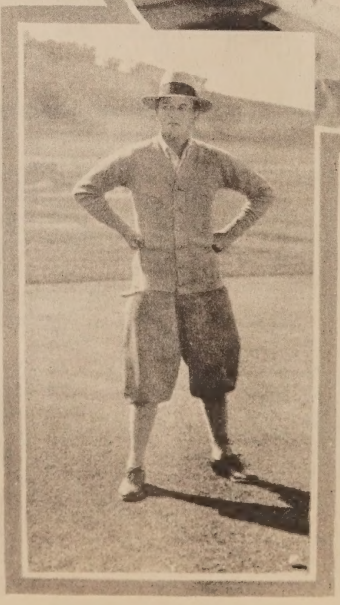
"Over a hundred miles each way, and a stiff climb for the last eighteen miles!" shouted Reg. Denny, in answer to Rod's hail. Waving wildly the Denny family hurried on, and Rod said —"He's a great scout, is Reg. One of the most popular Englishmen out here. If he wasn't doing that long trip he'd spend Sunday on the golf links and then on the Beach, and finish up by doing a spot of gardening."

We unparked ourselves, and arrived at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where many energetic stars were hard at work in the gymnasium, the squash courts, or the swimming pool. Montague Love, Huntley Gordon, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin and many others manage to put in a lot of time on Sunday keeping fit by means of vigorous exercises in that big, white building on Sunset Boulevard.

Next, Rod took me to see the Westwood Country Club; among the golfers I discovered Irene Rich, who plays a really professional game.

On the way to the Beach, Rod made a big detour and passed Marion Davies' pretty house in the hills; there was a long car by the front door, and out

Entering their own cool pool is a Sabbath habit of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Harlan (Marie Prevost).



came Marion all ready for a trip to a famous ranch, somewhere North of Hollywood, where wonderful Sunday parties are given.

Another motorist we passed was Mary Philbin, who prides herself on her ability to repair her car as well as drive it. She was grappling with some part of the mechanism, in a really fetching suit of dungarees. When Rod asked if he could be of any help she laughed and guessed she could manage.

Along the roads winding up and round Beverly Hills we met several riders, alone or in groups. Vilma Banky, the Hungarian star, who seems to understand horses as well as the

It's always tee-time for Reginald Denny, the English star, who haunts the Hollywood links.

Some men are wild gadabouts on Sundays; others go in for lawn romps and horticulture. Monte Blue says he's the one on the right.

We are assured that Irene Rich has been known to hit a much smaller ball than this; but then she is not keeping her eye on it, so it has to be big.

To be hit by Vilma Banky's medicine ball on the beach is, we gather, an upward social step in Hollywood society.

men of her country, and Greta Garbo, that somewhat turbulent Swedish star who rides a horse like a Valkyrie.

Then the Beach, and an immense crowd of cars outside the two enormous new Beach Clubs where everyone goes, just now. At Casa Del Mar the glass-walled lunch room was full of film folk. Anna Q. Nilsson, Norma Shearer, John Roche, the Charles Rays, Aileen Pringle, Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, Victor Varconi and his amusing Hungarian wife. Corinne Griffith told Rod that she was going to spend the afternoon sailing her new yacht, the "Enchantress," having devoted the morning to swimming and sun-baths on the beach.

Ronald Colman, having bathed all the morning lay on the hot sand with his great friend, Dick Barthelmess, and said he *must* keep still for ten minutes before dashing off to Jack Gilbert's for tennis and dinner.

Rod's car climbed nobly towards Eagle's Nest, though at times it seemed certain that we should pitch cheerfully over the edge of the hill. There we found a tennis crowd, watching a stiff game between Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno, two of the best players in film circles.

Rod left me at my hotel to change, before I drove back twelve miles, towards the beach to dine at Agnes Christine Johnston's house.

Dancing was going on when I climbed into a car to be driven back to La Rocque's house in Hollywood. There I found a happy crowd, stars and intimate friends, having their portraits painted in music by a brilliant Polish pianist.

Sydney Chaplin had a musical party, too, in his house not far away, and some of Rod's guests had either been there first or were going on there later. With minds fixed on the fact that work would begin at eight-thirty the next morning, people got into their cars around midnight to hasten homewards, with the pleasant feeling that they would like to stay longer if they could!

¶ A little enlightenment on Greta Garbo, the most enchanting enigma Hollywood has ever propounded.

A Swedish Siren

by KATHLEEN USSHER

No one seems quite to understand Greta Garbo, the new Swedish siren who, within a year of her arrival in Hollywood, has carried off three of the best feminine rôles in *The Torrent, The Temptress,* and *The Flesh and the Devil.*

All three pictures are alike in one particular. They reveal the star as a woman of fatal fascination who lures men on to their ultimate undoing.

The Temptress shows her in the character of a woman who loves many men "not wisely, but too well"—a rather sorry object in the end, desperate, degraded and dishonoured.

With all the slow earnestness caused by a new and laborious language, Swedish Greta rises in protest at this inhuman fate.

"Always the vomp, I am," she says. "Always the woman of no heart. I don't like it. In my country I play good parts—no sweet little heroine, no bad vomp—but interesting girl.

"I hope they leave the happy ending on *The Temptress.* It isn't right for so young a girl to go down so far. It is better they give her a chance—a hint of something better, maybe, later on."

Hollywood, deaf to the lamentations of the star, hails its new "find" of 1926—the greatest sensation that Europe has sent over since the imperious and passionate Pola Negri.

Greta is a type, a personality, distinctly unfamiliar to the Moguls of moviedom. It may be a part of her charm, this elusive, yet seductive, coquetry. At any rate, it arouses an amazing amount of interest.

Her poignant acting in *The Temptress* marks a phase of her ability as new as it is striking. The entire cast, for that matter, wins honours, particularly, perhaps, Roy D'Arcy, Dorothy Farnum for her clever transcription of the Vicente Blasco Ibanez opus, and Maurice Stiller and Fred Niblo for their dual direction in the ultra impressionistic manner.

Left: When Greta lifts her eyes like this, there's trouble ahead for someone! Below: With Tony Moreno in a scene from "The Temptress."

Prior to her lamentable downfall, Greta establishes herself as enchantress supreme of the screen. The picture evokes her most captivating qualities, her most alluring charms. She becomes at once the symbol of angelic perfidy—a lovely Lorelei, whose martyrdom in a misunderstanding world poets have sentimentalised over for centuries.

With Paris as the ideal setting—Paris of the silken boudoirs, of the dazzling, intriguing night-life—"Elena," the temptress, is seen in her native environment.

Later, when the action shifts to Paragana, the South American "Ruritania," where presumably

Another stormy scene from this film. The fluctuations of "The Temptress's" affections bring two men to the point of murder.

Tony Moreno, as Robledo, has to adopt the strong and silent attitude to remain impervious to the magic charms of "The Temptress."

Elena, the temptress, whose irresistible fascination gives her constant trouble, arouses the jealous suspicions of Canterac (Lionel Barrymore).

men grapple with gigantic tasks instead of frittering away their youth at the game of love, "Elena" is once more the dominant figure, unwittingly leaving death and disaster in her path.

The Temptress is a fascinating picture, because its star is a fascinating personality and because the story, though the sheerest melodrama, is skilfully treated and sweeps on to its inevitable climax, carrying the audience forward breathless with interest.

Literally, thrill after thrill galvanises the spectator until one is dazed with sensation. The romantic love-encounter at a masked ball . . . a banquet at which a banker commits suicide . . . the whipping-duel with its accompanying vicious crack of thongs . . . the building of a stupendous dam . . . the blowing-up of the dam by the villain . . . the rescue of the hero from the flood . . . his attempt to strangle the heroine, and his decision to marry her instead and the final reconstruction of the dam.

Greta, the only woman of importance in the cast, contrives to convince in a contradictory rôle.

Typical of the traditional siren, in daring Paris frocks, with magnificent jewels, she still maintains an impression of childish innocence, of underlying sweetness and a delightful hint of humour.

She is perhaps most impressive in the Paris epilogue when—a shoddy shadow of her former gorgeous self—she is confronted by her former lover, who has struggled upward along the road down which she has journeyed.

He begs her to remember him, to recall their tempestuous love affair. With mobile lips set in a half-cynical, half sad, enigmatic, Mona Lisa smile, she replies: "I meet so many men . . ."

Courageous, in the face of the Hollywood tradition of happiness, this note of pathetic hopelessness makes a peculiarly effective ending to this story of a disillusioned woman.

Another notable incident is the encounter between "Robledo," beloved of "Elena," and "Manos Duros," the Bad Man of Paragana. These two struggle perilously near to the death in a fiendishly contrived ordeal, known originally as à l'Argentine, where, armed with cruel bull-whips, they lash each other around a circle. Lit by the flare of torches, with scared brown faces lining the ring, this fight takes its place among historic battles of screen history.

Obviously, *The Temptress* boasts no highly original plot. Fundamentally, it is merely the story of the siren, caught in her own snare, who is willing to sacrifice everything—even her own life—for the man she idolises.

(*Continued on page* 48).

The Gentle Grafter

by Leonard Hillman

¶ *A sage once said that imitation was the flattest form of sincerity; the movie industry would seem to agree with him.*

Above: A scene from Dick Barthelmess' famous picture, "Tol'able David," which was practically repeated in "Broken Chains." Right: Monta Bell, himself a disciple of Lubitsch and Chaplin, now has scores of imitators.

It does not, fortunately, require an exhaustive knowledge of horticulture to know what grafting is. It is enough to understand that many flowers, especially roses, are improved by gentle and judicious grafting, and no one blames the gardener for assisting Nature with a little spare-time plagiarism.

With an author or playwright, however, matters are different; to be entirely safe from adverse criticism, the luckless wight should be entirely original—which, of course, is impossible. Thousands of years ago, Solomon, who was reputed by all who knew him to be an extremely wise man, delivered this dictum: "Nothing under the sun is new."

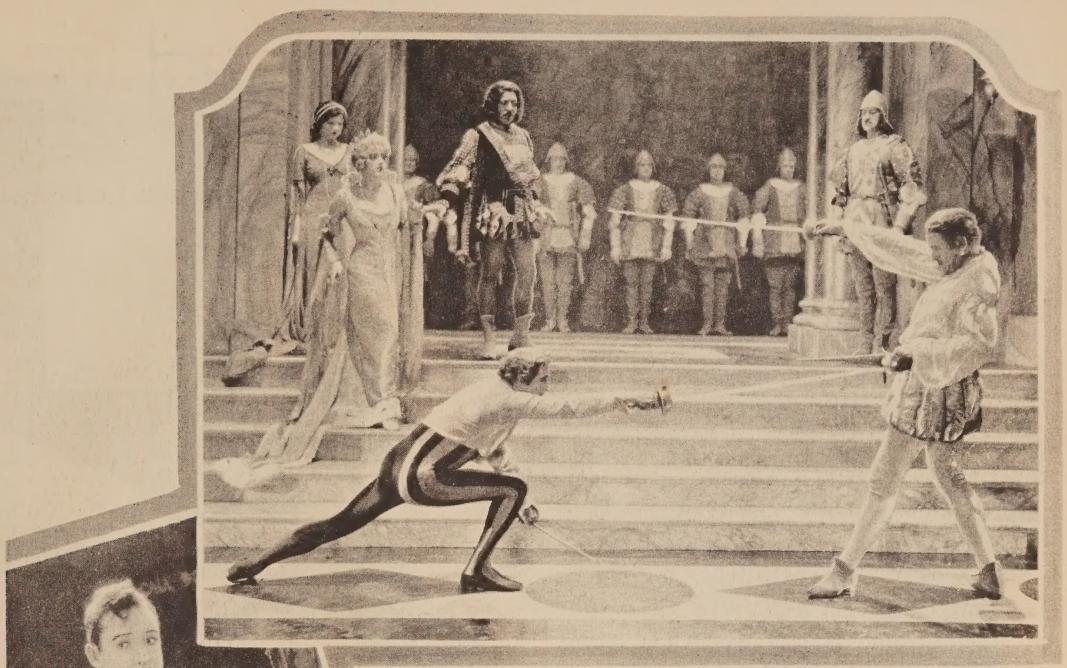
If that were true in his day, how much more correct is it now in Anno Domini 1927. Whatever authors and playwrights, or more pertinently, directors and film stars do is sure to have been done before. Plagiarism is unavoidable; it was good enough for Shakespeare, it should be good enough for Hollywood.

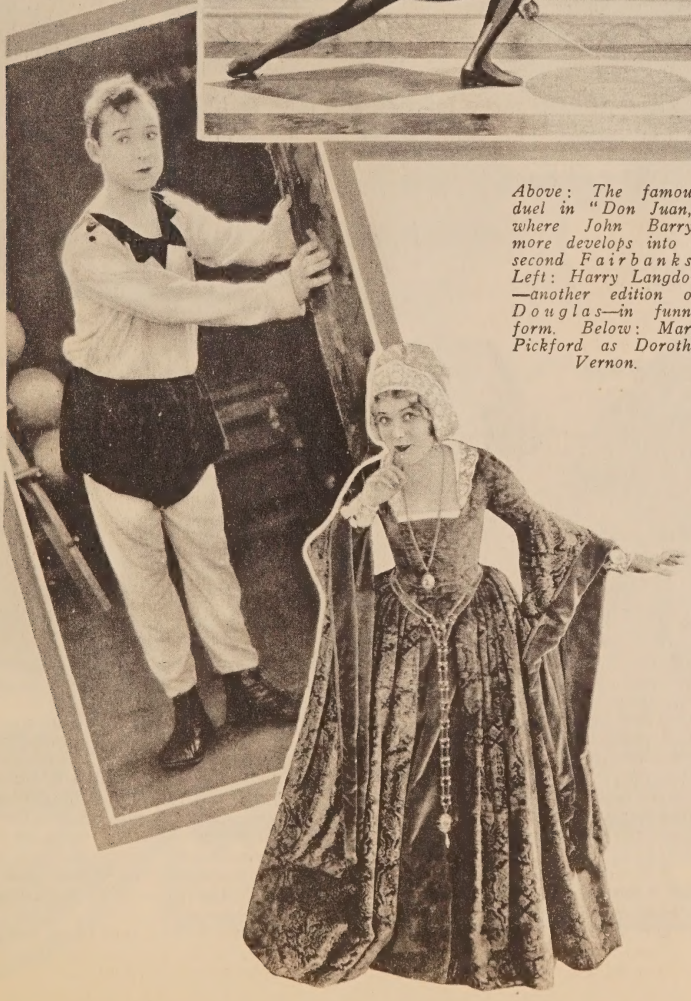
In fact, many films are improved by "grafting"—not, of course, by the inclusion of those oft-introduced cabaret scenes, roses that are trodden underfoot, top-hatted danseuses or revolvers in drawers, but of those increasingly frequent occasions when stars and directors, wittingly or unwittingly, imitate their colleagues. They are not robbing, they are flattering.

A short time ago there was only one Douglas Fairbanks, now there seem to be at least three. You may remember that in one of his early successes, *Bound in Morocco*, the star escaped from his enemies by swinging to and fro on an awning—compare, in the comic world, Harry Langdon on the trapeze in *The Strong Man*—in the dramatic, John Gilbert's escape from the gallows in *Bardelys the Magnificent*, or Rudolph Valentino's exploits in the café in *The Son of the Sheik*.

Again, in *The Mark of Zorro*, Douglas fought an athletic and acrobatic duel with Noah Beery; that idea has now been reduplicated in *Don Juan*, in the duel between John Barrymore and Montagu Love.

Direction, too, is duplicated and sequences, also, are stereotyped. In *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, there





Above: The famous duel in "Don Juan," where John Barrymore develops into a second Fairbanks. Left: Harry Langdon—another edition of Douglas—in funny form. Below: Mary Pickford as Dorothy Vernon.

is a love scene between Mary Pickford and Allan Forrest in the former's bedroom. This is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the lady's father, whereupon she promptly throws a sheet over her lover to hide him. His feet betray him.

In *Secrets* Eugene O'Brien wishes to elope with Norma Talmadge, and to that end emulates Romeo by climbing into her room via the prosaic garden ladder. Their preparations being interrupted by parental importunity, Norma throws a skirt over her beloved and HIS feet almost betray HIM. .

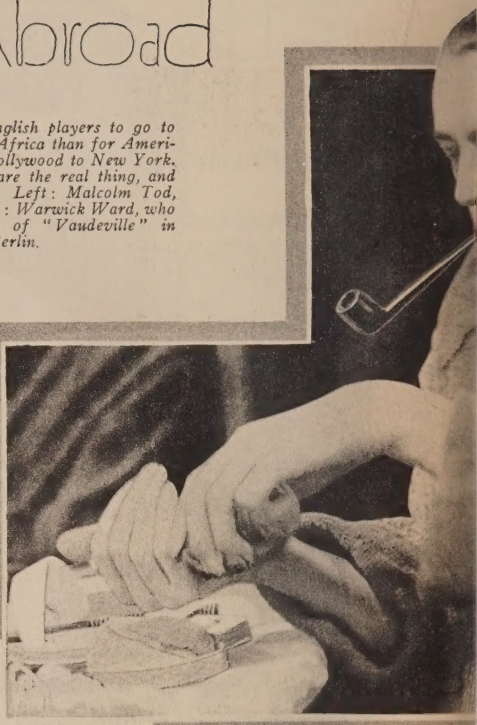
The struggle in *Tol'able David,* brutal mountaineer and all, makes its second bow in *Broken Chains,* the first hero returning for the sake of the mail, the second for the sake of the female.

Charlie Chaplin's visit to Germany resulted in *A Woman of Paris,* which, in turn, led to *The Marriage Circle* of Lubitsch; then a young man who had been among those present at the filming of both these masterly "sophistications" was led to branch out on his own. Now Monta Bell's importance is such that he, too, has his imitators, whose name, be it known, is legion.

Truly, it seems as if the favourite game of the movie world is "Follow my Leader," but as it also appears that the most graceful acknowledgment for "borrowing" is an earnest attempt to "go one better" than the original, it ill behoves us, who pay our money and take our choice, either to "ban" plagiarisms or to boycott borrowings. We should like 'em.

Britishers Abroad

It is easier for English players to go to the Continent and Africa than for Americans to go from Hollywood to New York. Besides, locations are the real thing, and of infinite variety. Left: Malcolm Tod, in Hungary. Right: Warwick Ward, who played the villain of "Vaudeville" in Berlin.

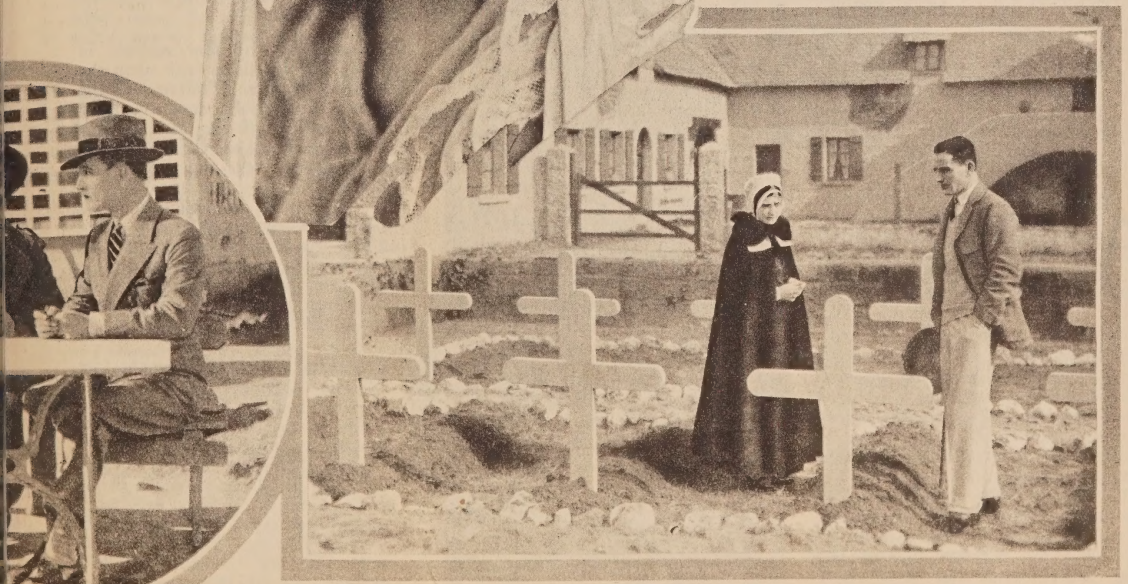


When Sidney Morgan made a story of Egypt, he took his company and entire staff to the banks of the Nile—and secured some of the most brilliant photographic footage as a result

Johnny Butt and Walter Butler outside a real Corsican café in "Passion Island."

A "Cinders" scene: Betty Balfour and Fred Wright arrive at a Paris aerodrome.

Flora le Breton (left) is now in Morocco. Below: Lilian Hall-Davis and John Stuart in a French war village for "Roses in Picardy."



Left: The lovers doomed to part. Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno in a scene from "Mare Nostrum." Circle: With terror at his heart, Rodolph (John Gilbert) realises that his beloved Mimi (Lillian Gish) is dying. A scene from "La Bohéme." Below: Rod la Rocque as he appears in "Braveheart."

Lifting an old Taboo

BY LOCKTON KENT

¶"Weep and you weep alone" is no longer true — of the movies.

Although, in the main, everybody prefers smiles to tears there is no doubt that the old taboo against unhappy endings to films has been lifted, and lifted for ever.

According to America the public were responsible for the inevitable happy ending to films, endings that were sometimes at variance with the rest of the film, and often accomplished at the sacrifice of all that was best in the novel or play from which the film had been taken.

The strange thing about it was that the public seldom had the opportunity to choose for itself. The question of the ending was decided in the studios long before even the press were allowed to see the film—so why blame the public?

The majority of film makers in America still pin their faith upon the happy ending. These argue that their public does not mind how much suffering there is in a film so long as the two chief characters come together at the end.

But the preponderance of stories shown in 1926 end sadly. Either the heroine dies, or the hero dies, and, instead of their nobleness being suitably rewarded, as it would have been in A.D. 1922, no one, save the audience, appreciates them.

But there is no gainsaying the fact that audiences DO appreciate them. Otherwise, how can the wonderful success of *Stella Dallas* be accounted for?

Stella Dallas is a story of mother-love, and in all the previous stories of mother-love, mother has been given happiness at the end after six reels of suffering. But *Stella Dallas* ends with the heroine "Stella" drifting back into the shadows from which she came to watch her daughter being married.

Left: A poignant scene in "Stella Dallas," a film which abounds in sob-stuff, yet has proved immensely popular. Centre: Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman in "The White Sister," another picture of note which ended with a tear.

Below: Richard Dix seems to sense the unhappy lot which is to be his in "The Vanishing Race."

When *Manon Lescaut,* the German-made version, was shown in the West End of London, the logical ending was tentatively tried out. Lest the audience resented this, another ending had been made as well which would have been substituted had the film not proved successful.

Another *Manon* has been made, in America this time, with John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in the principal rôles, but *His Lady,* as it is called, has a "hokum" climax.

All Lillian Gish's recent films, except *Annie Laurie,* end in tragedy. In *La Bohéme* she dies, and poor "Rodolph" is left lamenting. In *The Scarlet Letter* the end is sad, but that had a Swedish director so an unhappy finish might have been expected.

Lillian's *White Sister* too, ended sadly, with the hero, for once, arriving too late to save his sweetheart taking the vows in a convent. As if that were not enough to send filmgoers home in serious mood, it went on farther and showed him heroically sacrificing his life to save the victims of the eruption, and the last "close-up" of all is of the heroine weeping over his demise.

Again, in *The Vanishing Race,* Richard Dix dies. Like a hero, 'tis true, but it is only lately heroes have been allowed to die.

Alice Terry dies for the first time in *Mare Nostrum*—dies so bravely and artistically that her end redeems the somewhat sordid character she portrays.

Alone, in the grey dawn, she faces a firing squad, and dies "In her uniform, like a soldier."

Braveheart, a new Rod La Rocque picture, ends sadly, and *Ben Hur,* despite its miracles and the fact that the hero and heroine do indulge in a final embrace, ends on a note of sadness, for the last shot of all shows the three lone crosses on the hill.

There are shoals of sad endings to come yet. Norma Talmadge will die for us in *Camille,* so will Pola Negri, for the latest from Hollywood reports that Pola, too, will be seen in the French classic. *The American Tragedy* ends as tragedies should, and that will reach the screen in 1927.

Perhaps the biggest tragedy of all will be Universal's *Romeo and Juliet* with Norman Kerry as "Romeo," but film lovers by now are inured to unhappy endings so that one more or less will not signify.

May-time Modes

Like the trees, stars begin to blossom out in this merry month of May. Left: Pauline Starke displaying the newest style in silk suits. The Mandarin blouse is closed at the neck with two black buttons. Above her is Carmel Myers, flaunting her new frock of white crêpe, with scarf and skirt of printed silk. Right: Louise Lorraine also favours the silk suit. This is in oyster grey with coloured embroidery. Above her we see Pauline Starke again, in another of the popular silk suits, this time in white and red. Top: Joan Crawford's suit is of white jersey, trimmed with coloured braid.

"A marriage has been arranged." The five little words that end most stories begin this. Had the marriage not been arranged there might have been no story, for it is certain that but for Yvonne, Dominique would not have been at Trouville.

Yvonne and Dominique looked out to sea, and Yvonne saw a thousand bathing suits that had cost each a thousand francs, and Dominique saw a seagull. And sea-gulls cost nothing.

"I love Trouville!" said Yvonne.

"Yes," said Dominique. Which might have meant anything.

"It is so gay!" said Yvonne.

"Yes," said Dominique.

He rose and leant against the railings of the promenade. A little procession was wending its way through the streets of the town, a band of wandering gipsies. They were very carelessly attired and each marched to a step of his own. They were tanned to the colour of brown paper, and most of them laughed. Suddenly Dominique knew that he had found his ideal. They went where they went for no other reason than that the wind blew in that direction.

"Gipsies!" exclaimed Yvonne, with a hint of a sneer, as she followed his glance.

"Yes," said Dominique.

"Filthy people!" said Yvonne.

The procession was passing. Beside one of the last of the vans walked a girl, a girl the like of whom Dominique had never seen before. Her skirt was of a bewildering emerald colour, with a black girdle; and every colour of the rainbow had been thrown to make the loose blouse she wore. A barbaric shawl was casually draped over her shoulders. But it was her face that held Dominique spell-bound. Her wide eyes, her jet-black hair, her small straight mouth that was just as red as nature could make it, and had never met art half-way; they caused Dominique to tingle in a way he had never known before. Her complexion hinted that she followed the sun round the world day by day and in all her nineteen years had never seen a night. She caught his glance and smiled back when he smiled.

And he wondered why Yvonne—Yvonne, with whom his marriage had been arranged, by their parents—could not thrill him in this queer and startling way.

"You don't—*know* that girl—that gipsy?" asked Yvonne.

"I have never seen her before, nor am I likely to see her again," answered Dominique. "It was the picture she made, there in the sunshine, that appealed to me. You know, Yvonne, I think it was a mistake on the part of my family to cast me for a business career. I am not a business man. I am an artist. I want to live life. I don't want merely to stack up francs and more francs. We have more money in our family than we shall ever require. It is so futile to go on and on and on when the goal is gained."

"You have a proud tradition to maintain," said Yvonne, who was feeling mildly alarmed.

"I have a life to live," retorted Dominique. "And I protest against its being cut and dried for me."

"When we are married——" began Yvonne.

At that moment a page-boy, on whose brief cap was emblazoned the name of Trouville's most exclusive hotel, made his way through the crowds and stopped before Dominique.

"A telegram has just arrived for monsieur," he said, presenting the flimsy envelope.

Dominique gave the boy a franc and opened the message.

"Bad news?" asked Yvonne, noting the expression on his face.

"My uncle has been taken seriously ill," returned Dominique. "The message urges me to return at once to Paris and take charge of the family business. Can't you see Fate laughing up her sleeve?"

"You will go?"

"And just this moment I was protesting against all this, and vowing I would live my own life in my own way. I said I was not a business man, but an artist. And now comes this bolt from the blue!"

"You will go?" Yvonne insisted.

"What can I do but go?" Dominique cried. "Everybody wishes me to go. You wish me to go?"

"But, of course. For generations the business has been managed by one of your name. It is your duty to go."

"I suppose it is," sighed Dominique.

Characters:

Dominique Prad - CONRAD NAGEL
The Gipsy Maid - RENEÉ ADOREÉ
Yvonne - - PAULETTE DUVAL
The Colonel - FRANK CURRIER
His Orderly - GEORGE K. ARTHUR
The Gipsy Chief - MATTHEW BETZ
Dominique's Sisters
HELENA D'ALGY, CLAIRE DU BREY

(Narrated by permission from the Jury-Metro-Goldwyn film of the same name).

He went, and Yvonne went with him.

"It is just until my uncle recovers," said Dominique. "That can be but a little while. I suppose it would be churlish of me to refuse. But when my uncle is recovered—well, Fate's laugh will have been a pretty short one!"

They were met at the terminus by Dominique's sisters and the family solicitor, and there was something in their manner that made Dominique realise that perhaps after all the goddess's laughter was to be more prolonged than he had anticipated. This, Dominique gathered, was a business meeting.

"I regret to have to inform you," said the solicitor, "that your uncle is no more. He has passed away, and your sisters and you have inherited the whole of the estate. From now on you are head of the family and chief director of the firm."

For four days at the least Dominique devoted himself to the responsibilities of business. He got to know the staff at the Paris offices and the workings to the gigantic mills at St. Denis.

But by the end of the first week his interest was flagging. He began to spend at first minutes, and then hours at the window of his private office, gazing out across the roofs of Paris, watching the clouds tumble over the sky down into the romantic south.

He spent long moments dreaming of a gay-coloured figure that once had passed him in a ramshackle procession along a sun-lit promenade. And at length he bought canvasses and brushes and sat at that same window painting those same clouds—or their successors—for clouds seem always in a hurry to get to happier climes, and never stay long enough to have their pictures laid on canvas. They are bad "sitters," as restless as Dominique himself.

For those first few days Yvonne was pleased, but when Dominique fell to dreaming she felt alarm. She conferred long and often with Dominique's sisters and with her own brother, a terrible fellow with no nonsense about him, who was a colonel in the cavalry.

"I cannot understand it," said the elder sister. "We have never had an artist in the family before. It must be some form of weakness. I remember Mamma use to say that he was not strong as a baby."

If Dominique's sisters had been his brothers they, too, would have been colonels in the cavalry. There was something definitely colonelish and even cavalrish about them. As soon as they saw how things were going they called a mass meeting of their supporters and interviewed the subject of their alarm.

"You are a loafer!" cried one sister.

"You disgrace our family!" cried the other.

"Even that," said Dominique, "does not account for the crowd."

Yvonne winced and her brother stiffened.

"You forget that you are going to marry me," said she.

"*I* don't forget it is *my* sister you are going to marry!" said the colonel.

Dominique attempted to state his case.

"I am not a business man. I shall never be a business man. It irks me. I want to be out under the skies. I want to paint the skies and the clouds and the fields, and the common people who live life as God intended it should be lived—in the world that He made, not in walls that men made. I——"

"This is disgraceful!" cried the elder sister. "We shall be the laughing-stock of Paris! We, who have built up a mighty house and a mighty fortune through more than a century and two revolutions! The House of Prad is as stable as France herself! It is known throughout the world! And the head of it would paint pretty little pictures to please—to please nobody but himself! It is preposterous!"

And she took Dominique's latest effort from its easel and broke it across a chair.

"I was prepared to talk to you," said Dominique at this. "But now I will talk to nobody. I'm going!"

And as he went he heard his elder sister say to Yvonne:

"The poor boy must be mad! That is the kindest explanation of all this. He has taken leave of his senses!"

"Either they are or I am," murmured poor Dominique as he fled down the boulevards. "I wonder? I like nothing they like. I see things through other eyes. Their life does not satisfy me. To me their world is tin and cardboard. Am I mad?"

He sought out the family doctor.

"Examine me," he said, "and tell me what is wrong."

"What are your symptoms?" the doctor asked.

"I am paying for advice, not to give it!" Dominique retorted.

THE doctor examined him.

"There is nothing wrong," he said at last. "You are perfectly fit in every way."

Dominique went back to the boulevards.

"What is the use of living?" he wailed. "Either I must toe the line with the world I was born in, or—— Or what? There is no escape. Circumstances have got me! I am a victim."

He fled on and on and came in time to the great mansion beside the Bois that his great family had built in their great days. And beside the house was a pond.

"I will yet have the laugh on Fate!" the hopeless young man cried. "If she wants to keep on laughing I will not be here to hear!"

And without a moment's hesitation he cast himself into the pond.

Even before the servants had dragged him out, he had realised that Fate still laughed. The pond was excellent for ducks. Being four inches deep.

The gipsies are intrigued by the smart uniform worn by Dominique, and agree to exchange it for gipsy garb.

He was in bed with a cold when his sisters arrived home. Immediately they held another conference, and as they could not think of anything particularly bright to do, they stole his clothes to ensure that he should commit no further rash act for a little while at least. To make matters doubly secure, they tied him by the foot to the bed-post

"This," vowed Dominique, "is the limit. If I cannot escape from this world, at least I'll escape from *their's*!"

"What now?" asked the elder sister, downstairs.

"I shall telephone for my brother and he will advise us," said Yvonne.

"A splendid idea!" said the other sister. "How do you think of these things, darling? Certainly you are the only wife for our poor dear Dominique. He needs someone to *manage* him."

And so they telephoned for the colonel and by the time the captive upstairs was free and looking for his stolen clothes the colonel had arrived in his beautiful automobile. By the time Dominique, having failed to find his stolen clothes, had made up his mind to escape in his pyjamas and a top hat, the colonel had been acquainted with the facts. And by the time the colonel and his fellow-conspirators had climbed the two flights of stairs to Dominique's bedroom, that irrepressible young man was out of the window and down the ivy and into the colonel's beautiful automobile. The conspirators, finding the window open, looked out of it. They were just in time to witness Dominique's escape. They stared and stared and stared. As, a little later, did Paris, at the spectacle of a young man in pyjamas and a top hat driving a beautiful automobile through the boulevards at fifty miles an hour.

In a little Breton town Dominique reached the end of his journey, and the beginning of a greater. He stopped there, not because he had any particular liking for that particular little Breton town, but because camped on its outskirts was a happy band of gipsies, and of these gipsies one was a girl whose face he had never forgotten since that time he had seen it at Trouville.

By this time his pyjamas and top hat had passed out of history. He was attired instead in a beautiful uniform of the colonel's which he had discovered in the colonel's beautiful automobile. He had often wondered how one got to know gipsies when one was not a gipsy oneself, and now he was very thankful for the uniform. Just as black appeals to white, so does white appeal to black. To Dominique, the gipsy costume was the most beautiful thing in the world. To the gipsies there had never been anything like the uniform Dominique wore. It was something to talk about—something to bargain with. He bartered it for a gipsy costume; and after that he was one of them. It was the easiest way he had ever met of getting to know people.

Dominique, now an established member of the gipsy band, daily becomes more infatuated by the charm and beauty of the girl, Silda.

When the gipsy band moved on, it was the natural thing for Dominique to move on with them. By this time he had got to know the girl he had first seen at Trouville, if not as well as he could have wished. Her name was Silda, and the more he saw of her the more fascinating she appeared. She had been born (she told him) in a tent beside the highway, and she had never lived within four walls in all her life. As the camp moved on, Dominique and Silda moved on side by side. It was with a pang of regret that Dominique realised that he was no more to her than an interesting stranger from a different social plane.

She spoke to him when he spoke to her; not often otherwise. And her talk was facts, not fancy. She told him what this was and what that was; but any of the men might have told him as much. His life was as empty and as lonely as before; only different.

But one afternoon when they had moved out of a little town he saw her looking at him with a peculiar interest. He could not understand it, nor did he try to. He was satisfied that the interest was there. He could not know—it was a long time before he did know—that it had been aroused by a handbill, newly pinned on a door in the little town; a handbill that Silda alone of the gipsies had seen, but a handbill that she was shrewd enough to know they would all meet with before long, even perhaps in the next village.

It was a handbill offering a reward of one thousand francs for the capture of Dominique Prad, and it was uttered in the name of Dominique's sisters, Yvonne, and the colonel.

Like all children of nature, Silda was shrewd and quick-witted. She knew that once her people learnt of the reward Dominique would be held and handed over to the authorities. She knew that the reward would be shared equally between all the members of the band. And she knew that her own share in this reward would be trifling, so big was the band. Also she knew the worth of one thousand francs,

though in all her life she had never seen so much money at a time. Being a woman, she was an artist in her own way. She now began to ply her art. If she could get Dominique away, all to herself, the entire reward would be hers.

She dropped behind the main procession, knowing well that Dominique would drop too. He did.

"And so you ran away from your people?" she said by way of opening.

"I was tired of them and their ways. I wanted to lead a free life under the sun—your life," replied Dominique.

"When you tired of your own world, what made you come to ours?" Silda asked.

Dominique felt himself blushing.

"Once at Trouville I saw you pass in a procession. Ever since then I have wanted to know you."

"Why, I remember. Yes. You are that man. You smiled at me," said Silda, pleased. And after a moment's thought: "So I was the reason?"

Thinking it over, Dominique had to admit that she was.

"And now you are one of us, what do you think of the life?"

"It is a very happy life," said Dominique. "I was weary of the crowds of Paris."

Silda shrugged her shoulders and pointed to the dusty caravans ahead.

"To one who has always led this life, *that* is the crowds of Paris," she said.

"How quick you are!" said Dominique admiringly. "You have a wit that surpasses the nimbleness of the boulevards."

"It is not appreciated here," said Silda.

"By me it is," added Dominique.

Silda was pensive.

"Sometimes I, too, would like to run away from all this noise and bustle and all these people who do not see eye-to-eye with me—right away over the hills to some quiet place, with a friend who thinks as I think."

Dominique started.

"You mean——?"

"They brawl and drink and swear and shout and quarrel," said Silda. "I dream of quiet lanes, filled with blossom, of little ponds and hedges so high that it is an adventure to look over them. But when I tell of these things to my people they think me mad. If I could find a friend—a friend to care for me and the life I'd love, I would go—go right away with her—him—to-morrow—to-day—now!"

Dominique pulled up and let the caravans go their way round a bend in the road.

"You—mean this?"

"But, yes!"

"Now?"

"Now."

"Dare we?"

"What do we care what Paris and the gipsies say?"

And that, as Dominique conceded, was logic.

By this time there was no need to run away from the caravans. The caravans had run away from them.

Silda, in order to claim the whole reward for his capture, persuades Dominique to run away with her.

Day succeeded day. They wandered on, hand in hand, without plan, earning enough for the day and caring nothing for to-morrow until it became to-day. They found those high hedges, to peep over which was an adventure; they found the ponds and the blossoms; and when they felt like it they used up a day in walking a mile. How she was to dispose of him to the authorities when the time came, Silda did not at first know, and afterwards she did not care. When a week had gone by she knew she could never hand him over to anybody. She knew she loved him. She was content to wander on like this for ever.

Dominique earned enough for both by painting pictures for people in the villages through which they passed. At one village they decided to stay a little while. They made a friend in the mayor, whose portrait Dominique painted, and who gave them an old mill in which to stay. The mayor was to be married, and on the wedding day, Dominique and Silda were invited to the church.

It was a quaint old ceremony—to Dominique's thinking a perfect gem; so restful, so suggestive of unworldliness that his artistic soul was shocked at a sudden uproar which arose outside the tiny church. Protesting, and with Silda at his side, he made his way to the porch to disperse the interrupters. But there he pulled up, speechless with amazement.

Outside were the gipsies Silda had forsaken, shouting news of his capture, telling of the reward they were to claim, and of how they had sent the news to Paris, and that Yvonne and the colonel and Dominique's sisters were even now on the way.

Simple-minded people were the old Bretons of that village. The pros and cons of the matter were beyond their grasping. They only knew that their new-found friends were in danger, and they did not stop to argue. They poured out of the church and grasped the first things that came to hand—pitchforks, brooms, spades, even pails of water. The battle lasted an hour, and it was not the fault of the brave defenders that it ended in the capture of Dominique. As the colonel's second beautiful automobile drew up in the square a dozen of the strongest gipsies made their capture.

"So you are here!" gasped Yvonne.

Dominique remained silent.

"No man shall insult my sister and live!" roared the colonel, dragging forth a brace of pistols. "Come! Chose your weapon!"

Bretons and gipsies alike formed a ring. The two men stood back to back, walked away twenty paces, turned suddenly and fired. The smoke cleared away, and each was seen standing there erect. But the colonel's pistol was in the dust a dozen yards away, whereas Dominique's was still in his hand. Waving it jauntily he turned to Silda and took her hand.

"You will come?" he asked.

"Anywhere," said Silda.

The Bretons, cheering lustily, made way for them, and they passed round a bend in the road out of sight.

The Call of Spring

However, as the poet wrote—When Winter "chills" the lap of Spring.

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Obtainable in tubes 1/-, *and pots* 2/- *each.*

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Powder Without The Puff

¶Announcing yet another Free Gift to Next Month's Readers.

¶Gift Booklet of Papier Poudré inside every copy of the June "Picturegoer."

The editor is happy to announce yet another Gift to be given away free to readers of THE PICTUREGOER. Inside the June number—on sale June 1st—will be found a dainty Gift Booklet of Papier Poudré.

Papier Poudré represents the modern way of removing dust and shine from the complexion. When you take a leaf from your Papier Poudré booklet, and apply it to your face, all dust is removed *before* the powder (with which each leaf is impregnated) is applied. There is nothing to upset and no box or puff is necessary. In fact, a mirror may be dispensed with too!

The booklet, which has been specially prepared for presentation, contains 24 leaves, and in order to provide everyone with an opportunity to select the most suitable tint for her complexion, eight leaves of each of the three most popular shades (white, rose and rachel) have been included.

The editor is sure that his readers will find Papier Poudré a friend indeed, and especially so when they are hot, travel-stained or weary.

Just a little word of warning! Experience has proved that so popular are these PICTUREGOER gifts that unless an order is placed *early* with the newsagent, disappointment is sure to follow. Why not, therefore, give that all important order to your newsagent to-day?

¶Brains Plus Beauty by Lionel Collier.

(*Continued from page* 13.)

all screen comedies—and *Kiss Me Again.*

But comedy is not by any means her only metier. She gave a startlingly characteristic interpretation of the countess in Sacha Guitry's adapted play *The Lover of Camille.*

Marie graduated from Mack Sennett's bathing beauties over eight years ago.

So much for American artistes. The Germans have at least two, Lil Dagover and Mady Christians, who fulfil both the conditions of this article's title.

Mady really won fame in *The Waltz Dream.* She vividly expressed the requisite lightness of spirit and seemed an incarnation of the spirit of Viennese gaiety.

One thing she did which in itself is a mark of the great artiste; she simulated intoxication without offence but with a wealth of humour.

Lil Dagover has a figure which is almost unrivalled. She was born in the Dutch West Indies.

Her first part, so far as the English public is concerned, was in the masterpiece of screen impressionism *Dr. Caligari.* Lil Dagover was not the least of an exceedingly clever cast of artists who have since become better known.

In *Love is Blind* she appears as the wife in a dramatic comedy which is highly entertaining, while in *The Two Brothers* she gives a strikingly original conception of a cold and heartless "vamp" which is entirely divorced from that of American tradition.

Both these stars one could want to see more frequently than we do at present. But one must remember that only a small proportion of the German output is suitable for this country.

Last but not least comes Karina Bell, the Danish actress, whose greatest parts have been in adaptations of Dickens' novels, her greatest, perhaps, being the name part of *Little Dorrit,* into which she infused the absolute spirit of the creator.

She is, without doubt, one of the freshest and most natural actresses on the screen; she brings with her a breath of fresh country air. In a great measure this is due to her care in make-up which is never exaggerated, as in some of our stars, but most of it is due to beauty plus brains.

No doubt you have been adding to this list while reading about them. But you cannot pour out names. The alliance of looks and sagacity is not a commonplace one, as some people, who think acting as easy as falling off a log, would have you believe.

Laura La Plante is the embodiment of the crisp beauty and mental alertness of the American girl at her best.

"Ovaltine" ensures restful health-giving sleep

Flora Le Breton

"I take the greatest pleasure in recommending "Ovaltine" to all my friends, especially the workers. On returning from the film studios, sometimes too tired to eat, I substitute a large cup of your excellent preparation and feel I have had a good meal. For tired nerves it is invaluable and, taken the last thing at night, it ensures restful health-giving sleep."

This testimony from Miss Flora le Breton is yet another tribute to the supreme merits of "Ovaltine" as a restorative in fatigue, for rebuilding worn nerves and ensuring sound sleep. It endows the system with a wealth of endurance to withstand the strain attendant upon strenuous work or the weariness imposed by long and busy hours.

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Meet Mr Marriott

¶Some people just make up their minds to go on the screen, but with Moore Marriott the make-up is much more inclusive.

Some film reviewer lately called Moore Marriott a newcomer to the screen, but this brilliant English character actor takes that as a compliment.

"It's a tribute to my faculty for make-up," says this quiet, versatile little man. For it is pardonably difficult to recognise the same player in such varied rôles as the father in *The Monkey's Paw*, the blue-jacket hero in *Second to None*, the Hebrew tailor in *London Love*, and the tramp soldier in *Every Mother's Son*.

Too many producers insist on "types"—because not every actor can make up well enough to stand the camera's searching inquisition. But the screen is full of evidence that it is better to have an actor who can transform his appearance than to have a perfect type who cannot act.

Moore Marriott was on the stage at the mature age of five. "When, as property-man at a British studio, I was called on to play in 1920, I found that much of my theatre technique had to be unlearned.

"Make-up isn't just the face, you know. Clothes and their selections are a science, and the judicious use of padding is another branch of characterisation.

"Touches of personality abound in shoulders, legs and boots. I often think a man can be weighed up by his footwear. As for hirsute trimmings, they can be most eloquent. I am pretty useful with crêpe hair, but when possible I prefer to grow my own. My beard in *London Love* took six weeks to rear.

"I've floated through so many films that only a few people can be relied on to spot me in some of them. Not long ago I defied a certain studio manager to identify me in a film just made there. Four of them had the picture run through and all guessed wrongly.

"My real training has been under Manning Haynes, by whom I was constantly cast in the W. W. Jacobs comedies. He it was who made *London Love*, and I have just come back from Corsica with him. My part in *Passion Island* is different from all my others. But then I can always say that!"

P. L. M.

Contrasts of character creation; with the cat in "Cash on Delivery"; as the Jew in "London Love"; the blue-jacket hero of "Second to None"; and, left, as he will appear in "Passion Island."

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YOU who use Palmolive Soap use it for beauty's sake. Be careful that you get it. There are many soaps made to deceive you. They imitate the shape and colour. Names are coined to sound like Palmolive. Dozens of soaps—some of them wretched soaps—are put in this guise to mislead yours.

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That is what won you—that is what you want. A commonplace soap without those virtues will not suit or serve you. Then be careful. Note the name carefully. Be sure you get the wrapper shown below. Don't let anybody mislead you on a thing that means so much.

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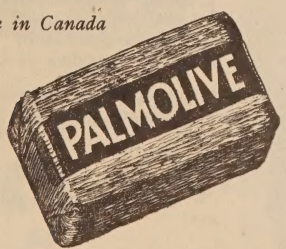

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A SWEDISH SIREN

(*Continued from page* 31.)

But with Greta Garbo as the heroine, the old story becomes fresh and absorbing. She has the gift of pictorially expressing human emotions which she herself can never have experienced.

Antonio Moreno, as "Robledo," is very fine, too, doing his best work in the South American sequences, where, devoting his life to the redemption of the desert land, he battles against the forces of prejudice, disorder and the disintegrating influence of a beautiful woman.

Roy D'Arcy, as the Satanic "Manos Duros," terror of Paragana, is a picturesque and sinister figure, not totally unappealing; while Lionel Barrymore, Marc McDermott and Francis McDonald are other victims to the ravishing charms of the Temptress.

Nor is Greta to be allowed to desert "the fleshpots of Egypt" yet, for in her new rôle in *The Flesh and the Devil*—an adaptation of Suderman's "Undying Flame"—she will once more exercise her magic powers of fascination over men. In vain she has lifted up her voice against this crime complex so constantly thrust upon her by a hard-hearted casting director.

"Always the bad woman. What can I do?" she asks, with a helpless shrug of her pretty shoulders. "In the end I fall through the ice, so the play can go on. They want me out of the way. That is the kind of part I have. It seems too bad when there is nothing I love more than for everyone to like me—mooch!"

They say on the "set" that the rather intense love scenes which have been taken during the filming of the Suderman novel have awakened a new film romance, and that John Gilbert—the popular screen lover—is constantly in the presence of the little Swedish star.

As for Greta herself—well, Greta "does not speak the English language easily." She does not understand a direct question. It is so hard for her to reply. She does not care much "for many people," she says.

"Ne-ever, until two months ago, do I go out in evening. I do not like to go. I would rather stay at home. Now I object and struggle, and say I will not go—and at last I go in spite of myself. I cannot work when I go to party and all that. I have not energy enough. People take energy from me, and I need it for pictures."

Clothes bore the blonde Miss Garbo slightly.

"For the screen I must be fitted so mooch—so when I am at home I wear such a little! It is for the comfort," she says naively.

"Swedish women, though, like clothes joost as mooch as Americans do," she adds quickly, defensively. "Women are the same the world over, I think. They all want the same things."

Just now, this particular woman wants good, interesting parts in pictures more than anything else. Others seem to think she is having them—but not Greta. Nowadays, when all actresses are crying out for "spicy" rôles, and longing to get away from the "sweet little heroine" type, many longing glances have been cast at the vivid, dramatic parts assigned to the Swedish newcomer.

Meanwhile, Greta smiles her long, slow smile, speaks hesitantly in her uncertain, but extraordinarily attractive English—and lifts a pair of drooping eyelids from bewitchingly deep blue eyes. The effect is irresistible, apparently.

It has given her a unique place in the interest, and also the attention of picturedom.

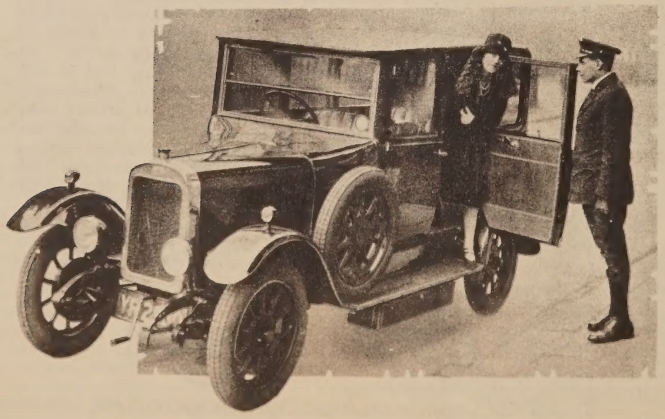
Perhaps it will give the Swedish Lorelei all else that she desires.

The Star and the Car

¶Home again after a run; Madge Titheradge descends from this very smart little Clyno.

Why Madge Titheradge has temporarily deserted the screen is a matter which those who remember her regard as a legitimate grievance.

A few years ago Miss Titheradge was taken to California as leading lady for A. B. Samuelson. This bold attempt to make British films in California did not last, but the work of this charming Australian-born actress will be recalled by many. Since then she has been a magnet of the West End stage.



Studio Splutterings

Being the latest Red-hot Rubbish from our Hollywood Extra Floor Correspondent, for whose personal guile and congenital mendacity we can unhesitatingly vouch.

Ann Chovey is juvenile baby vamp in the new Stuma production of fisher life, "Net Profit." How she came to be cast, goodness knows.

Eustace Sellstuds, who admits he is the greatest of all directors, has allotted the title-rôle of "Queen Elizabeth" to Geraldine de Gennerette.

I can deny all rumours that Honour Uppers has refused any contracts lately.

That dandy director, Hiram Daly, (attaboy!) has a new cast in his eye.

Swolan Temple, who is to make "Snappy Old Testament Tales," has taken his company, including Iris Inne, Taylor Dummie, Meg O'Fone and Polhe Andree, to Egypt for twelve months. I am glad to hear it.

That brilliant Texas broncho-buster, Howie Pauls, is to play Lord Garbage in "Fate's Tonsils."

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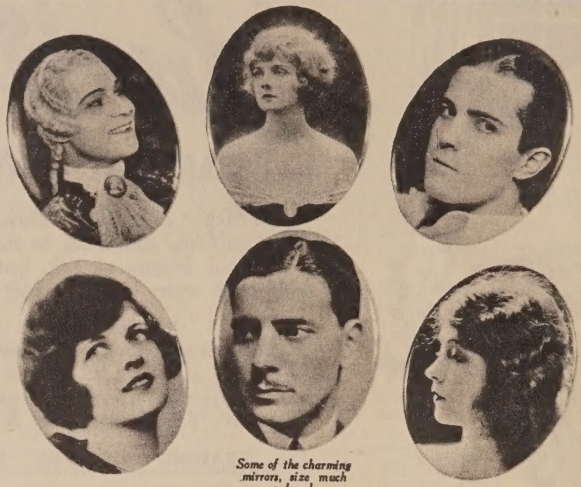
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Jackie Coogan	Tom Mix	Monte Blue
Gladys Cooper	Antonio Moreno	Claire Windsor
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro	Betty Bronson
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THE Picturegoer Vanity Mirrors are hourly becoming more and more popular. Thirty portraits of famous film stars now adorn these dainty novelties.

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On subsequent orders for these cards every member is entitled to the following liberal reductions; 6d. discount on 12 postcards; 1/- discount on 24 postcards; 1/6 discount on 36 postcards, and other quantities in proportion.

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A film father and mother are re-united in the Columbia production *Paying the Price*. They are Mary Carr and William Welsh, who last played parental rôles together in that saccharine classic, *Over the Hill*.

Colleen Moore's brother Clive, after an experimental small rôle in one of his sister's pictures, has decided to go in for a screen career on his own account. He will be featured in the film version of a popular American "comic strip," in which Molly O'Day, "kid" sister of Sally O'Neil, will also play a leading rôle.

Breakfast at Sunrise is the intriguing title of Constance Talmadge's next production for First National.

Few people realise that for the past five years there has been a motion picture industry in China, where the people are beginning to demand films made by members of their own race. Some of them are very crude affairs, but there are one or two established stars who have their native "fan" following. The most successful of these is Olive Young, an Eastern lady with a Western name, whose latest screen offering to China is entitled *Filial Piety*.

John Gilbert's next starring vehicle will probably be *People*, an original story by Monta Bell, the director.

Billie Dove has been elevated to stardom by First National. Her first starring vehicle will be *The Stolen Bride*, with Lloyd Hughes in the leading male rôle. Alexander Korda, the European director who recently went to Hollywood under a long term contract for First National, will produce this as his first American picture.

The late war, from every aspect, still provides material for Hollywood to make into movies. *Lost at the Front*, a comedy featuring the two character comedians, Charles Murray and George Sidney, is the latest addition to the list of pictures dealing with the subject.

Emil Jannings' first American picture presents him in the rôle of the father of an ample family, with Belle Bennett as his screen better half. The fact that the film is being photographed by a Chinese camera-man, helps to make it rather an intriguing combination.

Hollywood's oldest traditions are all slowly crumbling into dust. The latest revolutionary leader is Valery Schramm, a Mack Sennett bathing girl, who recently entered for the big Catalina Island swimming contest. Not only did she turn up at the starting point, but she actually swam five miles, or one-fifth of the course, before an attack of cramp forced her to give up the struggle.

Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen are amongst the entries for this month's matrimonial stakes. They have been engaged since last year, and, unlike so many of these Hollywood affairs it has proved something more than the usual publicity stunt. Another couple, recently united, are Jack Daugherty, Barbara La Marr's former husband, to Virginia Brown Faire.

While some of them are getting married, other of the players are just as eager to get unmarried. The latest divorce is that of Bill Hart and Winifred Westover. They have had a legal separation for five years, during which time it was stipulated that Winifred should not appear in pictures. Now that the divorce has gone through, however, she will in all probability return to the screen.

A temporary truce has been arranged in the Chaplin case by mutual friends of Lita and Charlie. It is hoped now, that everything will be settled out of court. In the meantime, *The Circus* is still awaiting completion.

Owing to her recent illness, Betty Balfour is not taking the title rôle in Gaumont's screen version of the famous farce, *The Glad Eye*. Her place is being taken by Estelle Brody, who made her triumphal film debut over here in *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*, followed by *Hindle Wakes*.

Betty is playing the star part in a French production, *The Circus Lady*, when she has sufficiently recovered. Louis Mercanton will once more be her director in this picture, and the cast includes the Morton Sisters, Madeline Guitry, Lola Morelli, Walter Butler, Albert Rancy, Bob

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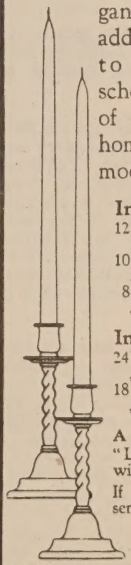

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O'Connor, Nicolas Koline and Claude Mérelle. Later she may be featured in a Ufa production, *The Daughters of Mrs. Gzurkowicz.*

Another British stage star has been persuaded to turn her attention to pictures. This is Evelyn Laye, the clever young musical comedy actress, who recently signed a contract with British International Pictures, and will be featured in a production for them some time in the near future. She should screen exceptionally well, and for a long time friends have been trying to persuade her to have a film test taken.

Jules Verne's *The Mysterious Island,* is being filmed with Conrad Nagel in the rôle of a sea captain. As many of the scenes take place at the bottom of the sea, an opportunity is afforded for some unusual photographic effects.

Fans who became interested in Ernest Gillen, the young Mexican newcomer, when he played "bits" in several Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions, will be glad to hear that he has signed a contract with First National which promotes him to leading rôles. He has seized the opportunity given him by the change, to re-name himself for the screen, and when next you meet him, in support of Colleen Moore in *Naughty but Nice,* don't be surprised to see him billed as Donald Reed.

Whom is Colleen Moore bewitching now? Don't worry, fans, it's only her brother, Clive.

Thomas Meighan wanted a dark-haired, languorous Spanish beauty to play in his new picture *Blind Alleys.* But apparently the species is scarce in Hollywood and thereabouts—or else they've all gone blonde. Anyway, he has engaged Greta Nissen, plus a black wig, to fill the rôle, and she's now doing her best to forget her Scandinavian ancestry and look typically Spanish.

After a terrific struggle to get away from saccharine heroines, and girls of the wide open spaces, Lois Wilson is being given the opportunity of putting across a little mild sophistication for a change, *Broadway Nights* will see her in an atmosphere of night clubs and "snappy stuff" that should satisfy her yearnings for a brighter (if not better) screen life.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, who most fans will remember as Dorothy Davenport, before her marriage, is one of Hollywood's few women directors. She is responsible for the production of *The Red Kimono,* featuring Priscilla Bonner, Mary Carr and Theodore Von Eltz.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are filming *The Trail of '98,* Robert Service's dramatic novel of the Alaskan gold rush. Ralph Forbes, the young Britisher who made such a big success as one of the three brothers in *Beau Geste,* has the leading male rôle, and other notable members of the cast are Harry Carey, Tully Marshall, Emily Fitzroy, Cæsar Gravina, Polly Moran, William Orlamond and Karl Dane. Clarence Brown will direct.

A young extra player, James Murray, has been chosen by King Vidor, the director, to support Eleanor Boardman in her next picture, as yet untitled. The story is based on the life of any young couple of the American middle-class, and a large number of the exteriors will be taken in New York.

The entire cast for the screen version of Sir J. M. Barrie's *Quality Street* has been selected by Metro. Marion Davies, as we announced last month, will play the leading rôle, and Conrad Nagel will support her. Helen Jerome Eddy is the heroine's maiden sister. The two "Willoughby sisters" are played by Flora Finch and Margaret Seddon, Marcelle Corday plays "Henrietta Turnbull," and Emma Dunn plays "Patty," the Irish servant. The picture will be directed by Sidney Franklin.

European is producing a series of five aeroplane pictures, the first of which is a special war picture entitled *The American Eagle.* Raymond Keane, Barbara Kent and Nigel Barrie have principal rôles.

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

[*This is your department of* PICTUREGOER. *In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the* PICTUREGOER. *Address: "Faults," the* PICTUREGOER, 93, *Long Acre, W.C.2.*]

An Anachronism.

In *Bardelys The Magnificent,* great pains have been taken with correct historical atmosphere, but one anachronism crept in. On the scaffold, when "Bardelys" was just going to be hung, a *drop* was placed. This humane device was not invented until the last part of the 19th century, when hanging ceased to be a public spectacle. Up till then the unfortunate victim was left to dance himself to death, unless his compassionate friends or relatives fixed weights to his feet.

M. L. (Norbury).

Did He Stop to Change?

George O'Brien, in *Nostromo,* is fighting with the villain, Lou Tellegen. His shirt is all torn, but the next moment we see him, still engaged in the same fight, with his clothes in perfect condition. D. F. (Liverpool).

"Was She Really French?"

In the film *The New Commandment,* the taxi-driver (Wm. Cooper), asks the Marquise de la Salle's French maid where he has to sleep. She says "Je ne comprendre pas." If she was French surely she would have said, "Je ne comprends pas." R. L. (Leeds).

The Water Wasn't Wet.

In *Nell Gwyn,* Nell has a bath in a tub. She puts her arms out and receives a towel, soap, and other washing articles. Then she puts out her arms to receive a parcel from the King, and reads the message. Every time her arms come out they are quite dry—so are her shoulders. Did she believe in dry cleaning? K. W.

Invisible Mending?

In *The Black Pirate,* Douglas Fairbanks captured a Merchant's Ship, whose sails he tore from top to bottom and the Pirates take possession. At noon the next day an order was issued to set sail, and when the sails were unfurled they were seen to be whole, without even a sign of being mended.

Had they a fresh set of sails, or did they have "Mend-a-Tear" in those days?

N. P. (Wimbledon).

Strange Hair!

In *Skinner's Dress Suit,* how is it that Laura La Plante has nicely waved hair while dressing for the party, and also on returning home, and yet whilst actually at the party it is straight?

R. D. (Clacton).

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Millions have found them in this new way. Dental authorities urge it. In a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth. Dull teeth thus are made to glisten. Gums are firmed and given a healthy, coral colour.

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Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film now—a slippery coating covering your teeth. Beneath it are the white teeth you envy often in others. It keeps your smile unattractive. It is regarded as the potential cause of most tooth troubles.

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Dentists say the way to remove it is with the new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent. All chemists have it. Works wonders on dingy teeth. A 10-day test will be sent free. Send the coupon.

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Picturegoer, May, 1927.

The Pick of the Pictures

THE LADY OF THE HAREM.
(Famous Lasky).

Marvellously mounted and splendidly acted, this picturisation of James Elroy Fleckers' Eastern romance, "Hassan," should more than please the average picturegoer.

Hassan himself is apt to become overshadowed, but he has his good moments. Yasmin, his sweetheart, played by Louise Fazenda is excellent. Greta Nissen appears as the beautiful Pervanah, and one has no fault to find with the casting director's choice.

In the beginning Pervanah is carried off to the Palace by the soldiers of the tyrannical Caliph of Khorasan. She strenuously resists her master's amorous advances and is kept prisoner as a punishment. Rafi, her lover, believes her to be dead and joins a band of rebels who are determined to overthrow the Caliph, who learns that Rafi is the rebel chief and invites him to a wedding feast at the Palace at which he is to be killed.

At this point in the story, Hassan, a confectioner who has been given a place at the Court for saving the Caliph's life, steps in to warn Rafi of his danger. A glorious scrap ensues, in which the rebels attack the Palace, kill the Caliph, and instal Rafi as the new ruler.

It is a little difficult to reconcile Louise Fazenda with the rôle of the illusive Yasmin, but she has a real sense of comedy value. Other leading players are William Collier, Jr., Ernest Torrence and So Jin.

SUMMER BACHELORS.

Here we have one of those peculiarly entertaining, light comedy dramas, with a story which, metaphorically speaking, skates persistently over very thin ice without ever finding a crack or becoming in the least degree offensive.

In the beginning we meet Tony Lander, who forms one of a party of young men who are being entertained at the flat occupied by Derry Thomas and her girl friend. The party has been arranged for young married men whose wives are away on holiday. Derry discovers that Tony is a bachelor, but for some reason or other she turns down his offer of marriage.

Her girl friend arranges for Derry to be married to him under the influence of hypnotism, but Derry does not discover that she is his wife until she is forced to spend a night alone with him. Then, contrary to all the laws of film scenarios and human nature she is delighted about it.

Madge Bellamy makes a sprightly heroine. Allen Forrest and Matt Moore lend sound support.

Top: Ernest Torrence, as he appears in "The Lady of the Harem."

Centre: Willard Louis and May McAvoy in a scene from "The Passionate Quest."

THE PASSIONATE QUEST.
(Gaumont).

E. Phillips Oppenheim has written some strong stuff in his time of which *The Passionate Quest* is but a poor reflection.

J. Stuart Blackton, in producing the picture for Warner Bros., has worked hard, but it is not Stuart's fault that he is not Lubitsch.

Willard Louis has few opportunities for the display of his generally effective humour, but this is made up for, to a very large extent, by the charm of May McAvoy as the heroine.

The story is of three friends who leave a provincial town to try their fortunes in London. Matthew Garner, big and aggressive, determines to win success by financial paths. Rosina, a typist, longs for fame with a capital F upon the stage, while Philip Garth is content to want only recognition of his love of poetry and Rosina.

Eventually Rosina is given a star part in a theatrical company without having her abilities tested in the smallest degree, and Philip obtains his heart's desire by way of a happy ending!

ELLA CINDERS (First National).

A satire on the manufacture of American film masterpieces, this.

When the story opens, Colleen Moore, alias Ella Cinders, is determined to become a film star. Her stepmother and step sisters make a household drudge of her, but their bullying has no effect upon her high spirits.

She saves up her pennies to be photographed for a beauty competition, but at the crucial moment a fly settles on her nose and her ensuing facial contortions result in her expenses being paid to Hollywood. Once there she quickly makes herself known to the worth-while producers by the simple process of walking right on to the set and holding up the day's work.

Colleen is well supported by Lloyd Hughes and Vera Lewis, and the general mounting of the production is excellent.

IRIS N. CARPENTER.

Left: "A woman's lot is hard," thinks Colleen Moore. A pathetic pose from "Ella Cinders."

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PAPIER POUDRÉ

An amusing scene from "Ranson's Folly." Dick Barthelmess is the gentleman in the bed.

Picturegoers' Guide

Bigger Than Barnums (Ideal; May 2).
Melodrama. A circus story, full of amazingly thrilling stunts and excellent acting, that works up to a powerful climax. Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Ralph Lewis and Ralph Ince are very good in leading rôles. The supporting cast includes George Makarenko, Bill Knight and Rody Hataway. Director, Ralph Ince. Good, stirring entertainment.

The Better Way (F. B. O.; May 23).
Melodrama. Dorothy Revier, Ralph Ince, Eugene Strong, Armand Kaliz and Hazell Howell in a novelettish type of story, mainly about a petty secretary and an unpleasant stockbroker. Director, Ralph Ince. Fair entertainment.

Blue Blood (W. & F.; May 2).
Love drama. A typically American story, with bootlegging, abduction of the heroine, a ride in a seaplane, and a fight on a yacht as the main attractions. George Walsh stars and is ably supported by Cecille Evans, Philo McCullough, Joan Meredith, Robert Boulder, Harvey Clark, C. Howe Black and Eugene Borden. Fair entertainment.

The Boaster (Argosy; May 9).
Comedy. A bright, amusing story, with plenty of acting and some quite original situations. Cast includes Richard Holt, Gloria Grey, George Bunny, Joseph Girard and Eddie Bolan. Director, Duke Worne. Good, light entertainment.

A Broadway Lady (Pathé; May).
Social drama. Evelyn Brent, Clarissa Selwyn, Joyce Compton, Theodor Von Eltz, Ernest Hilliard, John Gough and Marjorie Bonner in an artificial story of a chorus girl who marries into the American "upper ten," and is cold-shouldered by her snobbish "in-laws." Director, Wesley Ruggles. Fair entertainment.

The Cat's Pyjamas (Paramount; May 2).
Farce-romance. Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez star in this slight story of a young girl's infatuation for a famous tenor. Neither are remarkable. Theodore Roberts and Arlette Marchal are also in the cast. Director, William A. Wellman. Fair, light entertainment.

The Desert Healer (First Nat.; May 2).
Drama. A screen version of the E. M. Hull novel, with Lewis Stone's dignified acting as one of the chief attractions. Barbara Bedford, Walter Pidgeon, Katherine MacDonald, Tully Marshall, Arthur Rankin, Ann Rock and Albert Conti support. Director, Marion Fairfax. Quite good entertainment.

The Dixie Flyer (Wardour; May 23).
Railroad melodrama. The usual attempted train wreck thrills, with Cullen Landis and Eva Novak to supply the love interest. Pat Harmon, A. Richard Rowlands, Frank Davis, Mary Gordon, John Elliot and Ferdinand Munier form a capable supporting cast. Director, Charles Hunt. Good entertainment of its type.

Down the Stretch (European; May 9).
Melodrama. A fairly novel turf story, dealing mainly with the scandalous starving of jockeys by their trainers, in order to get their weight down. Cast includes Virginia True Boardman, Robert Agnew, Jack Daugherty, Ena Gregory, Otis Harlan, Lincoln Plummer, Marion Nixon and Ward Crane. Director, King Baggott. Quite good entertainment.

The Exquisite Sinner (Jury; May 2).
Romantic comedy. Conrad Nagel and Renée Adorée in the delightful story of a rich young man who runs away from a conventional business life, to find romance and freedom with a gipsy maid. Paulette Duval, Frank Currier, George K. Arthur, Mathew Betz, Helena D'Algy and Claire du Brey form a good supporting cast. Director, Joseph Von Sternberg. Very pleasant entertainment.

The Fatal Card (Ideal; May 16).
Western drama. Tom Tyler, Ada May Vaughan, Frankie Darrow and an adequate cast in a fairly conventional ranching story. Some good riding and fights, and well held suspense.

A Gallant Spark (Ideal; May 30).
Stunt melodrama. Richard Talmadge in a typical, lively story of chases and rather violent slap-stick humour. Clara Horton, Jack Richardson, Cecile Cameron and Joe Harrington form a capable support. Fair entertainment.

Impetuous Youth (Wardour; May 16).
Comedy. A German production, featuring Conrad Veidt, Elizabeth Bergner, Norah Gregor and Walter Rilla. A slight story, with a heroine who masquerades as a boy. Director, Paul Czinner. Pleasant, light entertainment.

It's The Old Army Game (Paramount; May 19).
Farce-comedy. W. C. Fields stars in a slight story, written mainly to give him comedy opportunities. He is amusing throughout, and is ably supported by Louise Brooks, Blanche Ring, William Gaxton, Mary Fox and Mickey Bennett. Director, Edward Sutherland.

London (British National; May 16).
Melodrama. Film version of a Thomas Burke story, concerning the adventures of a Limehouse girl, transported to Mayfair by a rich benefactress. Dorothy Gish stars, and is supported by Adelqui Millar, John Manners, Elissa Landi and Gibb McLaughlin. Director, Herbert Wilcox. Poor entertainment.

Dorothy Gish and companion, as they appear in "London."

The Man from the West (European; May 2).
Western. Art Acord, Eugenia Gilbert, Irving Renard, Georgie Grandee, Dick Gilbert, Eunice Moore, William Welsh and Van Moore in a pleasant, light story, with a society heroine, and a rugged, cowboy hero. Director, Albert Rogell. Quite good entertainment of its kind.

The Man Without Nerves (Western Import.; May 2).
Stunt melodrama. A flight in a runaway balloon, and various attempts at rescuing the two occupants—a man and a girl—are the main thrills in this ultra-melodramatic story. The film is of German origin, and the cast includes Harry Peel, Dary Holm, Paul Guide, Albert Paulig and Marguerite Madys. Moderate entertainment.

Men of the Night (Argosy; May 23).
Crook melodrama. Sentimental story of a young crook, reformed by the love of an adopted mother. Gareth Hughes, Wanda Hawley, Herbert Rawlinson, Lucy Beaumont, Jay Hunt and Mathilde Brundage form an unremarkable cast. Director, Al Rogell. Fair entertainment.

Mistress of Men (Gaumont; May).
Spy drama. A French film, set in various parts of Egypt, dealing with the havoc wrought by an alluring woman spy in the life of an army officer. The cast includes Arlette Marchal, M. Petrowitch, M. Marcel Soaree, M. Henri Etievant and Mdlle Choura Milema. Fair entertainment.

Mother's Boy (W. & F.; May 9).
Melodrama. Vivid, fast moving story of a softly brought up youth who is suddenly hurled into a series of hectic adventures in a Mexican border town, where he finds his manhood. Charles Ray, Victor McLaglen, Charles Murray and Betty Blythe head a capable supporting cast that includes Don Marion, Louise Dresser, Joseph Kilgour, Clyde McAtee, David Winter, Jack Cosgrove, Richard Neill, Barbara Bedford and Adelbert Knott. Good, "meaty" entertainment.

North of Nome (Butcher; May 30).
Melodrama. Conventional story of the frozen north, with a typical self-sacrificing hero, paying the price of another's crime. Robert McKim, Gladys Johnston, R. M. Bradbury, Howard Webster and William H. Dills. Director, Raymond Johnston. Mediocre entertainment.

Not So Mad (Ideal; May 9).
Comedy. Dick Talmadge as an English Lord who impersonates a valet in order to be near the girl he loves, and is accused of insanity when he attempts to reveal his identity. He is very brisk and breezy, but not particularly British. Eva Gregory, John Steppling and Margaret Campbell head a good supporting cast. Good, bright entertainment.

Obey the Law (F. B. O.; May 16).
Crook drama. Sincere story of a "gentleman" crook's efforts to keep the knowledge of his past life of crime from the daughter he has had educated abroad while he endured imprisonment. A sound cast includes Bert Lytell, Eugenia Gilbert, Hedda Hopper, Edna Murphy, Larry Kent and William Welch. Director, Max Marcin. Quite good entertainment.

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The Amami Stage Career Girl

The Amami girls all over the country who congratulated Kathleen Amami on her success three years ago, will be delighted to know of this new triumph. She has her first real part in "Lady Luck," in which she is appearing with Laddie Cliff and Leslie Henson, the famous West-End comedians, and with Miss Phyllis Monkman and Miss Vera Bryer at the New Carlton Theatre. We are glad to be able to tell you of the close study and tedious work which have resulted in giving her this splendid opportunity.

Good luck to her in "Lady Luck"!

Here is her Stage Diary to date

November, 1923
The thrilling audition at the Duke of York's Theatre, and Kathleen Punchard became Kathleen Amami.

December, 1923
Special lessons started in Dancing, Singing, Elocution and Stage Deportment.

January, 1924
Introduction to the chorus of "London Calling," replaced

March, 1924
by the "Punch Bowl," which had a most successful run for about twenty months.

December, 1925
"R.S.V.P.", As the Lizard in "Alice in Lumberland," Kathleen did her first solo dancing.

and now
"LADY LUCK"

AMAMI SHAMPOOS 6d per sachet

The Palm Beach Girl (Paramount; Farce-comedy. An absurd story of a country-bred girl's first visit to the sea. Bebe Daniels is vivacious as the foolish heroine, and her comedy is mainly of the slap-stick order. Lawrence Gray, Josephine Drake, Marguerite Clayton, John Patrick, Armand Cortes and Maude Turner Gordon support. Director, Erle Kenton. Moderately amusing entertainment.

Racewild (Stoll; May 16). Sporting drama. Familiar Kentucky racing drama, with some good road, railway and race track thrills. Eileen Percy, David Torrence, Rex Lease, John Miljan, Frank Gay and Danny Hey form a sound cast. Director, Oscar Apfel. Quite good fast-moving entertainment.

Ranson's Folly (First Nat.; May 16). Drama. Rather dull, unconvincing story of American army life in the "eighties." Dick Barthelmess has done very much better work. Dorothy Mackaill Anders Randolf, Pat Hartigan, Wm. Norton Bailey, Brooks Benedict, Pauline Neff, Billie Bennett, Frank Coffyn, Jack Fowler and Col. C. C. Smith form an adequate but unremarkable supporting cast. Director, Sidney Olcott. Moderate entertainment.

The Revenge (W. & F.; May 30). Drama. An Austrian film, featuring Robert Dissel and Suzy Vernon, with a novel plot based on Egyptian excavations. Henry Roberts, Maria Palmer and Ben Smythe support. Director, John Theyer. Quite good entertainment.

Ridin' The Wind (Ideal; May 9). Western. Rather crude melodrama on familiar lines, with a sentimental "brother love" theme. Fred Thomson and his horse, "Silver King," star, and they are supported by Jacqueline Gadson, Lewis Sargent, Betty Scott and David Dunbar. Director, Del Andrews. Fair entertainment.

Risky Business (P. D. C.; May). Drama. A story of a young girl's determination to marry for love, and her mother's desire for a wealthy match. All sorts of absurdities are introduced to point the moral "uplift." Vera Reynolds, Ethel Clayton, Kenneth Thomson, Ward Crane, Louis Natheaux, Zasu Pitts, George Irving and Lpuise Cabo form a good cast. Director, Alan Hale.

The Show-Off (Paramount; May 16). Comedy-drama. Amusing story of a typical boaster, with Ford Sterling in the leading rôle. Direction and acting are excellent, and some very good character studies are provided by various members of the cast, which includes Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks, Gregory Kelly, C. W. Goodrich, Claire McDowell and Joseph Smiley. Director, Mal St. Clair.

The Social Highwayman (Gaumont; May 9). Farce-comedy. John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, Montagu Love, Russell Simpson, George Pearce, Lynn Cowan, Frank Brownlee, Fred Kelsey and Charles Hill Mailes in an amusing story of a cub reporter, told off to capture a notorious highwayman for a newspaper "story." Director, William Beaudine. Very good, light entertainment.

Miss 1927's Tennis Frock

How PICTUREGOER readers can make-up the Free Pattern Presented with this issue.

The pattern from *Coming Fashions* consists of four pieces, front and back of bodice, and front and back of skirt. The band, not given is just a straight piece of material bound both edges. Fit the pattern before cutting out the material, as measurements vary. It is cut without turnings, to fit a 36-inch bust, but should the pattern be required to fit a smaller figure, it can be adapted by tacking two pleats, one across the width, and the other along the length of the front and back. The notches in the pattern denote how the pieces are joined. Bodice and skirt are joined 4 inches below the ordinary waist line.

TO CUT:

Pin the pieces of the pattern on the material, as shown on the diagram, leaving turnings on all the seams and at the waist. Cut a straight piece of material for belt from the side of the magyar, as shown on the diagram, to fit the skirt when tucked, 2 inches wide. Mark position of notches with little tacks.

THE FROCK:

Tack up underarm and the shoulder seams, and gather the waist. Stitch seams in the skirt, oversew turnings to neaten, and well press. Run the pin tucks in the top of the skirt, 4 inches in length, and five-eighths of an inch from edge to edge of the tucks. Tack the skirt to lower edge of the bodice, and fit on, making any alterations necessary, and mark the length required. After fitting, stitch underarm and the shoulder seams, oversew turnings to neaten, and press. Bind neck and sleeves with three-eighths of an inch bind, cut the crossway for the bind and rouleau 1¼ inches wide, run on right side of the bodice, turn over and neaten. Run edges together for the rouleau, turn out and press, and slip-stitch round neck and sleeves, leaving 1¼ inch space from the bind, and carefully press. Bind the lower edge of the skirt, and trim with rouleau to match the bodice, and press. Turn in top of skirt, arrange gathers evenly at the waist, stitch bodice and skirt together, neaten and carefully press. Bind top and lower edge of the band, well press, and sew on to the frock.

MATERIALS REQUIRED:

Two and three quarter yards of 38-inch material; three quarters of a yard of 38-inch for trimming.

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OUR COMEDY QUEEN.

My first is in Larry, but never in Grey,
My second's in Charlie and also in Ray,
My third seen in Pauline is omitted in Garon,
My fourth lost in Johnny is found in Haron,
My fifth is in Anita but not in Loos,
My sixth is found in Lloyd but lost in Hughes
My seventh not in Wesley must surely be in Barry,
My eighth seen in Pat is never in O'Malley,
My ninth lost in Edmund is found in Lowe,
My tenth which is in Clara can't be in Bow,
My eleventh omitted from Gloria is included in Swanson,
My twelfth is found in Betty but shunned in Bronson,
My last absent in Ivor, is shown in Novello.
And thus, when this Riddle you have guessed
Why you'll see the one you love the best—Laura La Plante.

"Beechavon Babs."

DOROTHY MACKAILL.

DOROTHY MACKAILL.

There's a most entrancing lady,
With most entrancing ways,
She played in *Subway Sadie,*
And other picture plays.
Her smile is most disarming,
Her attractions never fail—
Is any star so charming
As Dorothy Mackaill?

Ethel (Hornsey).

FILMITIS: A TRAGEDY.

I'm smitten with bad film fanitis,
A painful and dread disease,
And this poor verse that I write is
The awful result, if you please.

I long to go on the pictures,
I crave for a film star's name,
But all sorts of natural strictures
Imperil my chances of fame.

My hair is decidedly lanky,
My eyes both look different ways
In fact, I'm more like 'Widow Twanky
Than the beauties my fellow fans praise.

Yet my heart is the heart of a haughty,
Bad vampire—a reg'lar love thief—
I long to be luring and naughty,
And they label me comic relief!

E. B. (London).

SPEEDY? SURE!

The Americans are raving o'er
The new star they have found.
It really is quite funny fans! Take heed—
Three years to learn there was a war,
And two to find our "Mac,"
And yet—they pride themselves upon their *speed*!

Irene (Wimbledon).

WILLIAM BOYD.

TO WILLIAM BOYD.

There's an actor who's so charming,
It is really quite alarming—
For to see him makes all other men seem tame.
He's the picture of perfection,
When I glance at his reflection,
I long to be the girl to share his name.

"Pansy" (Putney).

THE JOY OF THE MOVIES.

The day may be foggy, dreary and wet,
Your spirits low as you sit and fret,
For a holiday you sigh in vain—
You look at your cash and its gives you a pain;
"California, Los Angeles or Palm Beach,
If only these were within my reach!"
You murmur. Well, I'll put you wise,
And place these visions before your eyes.
If you cannot travel far,
You'll find, at your local kinema,
Maidens slim and maidens fair
Heroes tall, with wavy hair—
Sheiks with sheikish, burning glance,
All the lure of old romance,
Strange and lovely scenes that lie
Ready to entrance the eye—
Mountains, rivers, deserts, sea—
All are yours for one and three!

D. G. (Hampstead)

Photo by Janet Jevons.

From MISS DORIE SAWYER, of "WHITE CARGO" fame.

What I like about "Turknit" Face Cloths is that they are not only delightful in use, but also so dainty and charming in appearance.

They are a considerable factor in maintaining a clear and healthy complexion; extremely soft and absorbent, and yet do not ravel out.

(Signed)

Dorie Sawyer.

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Iron Jelloids

"to be continued"

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THE 20 STORY MAGAZINE

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One parcel of "Comos" costs £1 0 0. Two parcels cost £1 15 0.

"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against **payment in advance** or against **cash on delivery. Out of Europe**, payment only in advance.

The COMOS-MAGAZINE, Copenhagen, V. DENMARK, 16

Rebels of the Reel

by D. A. WENDEN

¶Which proves that even a Star will turn . . .

The feminine stars of Hollywood seem to have been seized with the spirit of revolt. The sweet, old-fashioned types are agitating against their fate and clamouring for more "spicy" rôles—and, what is more, getting them.

Take the lovely Lois Wilson, for one instance. For years we have seen her as the gentle, courageous, heroine of Western drama; the typical outdoor girl who showed up to such advantage the manly charms of such types as Tommy Meighan and Richard Dix.

And behind the screen Lois was just the same pleasant young lady she appeared on it—domesticated, modest, unassuming, fond of simple pleasures, and wearing homely clothes.

Now she has become sophisticated. Her luxuriant hair has been sacrificed to the bobbing scissors, and her gowns have adopted a Parisian "chic." She gives select tea-parties, where the elect invariably meets the elect, and the most sumptuous gowns are lavishly displayed. Shafts of wit flying in every direction, and gay laughter following in its wake, with Lois, in scarlet chiffon, the gayest and wittiest of them all. Lois is waking up! She believes in practising off the screen the little artistries she intends to portray on it.

She has left Paramount. Left them because they insisted on tying her up to the type of rôle she had become used to, and in which we had become used to seeing her. So strong was Lois' determination to play more colourful rôles that she has broken a contract which brought her innumerable dollars a week, in order to achieve this end. It will be interesting to see how far Lois' talent will carry her in this direction.

Her latest picture is *Broadway Nights*, and if it fulfils all the title promises, we should be given a fair idea of Lois' abilities in her new sphere.

Then there is Jacqueline Logan. Although certainly worthy of her title of "the most attractive brunette in Hollywood," she is tired of being the sweet, all-forgiving young wife or

"When she was good, she was very, very good," reminds us of the Madge Bellamy of old.

sweetheart of screenland's most irresponsible hero, and is going to startle us by her amazing portrayal of Mary Magdalene in *The King of Kings*. It is the realisation of a long-cherished ambition—the playing of a vivid character such as this—and we are looking for great things from this talented young star.

A very small but energetic rebel is Viola Dana. Having revolutionised the world of the hairdresser by being the first film actress to be bobbed, she plucked up courage to take another rash step. One day she startled the film world by refusing flatly to renew her starring contract with Metro. Like Lois, she was prepared to forfeit a comfortable salary for the more speculative one of a free-lance.

The reason for this drastic change was not a misunderstanding with Metro, but merely a very strong determination to quit the frothy comedienne rôles, in which she had established

Patsy Ruth Miller "all set" for a little wicked vamping in "The White Black Sheep."

her name, for those of straight drama.

Her first "serious" film was *The Necessary Evil*, in which she co-featured with Ben Lyon. The film did great credit to her emotional powers, and since then Viola has made great progress.

Another lady, whose key unlocking the door to a new personality was the sacrifice of her hair, is Florence Vidor. Having specialised in dignity and chastity for years, Florence now displays a delightful vein of humour, and wears a most attractive shingle. You need only see her in *The Popular Sin* to appreciate this new Florence.

Patsy Ruth Miller was so tired of pure rôles that she cut short her much needed holiday to play the part of the native dancer in *The White Black Sheep*. Here Patsy has the opportunity of being a little wicked for a change.

Right: The new Madge Bellamy—blonde and blithe.

Right: At one time those dog-like eyes of Harrison Ford were invaluable in melodrama, and his sad expression could wring tears from a mother-in-law.

Left: Nowadays Harrison's mission in life is to manufacture mirth. A scene from "The Nervous Wreck," with Phyllis Haver.

From slapsick we have watched Marceline Day throw aside the custard pie to enter the realms of straight drama. She proved the wisdom of this act in *The Barrier*, and has confirmed it again and again, notably by her performances in *The Beloved Rogue* and *The Fire Brigade*.

Lois Moran, too, has caught the fever. In *Fate Gave Me Twenty Cents* and *The Music Master* we shall see little girl Moran doing quite surprising things—yet, for that matter, we always suspected that there were hidden depths in this hitherto demure little maid.

Madge Bellamy has of late blossomed into a vari-coloured butterfly and typical modern girl from the chrysalis of the docile sweetness she has hitherto portrayed.

Miss Bellamy attributes this change in her personality to the sterling qualities of peroxide.

For years Madge had been featured as a doll-like beauty with extraordinarily beautiful long hair and deep-fringed soulful eyes. For years practically all Madge had to do to earn her salary was to register sorrow beneath her silken lashes, and to pose artistically before the Kleig lights.

Suddenly Madge was filled with a strong distaste for these pale rôles. She felt sure that as long as she possessed the particular assets of long locks and a cherubic expression, she would never be given the chance to act.

So she bobbed her hair and dyed it blonde. This being done, she released the amazing and quite unsuspected wealth of vivacity and spontaneous humour that had hidden behind her beauty all these years. In *Sandy* and *Summer Bachelors* it is an entirely new Madge who delights our eye.

And whatever has come over our sad-eyed, long-suffering Harrison Ford? He has thrown to the winds his mantle of sorrow and is tripping along gaily through comedy after comedy with the vivacious Phyllis Haver as his guide. You should see them in *The Nervous Wreck*, his most recent departure. We certainly prefer the new Harrison—his particular type of humour is irresistible, and far more entertaining than his erstwhile tragic renderings of dramatic rôles.

Truly, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new!" We may soon see Dolores Costello in slapstick, and Alberta Vaughn playing Juliet; Greta Garbo opposite Harry Langdon; and Louise Fazenda captivated by the charms of John Barrymore. For once a star discovers hidden powers in herself, there is no saying to what length she will go to prove it.

George is a human encyclopædia, and his mission in life is to tell you all you wish to know concerning film stars. Write him c/o Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

N. LANGLEY (S. Africa).—The Postcard Department have your letter and postal order, but as you didn't give an address, and second sight is not one of my numerous gifts, don't be surprised if you don't hear from them. Better write and let them know if you've got a home. (1) Universal Film Co., Broadway, New York City, might be able to let you have stills of *The Phantom of the Opera*. (2) Try Allied Artists, 86-88, Wardour Street, W.1, for stills from *The Black Pirate*, and Welsh Pearsons, 3-6, Rupert Street, W.1, for stills from *Satan's Sister*.

NANCY (Horden).—No, I don't mind being called George, or I should have registered my protest long ago. (1) Tom Mix's address is c/o Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. He might send you a signed photo of himself with Tony if you ask nicely.

B. T. (Southsea).—Ronald Colman's address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California.

M. B. (Edinburgh).—Letter forwarded to Ronald Colman. He's usually pretty prompt about answering fan mail, I believe.

A. M. S. M. (Malmesbury).—Glad you approve of PICTUREGOER. (1) So far as I can remember, four of Baroness Orczy's books have been filmed. These are *The Scarlet Pimpernel, I Will Repay, The Elusive Pimpernel* and *The Old Man in the Corner*. (2) Hugh Miller did not play in *The Road to Mandalay*. His first American picture is *The Love of Sunya* with Gloria Swanson. (3) No, Frank Currier did not play in *The Rat*.

CASHBAGS (Liverpool).—I sympathise with you. An art plate of Ricardo Cortez appeared in February, 1926, PICTUREGOER.

V. V. H. (Southampton).—As this is the first time you have written, I'll "be a dear" at your request. (1) William Boyd was born at Cambridge, Ohio, twenty-nine years ago. He has fair hair and blue eyes. (2) He's married to Elinor Fair. (3) One of his latest pictures is *White Wings*. He has just been signed by Joseph Schenck to play in *Two Arabian Knights*.

ADMIRER (Flintshire).—I suppose you're referring to Virginia Lee Corbin. (1) She was born in 1912, but she doesn't give the date. (2) Yes, I think she would send you a photograph. (3) Write to her c/o PICTUREGOER, and the letter will be forwarded. (4) You've certainly got it badly!

INQUIRER (South Africa).—(1) Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. (2) Yes, I think Tom Mix would send you a photo if you asked him. (3) There's not room to give you all those addresses here, but if you send your letters to me in plain stamped envelopes, I'll see that they're forwarded.

VIVIAN (South Africa).—(1) See my reply to INQUIRER *re* addresses. (2) Agnes Ayres had a part in *The Ten Commandments*, but it was completely cut out of the film when it was screened.

SHAMROCK (Leicester).—(1) Try European Motion Pictures, 167, Wardour Street, W.1, for stills from *The Midnight Sun*. (2) Your best way of getting a good one of Pat O'Malley is to write to him direct.

BROWNIE (Ilford).—See reply to V. V. H. for particulars of William Boyd. (2) I don't think Ivor Novello and Ramon Novarro charge for photos.

IRENE (S.W.9).—Your remarks are flattering, but I'm afraid I can't help you, all the same. Any sort of work in a studio is difficult to get. I can only suggest that you try for a job as shorthand typist in a British studio, and try to get in that way. But I'm afraid your chances, even in that direction, are slender. Sorry to damp your youthful ardour!

GLEN (Burton-on-Trent).—(1) Letter forwarded to Betty Balfour. (2) Ronald Colman's divorce took place early last year. (3) Norma Talmadge's latest film is *Camille*. (4) Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty years old.

P. J. H. (Fermoy).—Write to Esther Ralston, c/o Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California.

JOAN (New Zealand).—(1) Ramon Novarro played in *Scaramouche*—not Ivor Novello. (2) You are behind the times in your part of the world. *Bonnie Prince Charlie* is an old film of Ivor's. His latest is *Downhill*, just completed. (3) His address is 11, Aldwych.

G. P. (Surrey).—(1) Marie Prevost was born in Canada in 1898. (2) She was married to Kenneth Harlan last year; yes, he's her first husband. (3) You can sometimes obtain stills from films from the companies that make the pictures.

MARY (Liverpool).—You film fans are hardier than the proverbial cat—it takes more than an overdose of curiosity to kill you. (1) Mary Pickford's next story hasn't been decided yet. (2) Molly O'Day is a younger sister of Sally O'Neill's (3) Betty Balfour is playing in another French film—a circus story. (4) Edmund Lowe is "Sergeant Quirt" in *What Price Glory?*

F. F. L. (Croydon).—Letter forwarded to Marie Prevost.

A. W. (Holborn).—(1) William Powell is American, but Donald Stuart is British. (2) So far as I know, Clive Brook has no idea of returning to England just now.

G. H. (Manchester).—There is a new non-inflammable film which may supplant all others. We believe Pola Negri will use it for super-passionate love scenes.

MABEL (Hull).—You may have a film face, Mabel. So has Lon Chaney.

ALTAR (Truro).—Don't believe the tales you hear about heavy gambling among stars. They go in for lotteries—especially marriage.

STEDFAST (Stafford).—There are many who, like you, would gladly see British stars like Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott and Cameron Carr on our screens more often.

Cadbury means Quality
See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of chocolate

Miss Joan Lockton

the beautiful "star" who appeared in "White Slippers," etc. says:—

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ONCE a day at least, oftener if you have been out in the wind and sun, smooth Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face, neck and hands. Its pure oils will bring to the surface all the impurities which clog the pores. After a few moments remove it with a soft cloth. Your skin is now thoroughly clean and healthy. If your skin is dry let a little Pond's Cold Cream stay on all night.

After the daytime cleansing, a lovely finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delicate greaseless cream, scented with Jacqueminot roses, gives your skin a satiny tone. And how it holds your powder! Pond's Vanishing Cream acts as a protection against the weather, preventing sunburn, roughness and other blemishes.

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YOU will find all the little intimate things you wish to know about your favourite film stars in "WHO'S WHO OF KINEMA STARS." Superbly illustrated and wonderfully informative. All film lovers should make a point of getting this encyclopaedia of film-land.

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TWELVE delightfully intimate snapshots—real photographs—snapped in home or garden of famous film stars: "Douglas" and "Mary," "Norma," Richard Barthelmess, Betty Compson, Conway Tearle, and Adele Rowland, Claire Windsor and her son Billy, Jackie Coogan and his dog "Watch," Corinne Griffith, Warren Kerrigan, Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore and John McCormick.

PICTUREGOER SALON, 41, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

Madge Bellamy, Johnny Walker and friend in meditative mood.

Fans are always writing to me and asking why their opinions, sent in on some previous occasion, have not been printed on this page. I should like to take this opportunity of pointing out that any genuine and intelligent piece of criticism or praise is always given space. But too many of you seem to think that, in order to let the world know what you think of your own particular favourite, you must pen an hysterical and spiteful tirade against every other star in the movie firmament. Nine tenths of the letters sent in to me consist of wild rubbish of this sort. If I published them, this department would speedily degenerate into a squabbling ground for fans who want to indulge in cheap back chat. If you have anything of interest to say—any view to put forward in genuine sincerity—it will be welcomed. Otherwise writing is a waste of your time and mine. Now, having cleared the atmosphere, we'll proceed to the first thought!

Fair Play.

A British Club.

"Whilst everyone interested in films is agog with excitement as to what will be the future of the film industry in this country, I will now take the liberty of bringing before your notice the formation of the Betty Balfour Club, an organisation established just over eighteen months ago to help and advance the interests of British films. We have at present over three hundred members from all parts of the universe, each one a true and loyal supporter of every British film produced. It is also our intention, in every town where there are thirty or more members residing, to arrange monthly meetings and discuss the subject of the latest British productions, and induce the exhibitors in that town to show these films upon their screens. Recently, on four occasions, we were successful, and hoping, now we have got a good foundation, to advance still further and succeed with the objects we have set out to accomplish. Miss Betty Balfour is our worthy president. We have also amongst us many film artists and producers who are very interested and helpful members. Should any person, whether artist, producer or people concerned in the British film industry, care to become members, I shall be most pleased if they will communicate with me at the following address :—34, Crawford Avenue, Tyldesley, nr. Manchester, when same will have my attention," writes *James L. Dawson.*

"I think Leslie Fenton quite the first among the newcomers in the film world. It is now up to a good producer to give him a rôle such as he had in *Havoc*, to place him in the front rank. There certainly is not enough prominence given to the lesser known stars, which is a great pity, specially when they have such fine screen qualities as Leslie Fenton. I hope all lovers of sincere acting agree with me." writes *L. E.* (London).

Producers Please Note.

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I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, but fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. I was filled with consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36 lb. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises, starvation diet, or wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and my health is as good as I can wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.—

W. Grace Hartland, Dept. 600, Diamond House Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

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Joseph Schildkraut

¶*An English girl has earned the title of the Mary Pickford of Germany — but we never saw Mary quite like this. Her name is Lilian Harvey.*

Most of the best dancers on the Continent are British. A Berlin producer found Lilian in a small cabaret show. Result: a three years' film contract.

Is there a moral? Maybe not—unless it is a tip to our producers to seek fresh talent in the same fields at home.

Lilian Harvey is seen here in a version of that bright musical play, "The Girl in the Taxi."

The PICTUREGOER
BRITAIN'S SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Keep that in!

Being our own odd footage

Too many reels are bad for the thread of the story.

Kinema patrons are said to take their pleasures sadly. We have certainly often seen long features in many theatres.

Suzanne Lenglen's film is a long time coming along, but no doubt we may expect some striking sets.

In answer to several readers who ask us to suggest an appropriate book for production, we humbly recommend a cheque-book.

Without being unduly critical, we regard the newspaper headline, "British Film Offensive," as somewhat misleading.

Will Hays, film spokesman of the States, has praised the detailed historical accuracy in American pictures. We have noticed several instances of it.

All the same, we still think that if British production has the disadvantage of fog, American production suffers from a corresponding handicap of Hays.

Up to now we have always worn our oldest clothes when interviewing the Inland Revenue; but with uneasiness we note that Charlie Chaplin has had to pay £200,000 in arrears of income tax.

Many film stars, we are assured, are almost retiring. We wish a few would make up their minds.

When a provincial kinema orchestra struck up the other day, the audience quitted the building *en masse*. It is only fair to add, however, that a fire had broken out.

Mother-love as a film-story subject is much more popular on the other side of the Atlantic than here. It certainly seems identified with a-Mary-Carr.

Excessive cigarette-smoking is discountenanced among Hollywood players. But most stars need a puff or two before they draw.

CALLOUS COUPLETS.

An actress lay all stepped in gore;
She'd fallen fifty feet or more.
Her dress was hired from a big costumier,
Which made the producer all the gloomier.

Feature films are now being shown to the inmates of several of our principal asylums. Quite a number are rejected on the grounds of their being too silly.

There should be a fortune in a new caramel which, designed for sale in kinemas, effectively prevents conversation.

No doubt the industry is in sore need of fresh stars, but one or two of them are surely fresh enough?

We are asked to dispel the current belief that all film stars are fabulously wealthy. We do so with pleasure, for we know a large number of very poor actors.

When we recently complained that an operator was rushing the picture through at twice the speed, the manager coolly pleaded the popularity of racing films.

Quite a number of producers direct their wives who are stars. A producer's job is certainly many a man's ambition.

An enormous section of the public, we are told, seem indifferent to films. Surely it is the films, in many cases, that seem indifferent?

Our office-boy's perpetual craving for cigarette cards gives the lie to the assertion that there is no demand for British pictures.

American colleges are being combed for handsome men graduates for the screen. No doubt one or two will get famous by degrees.

A certain Hollywood parson claims to be the spiritual adviser of most of the stars. Evidently their soul agent.

In most studio sets representing libraries, dummy books are used. Now we know where some of the film plots come from.

P. L. M.

Have we the Talent?

¶*Foreword by the Editor of PICTUREGOER.*

WHETHER one agrees with the Government's Film Bill or not, it has already stimulated British production—practically to the extent of our present studio capacity. Four years of comparative languishing, and the exodus to America of many of our players, are making it difficult to muster capable studio personnel.

British brains are contributing substantially in America to the best in pictures. Must we get some of them back, import foreign genius, or find it at home? I have been fortunate in securing representative opinions from six of the most important men in the British studio world of to-day.

MAURICE ELVEY:

(1.) *Have we the Actors and Actresses?*

It has astonished me to learn from articles of presumably important people in the film trade that the majority of successful film artistes have *not* been recruited from those who have gained their initial experience in the theatre.

The contrary is the case, for in the vast majority of instances the film stars of yesterday and to-day, and the potential stars of to-morrow, are those who received a solid groundwork in the elements of drama in the theatrical world: Douglas Fairbanks, Ronald Colman, Lon Chaney, Charles Chaplin, John Barrymore, Clive Brook—the list is endless! With regard to the female stars—Pauline Frederick, Pola Negri, de Putti—again one could go on *ad lib.*; although where women are concerned youth and beauty has in many instances taken the place of experience.

As to whether we in England have a sufficiency of potential stars, let us take the British successes of the last few months only, and analyse the beginnings of the people who have definitely made big hits. Take *The Rat*—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans; *Mademoiselle from Armentières*—Estelle Brody, John Stuart and Humberston Wright; *Hindle Wakes*—Estelle Brody, John Stuart, Marie Ault, Norman McKinnel, Humberston Wright and Arthur Chesney; *The Flag Lieutenant*—Henry Edwards, Dorothy Seacombe and Lilian Oldland; again one could continue indefinitely. When it is realised that in the past six months alone new names of definite star value, such as Estelle Brody, John Stuart, Humberston Wright, Norman McKinnel, Isabel Jeans and Lilian Oldland, have appeared upon the horizon, and that they, in every case have been recruited from the entertainment world, it is quite safe to assume that all the acting talent we require is readily available in our own country.

¶The following three questions have been asked and answered:

1. *Are there in existence to-day, in this country, the players, producers, scenario writers and technicians needed to make the sixty good films per annum which the quota demands?*

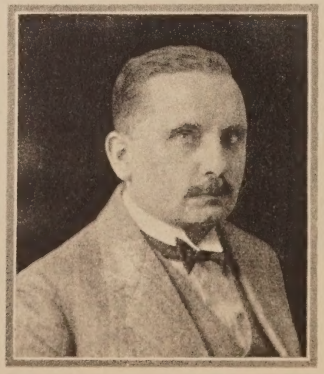
2. *If not, whence are they to be recruited?*

3. *Is it fair to encourage the amateur indiscriminately?*

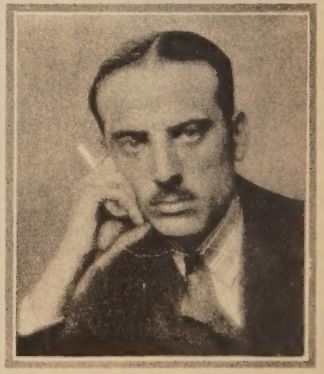
(2.) *Have we the facilities?*

Now that we have become an established industry the facilities are at our disposal; except for the dated and irksome restrictions of the Office of Works—restrictions, which, whilst forbidding myself and other British producers permission to film, have allowed American companies to take scenes in the very places to which we have been refused access.

MAURICE ELVEY, maker of successful British films for ten years.



T. A. WELSH, chairman of Welsh, Pearson and Co., Ltd.



MICHAEL BALCON, managing director of Gainsborough Pictures, Ltd.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, the brilliant young director of "The Lodger."

MANNING HAYNES, one of the best of British picture-makers.

SINCLAIR HILL, new managing director of Stoll Picture Productions.

(3). *Have we the climate?*

Definitely YES! The much admired seascapes in *Hindle Wakes* and the brilliant photography of the Blackpool exteriors were photographed in the month of November! I have never, except on very rare occasions, been handicapped by bad weather, and, it may be a surprising statement, but nevertheless true, that strong, brilliant sunshine is a handicap to artistic photography, and one of the problems in California and the South of France is how to diffuse the hard sunlight.

(4.) *Have we the organisation?*

We have been behind-hand in this respect, but now that the business side of the industry has been sifted, the best brains have survived, and this vital matter is no longer in the hands of chance comers who have rushed into the business with small capital and smaller capability.

In short, I look forward to the future with confidence; we must all pull together and do our best; the battle will be a long one, and a difficult; we must not over-estimate our own capacities, nor must we forget that we are, in the end, the servants of the public, and that we must provide first-class entertainment or cease to exist.

One word of warning I should like to stress; I have never yet found one promising recruit to the industry amongst those persons who have come with "introductions" to me from film schools. These "introductions" are unsought by me; I am unacquainted with the people who presume to issue them; and I think that those who contemplate wasting their time, not forgetting their money, should be warned in time.

SINCLAIR HILL:

(1.) No.

(2.) From people in the industry or in kindred industries who have not yet had a chance. In our London cabarets there are many girls ideally suited for film work. The cabaret is an excellent "breaking ground," because the performer is in the same relation to the audience as the film player to the camera. The typical cabaret girl has grace, verve, personality and youth. That, rather than West End "names," is what we need.

(3.) I would discourage all amateurs but it should be remembered that we do need new blood all the time. Provided we pick the right people and provided these people take their work seriously, then the newcomers will soon cease to be amateurs. Since the British film industry is now a profession of splendid opportunities, it will certainly attract people of ability. Indiscriminate encouragement can help no industry. Discriminating encouragement must help all industries.

MICHAEL BALCON:

(1.) In my opinion, there are sufficient players, directors, etc., to make the sixty good films per annum which the quota demands.

(2.) See answer above.

(3.) In my opinion it is not fair to encourage the amateur indiscriminately. New talent must necessarily serve an apprenticeship, the same as in any other skilled occupation.

T. A. WELSH:

At present there are not in this country sufficient experienced players, producers, scenario writers and technicians to make sixty good films per annum, but I see no reason why we should not discover and develop them.

There is no dearth of brains or technical ability amongst the British people, and I am positive that there is a wealth of latent talent yet to be discovered within our shores.

Talent without experience, however, is useless.

Even a genius has to learn his job. Success in film production—as in any other art—cannot be attained without long practical training.

But training takes time.

For the present, therefore, we shall be obliged to recruit some of our talent from abroad. We must employ the best producers, technicians and artists irrespective of nationality, and we must encourage British people to work with them and study their methods. As the Prince of Wales has said, we must "adopt, adapt, and improve."

Much of the undeveloped talent in this country must necessarily be recruited from the ranks of the amateurs. I cannot see where else it is to be found.

But, for the sake of all concerned, let us discriminate between the amateurs and the screen-struck.

An amateur is one who takes up an art for the sheer love of it. We must not encourage those who are merely obsessed by a desire to see themselves or their names upon the screen, or who are merely fascinated by the glamour of the studio.

On the other hand, when we find men or women with the necessary qualifications who are eager to learn and willing to work, we must give them every possible encouragement.

We must not, however, allow false patriotism to handicap our progress.

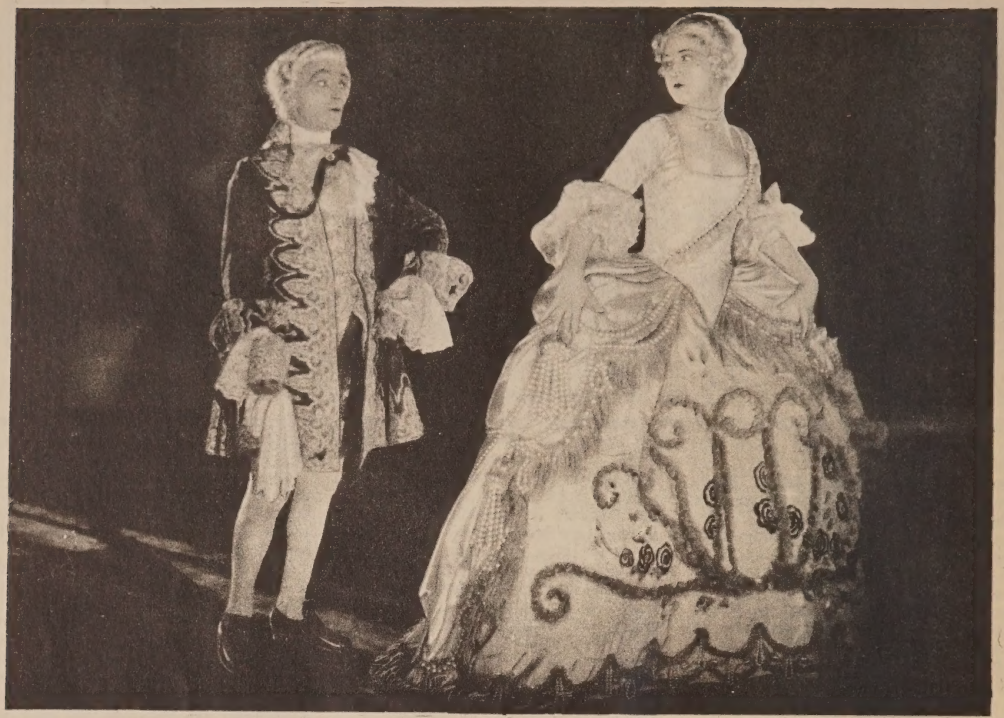
Our first objective must be the establishment of a world-wide reputation for making consistently good film entertainment.

Then we shall have no difficulty in finding and developing sufficient native talent to hold the front line—and even to make further advances—with all-British artists and technicians.

MANNING HAYNES:

(1.) At first view it might seem that we in England lack, both on the technical and artistic sides, most of the essentials which go to make a sucessful film industry. We must, however, remember that for some time past our trade has been in an almost moribund condition; there has been no inducement that would draw new talent towards picture making, and much of the cleverness which had hitherto been devoted to this end has been obliged, of necessity, to seek other avenues that might lead to a livelihood.

It would, however, be ridiculous to suggest that England—one of the leading literary, theatrical and technical nations—cannot supply sufficient mater-



Nelson Keys and Dorothy Gish in the first picture from the huge new Elstree studios, "Madame Pompadour," directed by Herbert Wilcox.

ial to build up this industry. But the talent must be attracted into—or back into—the trade. At the moment a certain amount, but certainly not enough, lies ready to hand. To find and fit new material will require discrimination, patience, and, above all, hard work. Even our climate must be waited upon, and wooed in her kindlier moments, when she will be found as good as any for picture making.

More important than climate is studio equipment. After all, the sun is always shining somewhere, but the studio is the very temple of kinema art. We have not enough well-equipped studios, and as these cannot be built on the instant, I consider the studio question one of our main problems.

On the artistic side our difficulties are only a little less pressing. We lack stars. Perhaps the new hope of better organisation may stop the constant absorption of our best talent to America.

(2.) Recruits are needed in every profession. There are still film stars to be found among the stage players, but —and it is a big BUT—these clever people must be willing and able to forget much of their stage technique, and to put real hard work and goodwill into learning a new and difficult medium. They have the temperament and feeling, but they must realise that the means of conveying emotion are almost entirely different from those they have been accustomed to use. Too many regard film acting as an easier form of stage acting because they are relieved of "study," but they must be prepared for cramping limits in their actual performance, and for tedious hours of waiting. Their reward will be not only a monetary one, but the appreciation of a world-wide audience.

Many girl recruits may be found in cabaret and chorus. The modern chorus girl is, of necessity, vivacious and graceful; often she is cultured and well bred, and usually pretty.

Our need of fresh blood on the literary side is great, and a constant cry goes up for new stories. But here again the recruit must study carefully the real need of the screen. Too many writers having seen banal or impossible films, think that this is the type of story the trade prefers, others think that the "pictures" demand disconnected narrative which spreads over centuries or half round the world. At the moment adaptation of published books is the rule, but most of us look forward to the day when we shall be given stories written especially for the screen and fulfilling its requirements without need of alterations.

(3.) When the available professional talent has been absorbed into the industry, some system will undoubtedly be found of selecting new material from the ranks of the amateurs. The testing and training of people would necessarily take time, and this, at the moment, we can ill spare. So-called schools are useless.

A. J. HITCHCOCK:

We must, I am afraid, face the unfortunate fact that there is not the personal material at hand for making sixty feature pictures a year.

The British studio industry has never been big enough to give employment to very many people, with the result that there have been limited opportunities for developing artists by experience. We have often been forced to employ stage stars who, in too many instances, regard film work as a fill-in for pocket-money.

Thus film acting has never been taken sufficiently seriously, and discipline has been often lacking. I have known, on the other hand, American artists who have literally clocked on, made up, just as though they were studio staff. After all, their routine is at least as important as the electrician's.

Good direction—the real cause of America's wealth of talent—is also a vital factor in making stars, even out of amateurs. It will be some time before we can do the same on any scale.

Our Observatory

¶*Three fairly new personalities insist on recognition.*

Elizabeth Bergner.

There are stars and stars. There are, to begin with, film stars and other stars.

And when one of these others, even the brightest and the best of them, comes sailing into the film astronomer's field of vision, he is just as likely as not to throw down his telescope in disgust.

Stage stars, in particular——

They are apt to make a very nasty blur on the horizon. They don't know how to shine, twinkle, coruscate or anything else in front of a camera lens. The merest little movie extra can steal the picture from them. (And you bet she does!)

That's why I did not hail the arrival of Elizabeth Bergner in pictures with any loud hosannas. Because she was the favourite stage star of Germany, the "Saint Joan" and "Constant Nymph" of Berlin, it did not in the least follow that she would be an enthusiastic film star, and the odds were very much in favour of her being infernally bad!

But I hereby bring to Miss Elizabeth Bergner my very humblest apologies.

She may be a great actress of the theatre, but she is also a most brilliant new star of the screen. Watching her as the little runaway schoolgirl in *Impetuous Youth*, wandering the roads of Italy in boy's clothes, I thought it was a very long time since I saw any newcomer in pictures with such personality and power.

There is something about Elizabeth Bergner that reminds you of Bebe Daniels in her early days. She is terribly and flamingly alive. And yet she never gives you an impression that she has lived, as the American stars excel in doing, but rather that she is poised on the edge of the adventure of life, eager for it and timid of it, always ready, and never quite willing, to fly.

I can quite believe she can act finely, on or off the screen.

But I don't much care what she can *do*.

She *is* Elizabeth Bergner, and that is qualification enough.

Edmund Lowe.

Edmund Lowe has been a star, or something nearly approaching a star in the terminology of the studios, for a considerable time, but he has been the sort of man who can play a dozen heroes without getting more than a pat on the back for a competent performance.

I shouldn't like to count the number of times that this young player has come into the range of my telescope while I was watching for more vivid stars on the American screen. He never convinced me that he really had star stuff in him. Capable, yes. Handsome, yes, in an American way. But a star——

Well, he's going to be a real blazer!

I'm sure of it now, unless the directors make a quite ridiculous mess of things.

Lowe has done the first bit of real acting in his life, and just as happened with Pat O'Malley in *The Midnight Sun*, he has left all the critics raging that they had never backed him as a winner before.

Go and see Edmund Lowe in *What Price Glory*? Even beside the much-lauded performance of Victor MacLaglen, his work stands out. Here's a lad who can act. His work is much more finished than MacLaglen's, with less force but more strength. It happens through the vicissitudes of the scenario that Lowe doesn't get much of the glory of *What Price Glory*? but to any careful watcher of the screen he proves himself, by this one picture, to be an actor whose position near to stardom is no sinecure.

If Edmund Lowe becomes a real star in the days to come, he will have made, and not *been* made, good.

And I wonder how many stars can say that with truth about themselves!

Jane Winton.

I read, with entire concurrence, the statement that Warner Brothers have a potential star in Jane Winton. My insignificant opinion is based on her work in *Across the Pacific*, and in *Don Juan*. I see no real reason why she should not, in time, be the blonde equivalent to Marie Prevost.

This fair young actress was, like many of her studio sisters, a dancer; and served the inevitable corybantic cadetship with Ziegfeld and his glittering Follies.

In a much shorter space of time than is customary, Jane rose to parts and co-starrings. The coveted pinnacle of stardom has yet to be attained, but her entity is one which it will be found difficult to keep down.

The Village of Glory

by ARTHUR ADLON

How they made "Roses in Picardy"—a fine British war picture that carries conviction.

The village of Hondebecq greets its khaki defenders.

"It's a long way to Tipperary—it's a long way to go."

We heard the song that will never die, accompanied by the tramp of marching feet, as we climbed the palm-edged road skirting a hill on the blue shores of the Mediterranean, a few weeks ago.

A British army swung through two noble gates hung between massive stone pillars surmounted by the royal lions of ancient France. Their boots and uniforms were mud-stained, and their bronzed faces were dusty and perspiring under their tin hats. The young officer at their head seemed strangely familiar. Little wonder then that on recognising John Stuart, we could not resist following.

So we came to the village of Hondebecq, with its seven streets leading out of the quaint cobbled market square, where groceries, vegetables, brushes and axes peeped out of the musty-looking shop windows. In front of the estaminet where the gossips were sipping their coffee, was the village pump, and from there looking up the village one obtained a vista of the church in the background, with its bells slung in a niche in the snug little tower.

The villagers, the women and girls white bonnetted and shawled in gay colours, were chatting merrily as they made their purchases at the market stalls, and the gendarme was sunning himself in the middle of the throng.

It was difficult to realise we had blundered on to a film set, for the village looked just like the ordinary French hamlet we found behind the lines during the war. Maurice Elvey who came forward to greet us, however, was the convincing element that it really was a film village.

"It is now 1916," he said with a smile. "So if you don't want to be photographed looking ten years too early, obscure yourselves awhile." So we found a protected angle, and watched Elvey and Victor Saville making *Roses of Picardy*, the war romance founded on the clever stories of R. H. Mottram.

"Taking!" cried Maurice Elvey through his megaphone.

"Les Anglais! vive Les Anglais!" cried the villagers, forsaking their stalls to watch the men arrive. One village maiden in particular attracted our notice. It was Lilian Hall-Davis. "I am Madelaine," she cried. "This is the first time I meet my English lover, and I am not supposed to like him a bit."

Both John and Lilian came over to have a word while Elvey was shooting some of the close-ups necessary to emphasise the story. One portion was particularly interesting. The troops were made to march through the village again, and in front of them was drawn a weird contraption of a wheeled platform like that used by a Hyde Park orator. On this were Mr. Elvey and his cameramen proceeding at the same rate as the marching troops, taking "shots" of their bayonets, their heads and their feet.

Peaceful Hondebecq of 1916, with its Spanish farm, its villagers, its tenant farmers and its nobility, was to see many changes during the war. Within the cycle of a few days I saw all the horrors and thrills of war reproduced in that peaceful spot surrounded by orange groves under the deep blue sky of the Côte d'Azur.

One day I found Hondebecq as it was in 1914, when the trumpet call that was to drench the fair land of France, plunged the village into its first thrill, and brought sorrow to Madelaine. She stood in the square with her father (Humberston Wright) watching the cuirassiers in their scarlet and gold, ride away to war. The villagers showered flowers on them as they went, but Madelaine was sad, for at the head of these gallant troops was her French lover (Jameson Thomas).

Times changed again. Madelaine had met John Skene—another officer to be billeted. How she loathed looking after these men; and then came the German advance of 1918.

The war had come to Hondebecq, and

Bombardment by land and from the air wreaks death and destruction on all sides.

The young officer (John Stuart) and his men. Left: The return to the line.

the villagers were becoming refugees. The market square was in chaos. Folk were running here and there carrying their scanty belongings. A cart, drawn by kicking, sweating horses, had lost its wheel in the middle of the market square. Children were screaming, and old people crushing along in agony of fear. Some were carrying bedclothes, others were struggling with handcarts and wheelbarrows.

A vivid flash of flame, a sharp explosion, and down came the roof of a house to fall in shattering shambles on the ground beneath, burying some of the human melée. Then round the corner came the troops, their faces hard set, marching back to make a stand. The young officer is attempting to separate the refugees from the ranks of his men.

The din and confusion increases, and out of the sky comes an aeroplane diving down, its machine gun spitting a rattle of death. In a moment it has gone, there is a blinding flash, another house tumbles down, people scream and rush.

"Phew!" says Mr. Elvey, wiping his forehead. "That was a good scene. Glad it is over, though. One is always nervous of using explosives, especially with excitable crowds."

With the declaration of the Armistice, peace came once more to Hondebecq, a war-scarred village.

One morning in 1926 a charabanc of sightseers stopped in the village square.

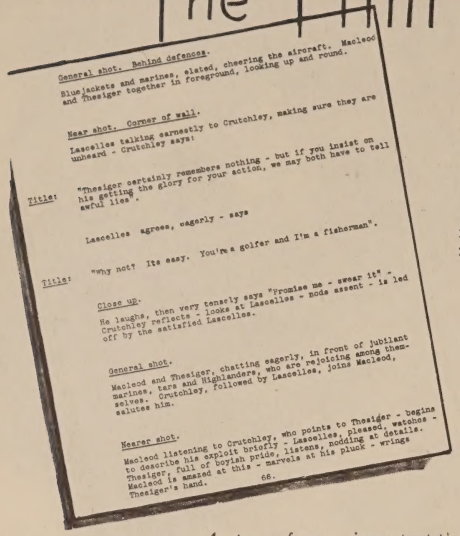
"Here is the village of Hondebecq," said the guide. "Nothing much happened here."

Roses of Picardy is something different in war pictures. Its making was intensely interesting. Mr. Elvey is a marvel at economy of production. The village you see here was cleverly designed so one could obtain hundreds of camera angles without the fake being detected.

The Film on Paper

by P. L. MANNOCK

¶A detailed scenario may have limitations, but the director who scorns it is asking for a hatful of trouble.



General shot. Behind defences.

Blue jackets and marines, elated, cheering the aircraft. Macleod and Thesiger together in foreground, looking up and round.

Near shot. Corner of wall.

Lascelles talking earnestly to Crutchley, making sure they are unheard - Crutchley says:

Title: "Thesiger certainly remembers nothing - but if you insist on his getting the glory for your action, we may both have to tell awful lies".

Lascelles agrees, eagerly - says

Title: "Why not? Its easy. You're a golfer and I'm a fisherman".

Close up.

He laughs, then very tensely says "Promise me - swear it" - Crutchley reflects - looks at Lascelles - nods assent - is led off by the satisfied Lascelles.

General shot.

Macleod and Thesiger, chatting eagerly, in front of jubilant marines, tars and Highlanders, who are rejoicing among themselves. Crutchley, followed by Lascelles, joins Macleod, salutes him.

Nearer shot.

Macleod listening to Crutchley, who points to Thesiger - begins to describe his exploit briefly - Lascelles, pleased, watches - Thesiger, full of boyish pride, listens, nodding at details. Macleod is amazed at this - marvels at his pluck - wrings Thesiger's hand. 66.

A page from the scenario of "The Flag Lieutenant," directed by Maurice Elvey.

A film cannot be written. The public pay to watch moving celluloid, not to read scenarios. I mention this fact because there is a dangerous habit of coming to the last page of a good script and saying, with a deep breath: "Now all we've got to do is to put it on the screen," as if this were the merest detail in the world. This is just silly.

But it is not so silly as the more dangerous custom—very popular in this country—of starting with a bad scenario or none, or allowing the director to do what he likes with a good one.

Let us be clear about this. A film does not simply consist of what the scenario writer puts on paper. But then neither does a play—using the word in its fullest sense of what the audience sees behind footlights—simply consist of what the dramatist writes. When I read the published edition of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,* I derive the fullest appreciation of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's plot conception and his clever dialogue. If I am analytical, the smoothness of his construction adds to my appreciation, especially if I possess any knowledge of dramatic devices.

When I see the play performed, however, the whole thing has been enormously enriched. The polished art of the actors, the stage producer, and his expert allies—scene-painter, upholsterer, electrician—have combined under judicious expert control. The play, in this sense, is not completed until it is performed.

The printed play endures, it is true. The film scenario, being less readable, is comparatively and correspondingly an ephemeral piece of work, for its value is less intrinsic.

Beauty of language in a film script is often irrelevant and occasionally dangerous; and the disproportion of matter to footage makes it cumbersome for ordinary perusal.

But this only means that a good play has a literary value. It does not mean that a scenario is any less important to the film-maker than a play is to a stage producer whose aim is a perfect theatrical performance and presentation.

The scenario is, indeed, far more important in some respects. Scrapping an incident or a line during play rehearsals costs nothing except the exercise of judgment. Alteration, even to a slight extent, of a scenario may be ruinously dislocating and wastefully expensive, for it cannot be so readily corrected, and in many cases can only be patched. Hence the grey hairs of film cutters and editors.

Some people will tell you that words and picture stories have nothing in common. This belief ignores two important factors in film-making. First, visualisation. Now it is absurd to say visualisation is not stimulated by words. Words, of necessity, are hardly ever doing anything else; whoever reads the words that make up this article cannot help picturing things as he proceeds.

The other factor is form. A film aims to tell a story. The aim of all story-tellers is balance and smoothness as part of narrative force. I have never heard any argument in support of the exemption of the photoplay from this principle. The forms of narrative used by the dramatist and the novelist are not those which are applicable to the film. They differ from each other, and the film story demands a third technique. But as the story must flow, a technique of treatment is vital, and words are as necessary to indicate this on the paper of the scenario as they are when spoken by the film director in the studio.

The order of "shots" is as important as their description, and the shifting of camera positions, although not an end in itself, is a powerful advantage which the film possesses in developing drama. On the average, some 450 different shots are seen in the finished feature picture. These are all a good deal more than schedules of work. They should represent the theme and action as unfolded with all the author's creative inspiration, a studied elimination of what is needless, a steady development of motives and character in varying tempos, and a hundred and one touches designed to interest by their impressiveness, humour, or deftness. Not one of these touches may be individually necessary, but they are collectively very desirable.

"Dramatic construction," Sir John Martin Harvey declared to me not long ago, "is the basis of a good film, and must be in the scenario." Continuity—a bare order of scenes—is nothing in itself. Anyone can find out the meaning of "fade in," "long shot," and "dissolve;" and anyone can lay out scenes and number them. Continuity, however, is the final form into which an immense amount of careful thought and creative effort has been infused for the producer's benefit as well as his convenience.

It is therefore only common sense to set down every shot before starting production rather than hold up the film at a cost of £1 per minute, wondering what to shoot next. This latter course, however, is quite frequently adopted, to the picture's ruin—artistic and financial.

Producers must be given latitude; but the best of them demand the most elaborate scenarios, and the worst of them, from reasons of vanity, stupidity, or both, will not hesitate, unless curbed, to scrap the best scenario in the world.

Says that mordant film writer, G. A. Atkinson: "The scenario is the basis of the whole film business." Writing a scenario is a skilled operation, involving as much trouble as writing a play. It is done preferably by someone with first-hand knowledge of studios and studio methods. The most brilliantly endowed novice cannot attain proficiency without actual experience of studios, extending, it may be, over years.

Nor is there much literary credit. Even when £500 or £1,000 is paid to American scenario writers of repute, it is the author of the orginal work—who is often boosted—the person who has, as a rule, done no work at all on the film beyond signing a profitable contract and banking a cheque. He is

in effect, handsomely paid for something which can hardly fail to be a powerful piece of publicity for his original work.

Of course, it cuts both ways. Much good work has been spoiled by scenario writers, and a terrible list of literary crimes can be drawn up. I am not defending them—except to remark that the scenario writer is often ordered to ruin a good yarn by those above him. But the responsibility for the advancement of the screen story, I assert, rests with the scenario writers—men and women like Gardner Sullivan, Frances Marion, Willis Goldbeck, Paul Bern and Jeanie Macpherson.

Good scenarios have got over more second-rate stories than have stars or directors. "Bad as many of the American film stories may be," says E. A. Baughan, "they are certainly told entertainingly." It can hardly be denied that the average American film gets over largely on its scenario, and that the average British film gets over in spite of it. The script is by far the least expensive item in production—especially in view of its importance—yet most firms on this side still grudge spending more than one per cent. of production cost upon it.

The result is that the British scenario writer has seldom been encouraged into existence, and that the most appalling mess has been made of countless British pictures. I know of a well-known British producer who is accustomed to work from notes on the backs of envelopes; another who used to direct from odd paragraphs in a novel; and a third who, working without a proper script, had to scrap at the finish 5,000 feet of unnecessary scenes, costing £5,000. In this instance, a £1,000 scenario would, of course, have saved the firm £4,000.

There are still people in our studios who think a script can be properly written in days instead of weeks. I wrote the scenario of *The Wonderful Story* for Graham Cutts in four days and nights. It should have taken at least a month.

Happily, things are reforming. The several weeks' work I spent on *The Flag Lieutenant* with Maurice Elvey, is one of many examples of improvement justified by results. Elvey, by the way, is perhaps the British producer who realises more than any other the value of collaborative team work, and recent Gaumont pictures vindicate it. He works from a very detailed scenario, the collective efforts of himself, Victor Saville and V. Gareth Gundrey, Gaumont's very capable scenario editor.

At the Metro and other Californian studios subjects are often discussed months before production. Treatments in summary and extended form are prepared and the scenario based on the approved result of much deliberation. It pays. The value of such methods is incalculable.

Quite a number of books have been published on scenario writing. The vast majority are utterly worthless, as are all "schools" of scenario instruction I have come across. The only book I know which gives ideas in a sound and often amusing vein is Epes Withrop Sargent's "The Technique of the Photoplay"—a little out of date, but quite stimulating.

In practice it is inadvisable to send detailed scenarios to producing firms. Life is too short to read amateur scripts unless one is first interested in the idea, which should be submitted in condensed narrative form, together with what explanatory ideas as may be thought fit.

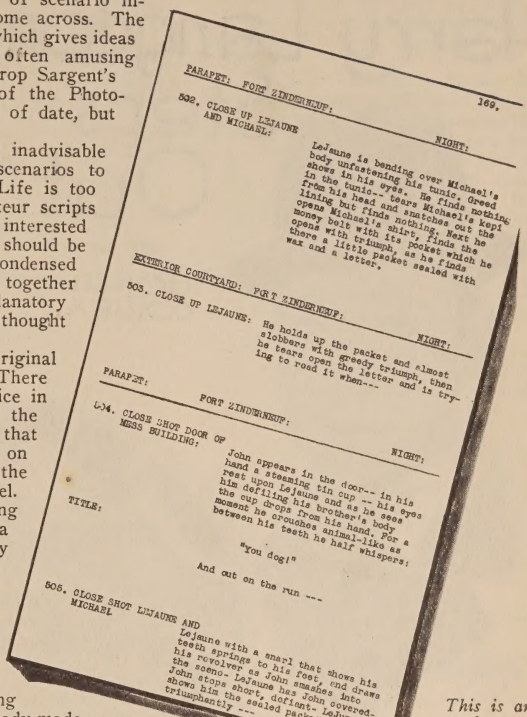
About this "original story" business. There is a strong prejudice in favour of buying the rights of something that has been successful on the stage or in the form of a novel. This has nothing much to do with a subject's suitability for the screen. Very few firms will reject a subject that already has fame, even if it is hopeless pictorially.

This is just playing for safety. The ready-made vogue of a best-seller or a long stage run certainly means a box-office draw. And so long as people pay to see it—I have heard it candidly argued—it doesn't matter if they are disappointed. Therefore original stories specially written for the screen are at a discount—unless they happen to be written round some popular screen personality.

This may be "commercial," but it is short-sighted. Even stars want good stories, and the stability of the kinema depends on people becoming regular patrons. From the angle of this article however, the prejudice against original stories is a contradictory one. There are hundreds of examples of an adaptation being, in effect, an original story. Dozens of hopeless subjects have been made into good films by the scenario writer's originality. People who do this well earn good money, but they have to make something presentable out of something essentially unsuitable for the screen.

Various explanations can be given of the prejudice against detailed scenarios. This prejudice, by the way, is seldom expressed—it is latent. Often a detailed script will be finally approved, after every minute touch or piece of business has been weighed and accepted—and then virtually scrapped. Why is this?

I will give only two reasons, because they are the most frequently encountered. First, the overweening vanity of the director, who, not content with scooping all the credit and salary attaching to his position, hates to admit that any ideas other than his own can



PARAPET: FORT ZINDERNUP: 169.

502. CLOSE UP LEJAUNE AND MICHAEL: NIGHT:

Lejaune is bending over Michael's body unfastening his tunic. Greed shows in his eyes. He finds nothing in the tunic-- tears Michael's shirt from his head and snatches out the money but finds nothing. Next he opens Michael's pocket which he finds with triumph. As he finds there a little packet sealed with wax and a letter.

EXTERIOR COURTYARD: FORT ZINDERNUP:

503. CLOSE UP LEJAUNE: NIGHT:

He holds up the packet and almost slobbers with greedy triumph, then he tears open the letter and is trying to read it when---

PARAPET: FORT ZINDERNUP:

504. CLOSE SHOT DOOR OF MESS BUILDING: NIGHT:

John appears in the door-- in his hand a steaming tin cup -- his eyes rest upon Lejaune and as he sees him defiling his brother's body the cup drops from his hand. For a moment he crouches like an animal-like as between his teeth he half whispers:

"You dog!"

And out on the run ---

TITLE:

505. CLOSE SHOT LEJAUNE AND MICHAEL

Lejaune with a snarl that shows his teeth springs to his feet, draws his revolver as John smashes into the room. Lejaune has John covered-- John stops short, defiant-- Lejaune shows him the sealed packet-jeers, triumphantly ---

This is an actual page of Paul Schofield's script of "Beau Geste," reproduced from the copy handed to one of the principals.

be good. There are plenty of this kind—thank goodness they are not the most successful.

The other reason is simply stupidity. and ignorance. There is no one in authority in the firm who knows the difference between a good scenario and a bad one. Worse still, no one, not even the director, realises the importance of devoting time to a careful ordering of the film on paper.

In the latter case, the organisation of the film is fundamentally weak. But when the arbiter decides on a script, and that script is agreed, the man on the floor must be instructed to stick to it on pain of dismissal. Inspiration in the studio should be encouraged—but as extra footage instead of substitution. The man who pays must be able to say at the end of shooting: "Deliver to me the celluloid realisation of every shot in the scenario we all agreed upon."

Is this too mechanical? All the best pictures are machine-made—so well done that the machinery is never perceptible.

The film on paper is thus the backbone of the finished achievement. The rest of the work is colossal.

I hope, by the way, I have not suggested that there is a living to be made by the amateur scenario-writer. There is not.

Harry Langdon Steps Out

BY LIONEL COLLIER

You should see "The Strong Man" and make a first-hand study of apologetic heroism.

Apparently without an effort, this fellow wins the best kind of laughs—those that open up your sympathy as well.

Something has been evolved by the screen in the course of its development which is common to no other type of entertainment, for which there is no stage counterpart, and its prophet is Charlie Chaplin.

Chaplin, more than anyone else, has recognised that he is dealing with a new medium of expression which has possibilities of unlimited expansion so long as one realises that one is dealing with pictorial expression and does not handicap oneself with worn-out stage shibboleths and conventions.

You will remember that Chaplin's early stage experience with Fred Karno's "Mumming Birds" was to all intents and purposes clowning. His first appearance on the screen was still sheer clowning. He appeared in his now familiar garb at a motor-race meeting and insistently put himself between the camera and the object of interest it was trying to take. For instance, when a famous driver was about to be photographed Chaplin's face intruded.

On that foundation Chaplin started his slap-stick comedies, but he grew out of those to genuine burlesques like *The Pilgrim*, and then to a form of entertainment which, with its slight admixture of pathos, is neither clowning pure and simple nor yet slap-stick.

For a very long time Chaplin was not only supreme but alone. I am not now taking the myriad of comedians who feature in short comedies, but those that have graduated into full length features: Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Syd Chaplin, Larry Semon, and finally Harry Langdon, a quaint figure who seems to me to be destined, with careful handling, to outshine all of them except Chaplin, who is something more than a comedian, and even something more than a great producer; he is, in fact, of the few men of real genius that screen art has produced.

It is, however, the purpose of this article to introduce the not as yet very well known and exceedingly comic-looking little figure of Harry Langdon to the public, and not to eulogise Chaplin, who really does not need it.

It is an accepted axiom that the truest humour has a tear lurking at the back of it. This doesn't mean that comedians must leaven their gags with slabs of mother love. It is never just sentimental balance, but some human appeal that accompanies ridiculousness. Langdon's nervous methods indicate a philosophy of meek self-effacement. So ingrained is this trait that you feel he would hate to be famous, and that he is conscious to-day that he has butted into notoriety without wiping his feet on the mat.

His audience reaction is the fellow-feeling of the average man. At some time or another most of us have felt that we were just a blot on the view—lacking confidence and ashamed of our dreams. That's the main chord he strikes—with subtle variations. The other is philosophy—the unassuming fortitude that the modest citizen assumes when his hat has been crushed beneath a brewer's dray.

After leaving his grammar school, Langdon began his career by doing odd jobs behind the curtain, and at length became a member of a travelling show which knew all vicissitudes from a canvas tent to a country town theatre. It was from this extremely valuable

early training, which is somewhat reminiscent of Chaplin's that Harry developed an act of his own entitled "Harry's Car," and he played up and down the country for six years with quite good success.

It was this act which landed him into the picture world. Mack Sennett, who has sponsored numberless comedians, good and bad, saw him playing in Los Angeles and the result was his appearance in a series of short comedies in varying degrees of importance.

Now although these pictures appear to have been received with enthusiasm in America, they did not create a furore here, and most people will have only heard the comedian's name in connection with his first full-length feature, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

Harry Langdon has a way that is all his own. His little half-gestures, which are so completely reminiscent of Lilian Gish, have an indefinable sense of pathos which is essential in the make-up of your true comedian. If one were to try and pin him down in some definite category I should say that he is to the screen what Grock is to the halls, only with the naturally wider scope afforded for clowning on the film. I am not attempting to compare his acting with Grock's screen efforts, because the latter does not somehow get over the personality that renders him unique on the stage.

I have said that Langdon is different. Try to visualise a little man, somewhat plump, and with a face broader at the bottom than the top, a curious walk, rather wistful blue eyes of the variety known as saucer, and a perpetual hesitancy in his actions as though the burden of making up his mind were too much for him. That is his personal difference. But still more important is that difference which makes him rise superior to poor situations and none too good direction.

Harold Lloyd, for example, is absolutely dependent on his director and the situations evolved for him. The same may be said of Buster Keaton, although to a lesser extent; he relies on a perpetual immobility of expression. Harry can make a situation. Take, for example, a scene in *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp;* his love scene with the heroine relies entirely on his acting for effect; an example of perfect clowning. Then again in *The Strong Man,* which, by the way, is not quite so good as the former in story value, he holds a long sequence in which he is supposed to be suffering from a severe cold in a 'bus load full of people; he makes of it an absolute scream; he is irresistible.

Moreover, Harry Langdon makes a character live in his comic portrayals. He does not just tumble about; he actually presents a part, although he is naturally always Langdon in the same way that Chaplin is always Chaplin. This, though, is practically an essential with the comedian, although it is a grievous error when applied to drama or straight comedy.

The effect of Langdon is to make one laugh, both with him and at him. You laugh at him, but at the same time you feel very much the same way as with Chaplin, that you really ought to be sympathising with his luckless lot. Although a good "gag" means a lot to this comedian, he can build up a pantomimic situation from the very slightest of material.

The Strong Man has what may be termed a mechanical climax on much the same lines as Lloyd always has a startlingly photographed novelty to present; but that, if anything, is the least funny part of the film. He is at his funniest when he has no mechanical aid and just an absurd situation to develop logically, according to his expressed personality. On these occasions, by the way, study his hands. They are eloquent.

Just one other reference to his art. At the conclusion of *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,* which incidentally is among the few really funny full length comedies that have been produced, he is seen as a baby in a cot—his own baby, since the plot demands that he wins the heroine and settles down. It seems incredible, but he really is a baby, crowing and gesticulating—a changeling, maybe—but, nevertheless, with all the baby attributes you can imagine. He must have studied babies by the hour to have achieved it.

Langdon, I think, is a comedian who, given the chance, will soon outstrip both Lloyd and Keaton as a popular favourite, and when, and if he does, it will be by sheer individual merit. I haven't seen his newest *Long Pants,* but nothing would induce me to miss it.

He has certainly had a first-class experience of life, for he has been in India with a medicine show, in a minstrel troupe, newspaper cartoonist and circus clown. I hear he has decided to make a picture in England before long I hope he means it.

I don't know whether he is satisfied with the material that is given him. It is quite good, but not good enough for such an outstanding figure. Langdon, in effect, is better than his pictures.

Not even Felix himself has ever extracted so much fun out of weary walking as Mr. Langdon. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" makes Deans forget their gloom.

William the Conqueror

¶Languishing Latins haven't a chance with the ladies when Bill Boyd is around.

When Cecil De Mille's big spectacular drama, *The Road Yesterday,* was shown to the public, it accomplished at least one noteworthy thing in the eyes of countless film fans. It brought into prominence a new screen personality—William Boyd.

Before he attracted general attention in this picture, the fair-headed, blue-eyed young six-footer was practically unknown to the public. Now he is steadily becoming one of the most popular juveniles on the American screen.

But the story of his rise to stardom is by no means the rapid one that it appears to be. For six hard years, before Cecil De Mille gave him his first big chance in *The Road to Yesterday,* he struggled for existence in the studios, and life, from his earliest boyhood, has always been a pretty hard fight for Bill Boyd.

He was born on June 5th, about twenty-eight years ago, at Cambridge, Ohio. His father, a civil engineer, was not particularly blessed with wordly goods, and young Bill was on familiar terms with poverty.

When he was still little more than a child his parents died suddenly, and Bill was thrown on his own meagre resources.

His education was too incomplete to qualify him for entering any profession, consequently he was forced to take any employment that came his way. After many years of proving himself an efficient orange-packer, grocery assistant, motor-salesman and oil-driller, it was not until 1919 that he reached Hollywood. Here—sometimes working as an extra—more often not working at all, the turning point of his career came when he was noticed by Cecil De Mille and picked out from the crowd to take a tiny part in *Why Change Your Wife?* After that he was in all the De Mille films and in several productions for other companies.

He played small parts in *Bobbed Hair, New Lives for Old, Feet of Clay, Triumph* and *The Golden Bed* before he was selected for a leading rôle in *The Road to Yesterday.* His success in this picture brought him a long-term contract with De Mille, and he has since starred in *The Volga Boatman, Eve's Leaves, Her Man o' War, Steel Preferred, The Last Frontier* and *White Wings.*

He is now being filmed in *Jim,* the *Conqueror,* with Elinor Fair. The latter, of course, is his wife—most fans will remember their romantic "secret" wedding, after they had finished playing together in *The Volga Boatman.* Bill has since confessed that he actually proposed to Elinor before the cameras, which gives an added interest to their romance.

E. E. B.

Top right: The handsome and husky "Volga Boatman."

Above: "Kiss and make it up," says Bill, the peacemaker.

Right: With his wife, Elinor Fair, in "White Wings."

An Announcement by the Editor

The Picturegoer's Gift to You inside this number

This charming medallion adorns the cover of every booklet of Papier Poudré.

A dainty Gift Booklet of PAPIER POUDRÉ

INSIDE this copy you will find a gift from "The Picturegoer." Please accept it with the very best compliments of the Editor.

In selecting a gift that would be acceptable to our readers we decided upon Papier Poudré, because this delightful toilet preparation possesses so many qualities which make an instant appeal to those who value one of women's greatest assets—a lovely complexion.

Try Papier Poudré then, and you will be charmed with its many distinctive virtues. As you will see, the skin is thoroughly cleansed *before* any powder is applied, an advantage which will be at once apparent. Note its delicate perfume, and the even, protective layer of powder which is left on the skin.

We would like to mention the attractive medallion which adorns the cover of the booklet—it is the new cover design for Papier Poudré.

Readers will confer on the Editor a great favour by telling their friends about this dainty gift and asking them to obtain a copy of the June "Picturegoer" too, which, as all our regular readers know, is brim full of interest for every lover of the "Movies."

Owing to difficulties in transport and packing this free Gift offer naturally cannot be extended to foreign and colonial readers. Every copy of "The Picturegoer," however, with the exception of those circulating outside the British Isles will contain a Gift Booklet of Papier Poudré.

The Little People

BY E. E. BARRETT

Little Eva, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," alias Virginia Grey, has many responsibilities.

Top left: Buster, Tige, and the girl friend.

Micky Brantford, above, is an excellent example of British talent.

¶A few cases where stars twinkle both bright and early.

Do movie children grow up more quickly than their small brothers and sisters off the silver sheet? Is it one of the penalties of precocious fame—this early closing of the doors of childhood?

It seems so. Looking back, one realises that the screen flappers of to-day were, only a year or two ago, joining the hands of erring parents, with all the angelic purity that golden ringlets and wide, innocent eyes, shedding glycerine tears, could suggest.

The long-protracted youth of the Infant Phenomenon, bright particular star of Vincent Crummles' travelling theatrical company in Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," has no parallel on the screen to-day. The movie child's life is almost as brief as the short-lived butterfly's. It basks in the sunshine of fan worship and public adulation for a short period then, unfortunately for parents and guardians, for whom it has proved a source of considerable profit, it begins to develop unmanageable arms and legs, and to lose the pudgy curves of babyhood that once were its most valuable stock-in-trade.

Scanning the lists of child actors employed by the foremost screen companies, one is struck by the number of newcomers amongst them. Gone are the baby graces of Jackie Coogan, killed by the relentless, inevitable stranglehold of incipient adolescence. He may win many fresh laurels for himself in more mature film rôles, but he can never bring back to life the captivating child who stole *The Kid* from Charlie Chaplin. Baby Peggy, tiny star of many a picture, has vanished completely from the silver sheet. The members of "Our Gang" that, no longer than a year ago, amused countless fans with their childish pranks, have just as suddenly "grown up," and their places have been taken by younger brothers and sisters who, in their turn, will be superseded by others in a few years time.

Perhaps some of the cleverest and most attractive present-day screen children are those who, although they contribute their share towards the success of many pictures, have never yet been starred in stories written specially for them. For few children can sustain a full length picture without losing that naturalness and lack of self consciousness that is the chief charm of childhood.

Philippe de Lacey, the ten-year-old actor, who fans will remember having seen recently in *Beau Geste* and *Don Juan*, is one of the best of America's boy actors. Born in Nancy, France, in 1917, he was first introduced to the screen by Mary Pickford when he was little more than a baby. *Half A Dollar Bill, Is Matrimony a Failure? Rosita, A Doll's House,* and *Without Benefit of Clergy* are amongst his earlier films. He also has a rôle in the Fox film, *Mother Macree,* and is playing the part of the prince, as a boy, in Ramon Novarro's *Old Heidelberg.*

Another youngster who stands out from the more ordinary "child appeal" with which most movies are garnished, is eight-year-old Frankie Darro. Like Jackie Coogan, he came to the screen from vaudeville, where, at the tender age of three, he did a two-minute dance act that finished in a triple head-spin. The production manager of Ince studios saw him from the front one night, and took an immediate fancy to him. The result was a screen test and an important rôle in *Judgment of the Storm. So Big, Half-a-Dollar, The Signal Tower,* and *Kiki* are some of his best films, and he has lately been scoring a great success in Westerns with Tom Tyler.

A small child who has recently been making a hit in Ideal comedies, is "Big Boy." His quaint get-up, of a very large black hat, big boots and very little else, makes him easily remembered, and his work itself is clever enough to deserve the starring contract with which Ideal comedies have presented him.

Then there is little Billy Kent

Schaeffer, a really delightful child, whose pranks as the *enfant terrible* in *The Home Maker* were as natural as they were amusing. He was the one bright spot in a very bad melodrama entitled *Lost at Sea*, and his work very definitely stands out from every picture in which he has appeared.

Rex Ingram paid a practical tribute to his abilities when he engaged him to play a small part in *The Magician*, which he was making in his studios at Nice.

Mickey's sister, Aggie, recently made her screen debut, with her brother, in *Second to None*, the English naval picture, showing considerable promise.

But on the screen the boys nearly always seem to score over the girls. Most of the really clever child actors in films to-day are boys. They seem less self-conscious than their sisters—more natural and less prone to that frightful commodity known to the Americans as "cuteness," that turns so many promising little people of the screen into simpering miniatures of their ingenue big sisters.

Quite a number of Hollywood's present day screen children are the sons and daughters of prominent actors, actresses and directors in the film colony. If heredity counts for anything, there should be quite a collection of talent in the new series of films being made by a woman director, featuring these youngsters. Little Bill Reid (Wallace Reid's young son), one of Pat O'Malley's four, red-haired daughters, Eric Von Stroheim's boy, and the small son of Jack Holt, are members of the cast.

It will be interesting to see how many of the screen children of to-day are destined to become adult stars of to-morrow. Will they continue to grow in fame or is theirs only a fleeting talent, dependent on the charm of babyhood to "get over" with the public?

Many of them will fade into insignificance almost at the outset of their careers—and few people will be sorry to see them go.

It is a treat to watch the few who can retain the natural "bloom" of childhood, under the withering glare of the Kleigs. These are the little people who stand the greatest chance of becoming as well known to the kinema audiences of to-morrow, as they are to those of to-day.

Left: Meet Big Boy, bright star of Ideal comedies. Below: We are inclined to agree with Frankie Darro, that a film career is a serious affair.

Buster, star of the Buster Brown comedies, is a child well known to most picturegoers — but Tige, the dog who co-stars with him, is perhaps the cleverer of the two.

Philippe de Lacey, right, makes up in experience what he lacks in years.

Two new child discoveries have been made by Universal during the filming of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Virginia Grey, who plays "little Eva," is the daughter of the wardrobe mistress at Universal City, and she makes her film debut in this picture. The rôle of "Topsy" is being taken by Mona Ray. She was seen by Harry Pollard, the director, doing a solo dance in a Los Angeles theatre. He was so struck with her performance that he took her to Universal City for a test, assuming that she was a professional, and it was not until the contract had been signed that he learned that even the dance was the first professional work she had done.

In the list of prominent screen children of the present day, there is a British boy actor who deserves special mention. Mickey Brantford's work in English films has always been consistently good.

RENÉE ADORÉE

Everyone knows how excellent this little lady was in "The Big Parade." Now she is being showered with well-earned bouquets for her work in "On Ze Boulevard" and "Mr. Wu." Last year it was rumoured that she was to wed Rudolf Friml, the famous composer, but up to now the happy day has not been announced.

JOHN BARRYMORE

"The Beloved Rogue" has never ceased to be surprised at his own success. His youthful ambitions were centred on drawing, but as this occupation did not yield him bread and butter, he reluctantly turned to the stage, and subsequently the screen. Now he is at the very pinnacle of the profession.

LILIAN OLDLAND

One of the finest answers to the absurd argument that Britain cannot find new stars. Miss Oldland, whose bright charm is essentially English, began two years ago, and is leading lady in several of our 1927 pictures—notably "The Flag Lieutenant." In private life she is Mrs. Reginald Denham.

WALTER BUTLER

In introducing the greatest discovery in British leading men since the war, we are handing information to producers as well as fans. Nothing but the parrot-cry for "someone with a name" is likely to delay Walter's recognition. He has just played opposite Betty Balfour in "Monkey Nuts."

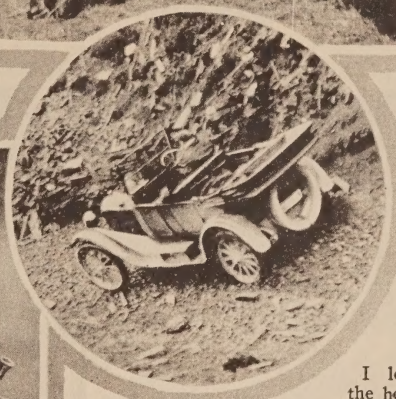
CLARA BOW

"That red-head gal" has as many successes to her name as suitors for her hand, and that's saying something! Her consistent good work has put her greatly in demand, some of her latest pictures being "Man-trap," "Children of Divorce," "Wings," and "It."

Shots from my Camera

by ARTHUR L. FISHER

¶One of England's foremost camera artists tells of the perils as well as the glamour of his craft.



Top: A veldt bag: the South African hartebeeste. Circle: Descending a one-in-two gradient in Wales. Right: Zambesi citizenesses.

I often wonder if an audience in luxurious seats ever gives a thought to the man who took the pictures being shown on the screen. Yet the work of the cameraman is, I suppose, quite as romantic as that of the stars. Certainly it is no less important.

During my association with the kinema for twenty odd years, I have shot a million feet of film, visited sixty different countries, and risked my life more times than I can remember.

My first trip abroad was to Mexico. Even before landing I had a taste of excitement. Shark fishing seems thrilling enough to anyone born and bred in London but when a huge albatross swoops on your bait as it reaches the water, and threshes the deck with mighty wings, twisting the iron railing and steel plates, then you feel that you have at last entered the land of adventure. It measured 18 feet across the wings!

I wanted to see the great oil fields. Setting off on my pony, I made off across the desert always keeping the six foot pipe, with its huge valves, in sight.

Thirty miles from the wells I came across a pony tied to a bush, and what appeared to be a camp. There was no one about, but after a search I found a man in a ghastly condition. Oil and earth caked his ragged clothes, and he could not speak. I led him to his camp and gave him a dose of morphia.

It was not until some time after that I learned the horrible explanation of the man's condition. He was a young engineer out from home, doing his first tour of inspection. Imagine his horror when, at the end of his day's work, he put his hand into a valve and felt it gripped by a human hand!

The gruesome find sent him "off his head" and he had been wandering about all night when I found him. The hand was that of a man who had fallen into a well and been drawn thirty miles along the pipe before sticking in the valve.

Hardly less terrible was the tale of a native who walked into a nest of tarantulas, the blood-sucking spiders, and they swarmed all over him. In his pain, he flung himself into a stagnant pool and, disappearing into its slimy depths, was never seen again.

On my return to the coast I saw one of the comic opera revolutions which have made Mexico famous. The Governor of the town invited me to a ball, and all went swimmingly until midnight, when, without warning, the ballroom was surrounded by armed men. They ordered the orchestra to play and gave the order to dance. They did not let us stop until six in the morning.

In the town, people were only just leaving the theatres and cafés. Armed men had held up all the places of

amusement and made the performers do their turns over and over again. Two boxers had been in the ring for six hours—a record which it would be difficult to beat, even in the annals of British prize fighting!

During my first filming expedition I usually met with hostility from natives who did not understand the kinema. In China it was as much as a man's life was worth to be seen taking a photograph, and those I secured were taken in disguise.

On one occasion I was nailed inside a large packing-case after having knocked the knots out of the wood. I was carried to the docks and from my cramped position shot some excellent pictures. But I was never quite sure whether the bribe I had given to the coolies was large enough, and knew that at any moment I might feel the lid being removed and a knife at my throat.

Probably my most exciting expedition was that of Captain Besly to discover the source of the Amazon. Eighteen of us left Lima in great spirits—five of us returned to civilisation.

Our way lay over the Andes, and we came across many Incas ruins. There is no doubt that many of the Eldorados still exist in Peru, but their value in modern money would probably be hardly worth the while of unearthing them.

Billy Merson was once a screen comedian, but has become comparatively camera shy.

This elephant charged the camera before a timely bullet curtailed his career.

On my recent visit to Palestine I was surprised to find there are still some who believe that when a place is photographed something is taken away, and that if it is "shot" often enough, it will disappear altogether! Some of the people also took the commandment, "Thou shalt not take unto thyself any graven image," to apply to photographs!

I was filming in Berlin a few years before the war when I was suddenly arrested. Through an interpreter I was told that it was illegal to photograph the police.

I offered to burn the offending film, and was promised that if I did so, I would be released. Suddenly I had a brain wave. These men knew nothing of cameras, and withdrawing the *unexposed* part of the film, I burnt it, with many crocodile's tears. The sequel came when I showed the real film to the Kaiser at a command performance at Potsdam, some years later!

We had to journey over the mountains on llamas and mules, for winter had set in and the railway was closed. At first we had great difficulty in obtaining food, for every village we entered appeared to be deserted. Then we learnt that we were supposed to be government officials come for a "round up," which appears to be the Peruvian method of obtaining revenue. Besly hit on the idea of pretending we *were* government officials, but that for a consideration in the way of food and drink we would wink our eyes and forget the round up. After that we had no difficulties with supplies!

When we reached the jungle belt the natives were very hostile and their wonderful "drum radio" enabled them to learn all about us, even when we were a hundred miles away. Several of our party were hit by their poisoned darts from long blow pipes, perfectly silent in action. At first the victim would take no notice of what he thought was merely a large thorn. But soon the wound would become painful and he had to drop out.

I think they all reached civilisation, but even the experts in hospital could not stay the course of the deadly poison, and three months after being hit, they were dead.

At last we reached our objective—six or seven little streams an inch wide—the source of the mighty Amazon, now seen, we believed, for the first time by white men. We followed the streams through wonderful country where everything was beautiful and deadly—stinging flies of gorgeous hues and poisonous plants of indescribable colours. Cholera reduced our number to ten, before the stream became big enough to build a raft and sail down with the current.

Then suddenly one morning disaster happened. We saw a huge waterfall a few yards ahead of us. There was no time to give a cry of warning or jump for safety—just a gasp and we were all struggling in the water. The raft overturned but somehow I got ashore. Crocodiles and the raging cur-

rent accounted for five of our party and only four others joined me. Every map, record and film we had was lost. We had the clothes we stood in and a small hatchet—that was all.

In the days before the Sahara had become popular with novelists and song writers, I nearly lost my life in the desert. With two friends, I was setting out to film big game in the heart of Africa, and crossing the Sahara on the way South was in the nature of a skirmish to get fit. We lost our caravan.

We had not a scrap of food and but a pint of water between us. Trying to find our bearings by the stars we rode on, but dawn arrived and we were still lost. I remember my acute agony after the last of the water had gone—bright lights danced before my eyes and a terrible thirst gripped my throat.

The condition of the dogs was even worse, and we had the horrible task of killing them. At sundown we shot our horses and sat down to wait the end. I remember shaking hands and dreaming of cool lakes and balmy breezes, and then I remembered no more until I found myself in camp. In the nick of time some Arabs had found us in a state of unconsciousness and had saved our lives!

Lack of space prevents me giving details of many big game hunts with the camera. On more than one occasion I sat through the heat of a tropical day in a "blind," built by a stinking water hole, "shooting" the animals as they came down to drink. I could not stand up and the flies made a banquet of my flesh. But I had my reward when I watched the queues waiting outside a London theatre to see my film.

On the first occasion I "shot" some elephants the sound of the camera made them bolt, leaving behind a youngster only thirty inches high. We coaxed and petted him and he became a pet. Affection was his worst fault for a boisterous welcome from a baby elephant is apt to result in painful bruises.

Soon after the war I filmed the destruction of the ammunition dumps in France. It was exciting work. Each shell had to be cut in two, the powder extracted, and the metal scrapped. The cutting took place in concrete buildings, built zig-zag fashion, like a trench, the operator of the machine watching through a periscope.

I had to stand in the danger zone, however, to get my pictures, and as one never quite knew when a shell would blow up, it was rather nerve-racking. I remember one night a stack of aerial torpedoes caught fire. For half an hour the Crystal Palace on a Thursday night seemed tame beside that display!

A bad experience was on board an oil tanker in Hull harbour, during the night of a raid. A Zeppelin evidently knew the nature of our cargo--3,000,000 gallons of oil—and for ten minutes she dropped bombs at us. One simply stood on deck and watched them sizzle into the water eighteen feet away, knowing that if the ship was hit, not only you, but the whole of Hull would be blown sky high!

Most of the adventures I have related have taken place in foreign countries—but it is not necessary to go abroad to meet adventure. A short while ago I was asked to film a reliability trial for a car. The course lay through Wales, and on the second day we went down a Roman "road" with a gradient of 1 in 2 and a right angle bend. Failure to take the bend would have landed us in a valley 1,500 feet below.

Other excitements I have had in England—filming hydraulic excavators at Greenwich, where one blow from the hose will kill a man—taking a film strapped to the front of an express engine.

It is true that you cannot go big game hunting in Scotland and polar exploring in Cornwall, but always, if only you will look for it, there is adventure waiting—the spice of life. It is only a matter of going round the corner.

Above: The Central African has a consummate respect for the camera.

Right: Maurice Moscovitch, the great actor, being filmed at home by the author for "Eve's Film Review."

A "Reel" Ghost Story

¶"The Return of Peter Grimm" gives a fine English actor his greatest part.

We doff our hats to Alec B. Francis as the lovable old philosopher

Alec B. Francis, the English screen veteran, has found at last what is perhaps the perfect rôle—that of a man, who, having passed beyond the grave, returns to repair the havoc he has wrought in the lives of those dearest to him. The rôle, in short, of "Peter Grimm," made famous on the American stage by David Warfield.

It is always a difficult thing to follow a famous person in a famous rôle, but even Mr. Warfield's most ardent admirers are satisfied to trust Mr. Francis with the screen version.

When he was selected, the English actor said:

"It makes me very happy. I have always been interested in psychic questions, in the development of that sixth sense we are all said to possess in a certain degree.

"The thing, however, that makes me even happier than the actual playing of Peter Grimm, is the fact that people feel it is right for me to play it. If the casting director had passed me by, I should naturally have been disappointed, but I think only momentarily, for I should have realised that it was not mine to play.

"You see," he explains, "I am something of a fatalist! In the last fifteen years I have learned not to be disappointed by the things that do not come my way!"

Alec Francis is not only a fatalist. He is a profound philosopher. Without health and without wealth, I venture to think that he would still be a happy man, tolerant and beloved by all. He knows what Life has done to him and to other people. He has distilled the very essence of experience, and as "Peter Grimm" he makes even Death seem like an open doorway, through which our liberated spirits escape to a larger freedom.

His constant delineation of charming, slightly humorous and benign old gentlemen has made Alec Francis a general favourite on the screen.

There is something about this grave and dignified Englishman that seems to make him ideally fitted to wear the cherished mantle of David Warfield. Not only does he appear as Peter Grimm, but he is also featured in the film version of that memorable Warfield play, *The Music Master,* and is likely to play the title rôle in *The Grand Old Army Man.*

The truth of it is, however, that although Alec Francis suggests the Patriarch, the peace and quiet content of venerable middle age, it is not so many years since he himself was leading a thrilling, adventurous life.

Born in England, he went to a monastery to become a monk. At the last moment, he changed his mind, enlisted in the Gloucester Regulars, and went from there to the stage.

In India he joined the Royal Horse Artillery. Later he returned to the stage in England. This was followed by a desire to see new countries, and he left for Canada to take up farming. When next Alec Francis fell a victim to the lure of the footlights, he was in Chicago.

Following a vaudeville sketch, for Jesse Lasky, he entered the films, and has been there ever since.

He no longer has any wish to appear in legitimate drama. In fact, he is greatly horrified at the type of play at present being produced. During a recent trip to New York, he didn't see one play which inspired in him any longing for the smell of the grease paints.

Alec Francis has never met David Warfield. He portrays the rôle as he feels it, and the result is very satisfying. The whole production has, indeed, been transferred by Victor Schertzinger to the silver sheet with rare finesse.

That it was difficult goes without saying, for there is a certain glamour to all the rôles of David Warfield. What he has played on the stage is peculiarly his own, and the public has been loath to accept other actors.

There are few instances on the stage where this faithful adherence has been so strongly marked. It is true, in a sense, of Maude Adams, whose public see in her the one and only "Babbie"—the ideal "Peter Pan."

Francis's characterisation is not essentially Warfieldian. After all, the section of theatregoers who have seen Warfield forms but a small minority of those who will view the picture. And those to whom the play is new will undoubtedly acclaim the motion picture "Peter" as one of the best pieces of acting the screen has ever seen.

Francis tempers the pathos of the rôle with just the right touch of whimsical humour . . . subtle, evasive, gently ironical.

The play as a whole, lends itself satisfactorily to the screen. Certain parts only referred to on the stage are gloriously real. The scenes, for instance, where "Peter" returns from the Great Beyond naturally adapt themselves admirably to camera treatment, and Glenn McWilliams, who is responsible for the photography, is heartily to be congratulated on some remarkable double-exposure "shots."

Peter is a wizard-worker with flowers, and a friend to all humanity. Into his home he has taken a girl (Janet Gaynor), a boy (Richard Walling), and a little waif.

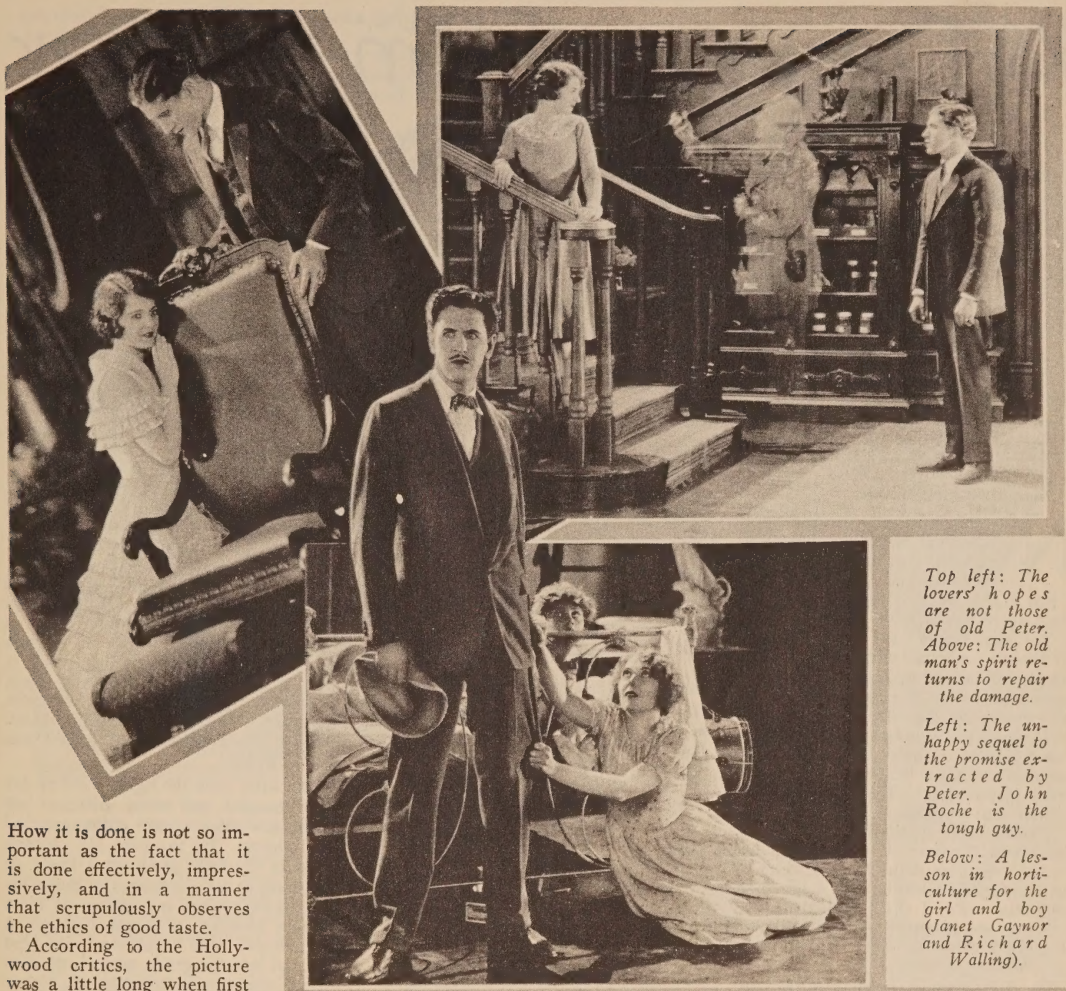
To these he has given the same loving care he lavished on his own nephew, Frederick (John Roche). It is his one wish in life that the girl, Margaret, should marry this nephew, in spite of the fact that she is obviously in love with James, the young boy.

To please the man who has been more than a father to her, Margaret gives her promise to wed Frederick.

After his death the spirit "Peter" returns to his old home. He sees the havoc he has wrought with a promise forced—that his own nephew is a worthless scamp who has never loved him.

From behind the veil that separates the living from the dead, "Peter" tries to right the wrong he has done.

Especially noteworthy is the camera work in this episode. It is uncanny, weird, yet never offensively ghostlike.



Top left: The lovers' hopes are not those of old Peter. Above: The old man's spirit returns to repair the damage.

Left: The unhappy sequel to the promise extracted by Peter. John Roche is the tough guy.

Below: A lesson in horticulture for the girl and boy (Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling).

How it is done is not so important as the fact that it is done effectively, impressively, and in a manner that scrupulously observes the ethics of good taste.

According to the Hollywood critics, the picture was a little long when first pre-viewed, and an anti-climatic ending detracted from the general dramatic effect. A re-adjustment has since been made to the closing love-scenes, after "Peter" has taken the pathetic, unwanted little waif and left for ever the sphere of the living, which served as the ending of the play.

Janet Gaynor as "Margaret," discloses a high degree of artistry in the taxing emotional scene at the death of "Peter." She is radiantly beautiful in the old-fashioned wedding-gown which she wears in the latter sequences of the picture.

Richard Walling, the boy lover, is ideally suited to his rôle and the tender passages between the two touch all the intolerant jealousies and deep affection of very young romance.

John Roche is a satisfactory heavy, and Elizabeth Patterson is seen as the garrulous wife of a henpecked parson.

Mickey McBan, as the little waif, John St. Polis, Lionel Belmore and Bodil Rosing are deserving of special mention, as also is "Hank," the dog, for his positively inspired behaviour in the extraordinary scenes where he senses the shadowy unseen presence of his master.

K. U.

A Day as a Film Super

IRIS N. CARPENTER

The way of the studio extra is hard, and the path to screen fame one of the rockiest, in spite of the glamour.

One day of superdom was enough for the writer, a London journalist.

Next time anyone tells you you want brains and beauty to make good upon the silver sheet — don't believe them! "For it's nothing of the sort. No, it's nothing of the sort"—as they sing in "Our Miss Gibbs" (and other things). Influence, infinite patience, and the ability to wear make-up charmingly under any and all conditions are the things which really count.

I found this out at Twickenham, when I worked there for a day as a super. Of these three make-up is the most important. The man who invented that priceless slogan about keeping the schoolgirl complexion must have been brought up in a film studio.

Remembrance is the name of the film in which I made my screen debut. An apt title. For I shall be likely to remember it—all my life! Never have I worked so hard, never have I spent a more uncomfortable day!

Dear reader—if you have at any time during your life longed to be a film star, go, I beg of you, to the nearest agent and ask him to let you work in a crowd for just one day. Meet the dozens of really handsome men and lovely women who have been struggling for years to work their way out of the crowd to the realms of coveted small parts—ekeing out a miserable existence on a pound a day minus agent's fees, lunches and fares; getting only one day's work perhaps in every three weeks. After you have met them, take your place under the arc lights, experience the novelty of becoming a piece of human clay infinitely more insignificant than the painted scenery of the set—then go home and be thankful that you're a typist or a clerk!

I always had a hazy idea that film studios were romantic places. They're not. They're dismal, none too warm, vast, and very ugly. I don't mean this to be in any way derogatory to the average British Film Studio, but it is obvious that a place where men are toiling day and night to build and tear down sets, where electric light cables stray over the floor in wildest confusion, where rain and snow effects, slum and cabaret scenes all come in the day's work, can scarcely be expected to be famed for its internal decorations.

Still, enough of generalising. I started this article with the idea of describing exactly what a day's work in a film studio is like.

I received my call at 9.30, and was ushered upstairs into a tiny room where sixteen or seventeen girls were busily making up. I, in my inexperience, had omitted to bring grease paint, so had to face the ignominy of confessing that I was a greenhorn by borrowing some. A girl asked me if I wanted No. 5 for my face, red or green for above the eyes and No. 9 for the lips. I said "yes, that would do," without the least idea what the numbers represented, and set to work.

In making up for the screen it seems you must cover up every vestige of colour. Colour photographs dark and gives a deathshead appearance to the face. I covered my face with yellow paint, worked an artistic design in red, black, and green around my eyes, powdered, and sallied down on the set hoping for the best.

We were shooting Armistice Day celebrations in 1922. Eight girls were picked out to sell poppies, the rest were ranged round various tables in a restaurant to buy them and look as though they were enjoying an attractive lunch. I looked at the menu, and began to feel hungry.

Mr. Bert Wynne (who is producing the film on behalf of the British Legion), started to rehearse the poppy ladies, while the rest of the crowd amused themselves by staring at one another and exchanging remarks about people's make-up and clothes. With the lights up our complexions looked perfectly natural, and I wondered idly where I had heard of the queer effects of the studio lights on various colours.

Suddenly the bright lights faded. the restaurant became a place of green and purple light—unreal, uncanny, like a scene in a nightmare! A woman who had been garbed in blue, was a vision in purple—the scarlet poppies of remembrance which everyone wore were black! Something was sticking to the grease paint on my lips so I took out a mirror to see what it was. To my horror a perfectly black tongue shot out between yellow teeth. My hair, which is of the colour which gentlemen are supposed to prefer was bright green!

Time after time the lights went up for rehearsal and were switched off again for some minor adjustment of the lighting. By the time Mr. Wynne (who is the only producer I know in this country who manages to make his players hear what is required of them without howling at them through a megaphone) said "camera," the red had run into the green around my eyes and I was too bored even to bother about it!

At one o'clock lunch was called. A rush was made into the tiny restaurant (courtesy title!) and everyone partook as heartily as the portions would allow, of steak pie and stewed fruit with custard.

Afterwards a man was picked from the crowd to auction a bunch of poppies in the theatre. He had to persuade a poppy girl to stand upon a chair and explain that he wanted to sell the poppies to the highest bidder. Incredible as it seems he could not do this. He got up, again and again, nervously, boldly, brazenly, and time after time lost his nerve when the crowd began to make their bids.

After three quarters of an hour he managed to sell them to Mr. Wynne's satisfaction and the cameras were shifted to a coffee stall on the Embankment, where a group of drunks (conscripted from the ranks of electricians within the studio) were celebrating Armistice Night with coffee in a way

calculated to raise Cain in the heart of a stolid looking London policeman.

Everyone was then ordered upstairs to change into evening dress for the Grand Armistice Night Ball which is to be one of the highlights of the picture.

There was not time to make up again—hence my reference at the beginning of this article to the advisability of being able to wear one's make-up well.

Tea was served to those who could spare time from their dressing to take it, then stentorian voices began to shout "All on the set, please!"

Alf Goddard, Hayford Hobbs and Rex Davis in a shell-hole.

The extras are supplied with their trays of black poppies.

It was the restaurant scene again, but in order to give it a semblance of greater festivity flowers had been put on the tables and balloons filled with hydrogen floated gracefully from the roof.

While the lights were being adjusted, Mr. Wynne gave me a rough outline of the story of the film. It concerns three soldiers who give unflinchingly to their country in the time of the Great Struggle and then find themselves "down on their luck." The British Legion steps in to help them. There is romance in the film, a generous leavening of that intangible quality called human interest, and plenty of war stuff.

The battle scenes shot in the studio, in fact, were so realistic that Mr. Wynne actually got injuncted by the indignant inhabitants of Richmond for making too much noise! The stars are The Prince of Wales, Captain Rex Davis, Enid Stamp Taylor and Hayford Hobbs (to say nothing, of course, of myself!)

It was six before we finally started work on the Armistice dance. This was screen work at its best—a good band, pretty settings, a nice floor for dancing, no instructions save "Look happy and enjoy yourselves."—No one appeared to be enjoying themselves, however. The smiles were superficial and weary sighs were heard as time after time "just once more, please, ladies and gentlemen," came from the producer instead of the longed for "Camera."

Smiling to order and all set for the camera. A group of "Remembrance" supers.

I gave up at seven-thirty—with a splitting headache, sore eyes, and shattered illusions.

The others went on I understand (for half a day's extra pay), until eleven.

Verily the ways of Superdom are hard!

I am sorry to dispel any of the glamour which arises from the Press's habit of suggesting that film acting is delightful and lucrative. Actually it is arduous and—to the beginner—utterly disheartening; only sublime faith in one's self—and means of subsistence from another source—can keep you going.

It's an Epidemic!

¶*Hollywood is in the fell grip of the Dance of the Fourth Dimension.*

When the Black Bottom begins, the Ritz revellers have nothing on Cecil Holland and Polly Moran.

Above is Pauline Starke having a lesson from Frank Farnum. How thin is the line that divides Terpsichore from geometry!

Monty Banks and the home bevy show how to get oscillation without radio.

Bessie Love acquires a step or two from Flynn O'Malley, famous teacher of "Los."

Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are noted dance-trophy lifters.

Norman Kerry and Marceline Day getting the first reel into shape.

Norma Shearer and her director, Monta Bell, apparently prove the rumour that Hollywood doesn't care what it uses in the way of extra footage.

On Location in Australia

By KATHLEEN USSHER

Top Left: The convict hero, is played by George Leslie, a British actor "down under." Top right: The tea party espies something strange at sea.

Left: The prison governor confers with his daughter, played by Eva Novak.

¶*"The Covered Wagon" is presented with a formidable rival in "For the Term of His Natural Life."*

For the first time an epic of far-away Australia is being presented to the larger public of the film world in a manner in keeping with the spacious nature of the theme, and on a scale of lavishness that will rival even *The Covered Wagon* and *The Iron Horse,* both pictures of a colourful period in Colonial history, and typical of the restless adventurous spirit that has developed the waste spaces of the earth.

For the Term of His Natural Life, Marcus Clarke's vivid and powerful romance of a bygone day, tells of the conviction in the eighteen-thirties of an innocent man, his life-sentence and transportation to the (then) penal settlement of Australia, with all the accompanying horrors of the chain-gang, the cat-o'-nine-tails, the escape into the trackless wilderness—thirst, deprivation, starvation and despair.

"Rufus Dawes"—alias "Richard Devine," scion of a noble race, as the good old "yellow-backs" would say—is unceremoniously thrust among the verminous riff-raff of a convict-ship, the human refuse of a great city, gamins and gutter-snipes, roughs and rowdies, cut-throats and card-sharpers.

This Australian film-drama is not only the most pretentious production that has ever been made in the Antipodes, but a gigantic attempt to seize the "high-spots" of Colonial conquest, and confine them within the two-dimensional limits of the screen—to make, while still possible, in its original locale, a concrete and lasting piece of film literature, depicting the desperately sordid conditions out of which arose, Phœnix-like and triumphant, a freedom-loving people.

Incidentally, the novel—which has been translated into twelve different languages—has been prepared for the celluloid by the daughter of the author, Marion Marcus Clarke, who also plays the part of "Lady Devine" in the picture. She is well known on the American stage, one of her most successful rôles being the missionary's wife in "Rain," which she played for forty weeks.

Miss Clarke travelled with the company to Port Arthur, Tasmania, and describes how people from the neighbouring districts came in their private cars and remained all day to watch the actors in their clothes of one hundred years ago.

"Obtaining the correct period furniture and the old-fashioned costumes," she says, "was an occupation in itself. When I was in despair, and almost giving up hope of getting some special material I needed, a miracle would happen, and I would stumble on some marvellous find. For instance, someone loaned us a wonderful frock of sea-green taffeta, actually made in

1865, in the fashion of the 'forties. The silk in it is as sound as a new material, and of much better quality than those of to-day. Katharine Dawn wears it as "Mrs. Vickers," with a quaint little bonnet shaped like a shovel."

Eva Novak—vivacious little heroine of many "Westerns"—enjoys the rare experience of starring in this Australian period play, in the rôle of "Sylvia Vickers," daughter of the prison governor.

Below: A tense moment is shared by the convicts and the governor's daughter.

Sylvia Vickers is the one gleam of brightness in the prison camp.

Right: Sylvia is well aware of the burning glance of Rufus Dawes.

George Fisher, the English star, has a powerful rôle as "Rufus Dawes," the alleged convict. He has played lead with many of Hollywood's younger screen celebrities, notably Constance Talmadge and Laura La Plante, and has also appeared on the legitimate stage opposite Katharine MacDowell, the brilliant Canadian actress.

"Sets" of great magnitude were constructed at Sydney, at the Bondi studio, not the least remarkable being an exact replica of the prison hospital, dormitory and workshop, the interior of Mr. North's house at Norfolk Island, and the punishment mill to which the hardened offenders were chained.

Many of the scenes called for feats of great endurance on the part of the players, as, for instance, at "The Blow Hole"—a passage-way cut through the solid rock and opening out into the shape of a basin, through which the sea rushes at frantic speed, dashing itself angrily against the rocks with a terrific and deafening roar. A gale is blowing, and the wind is bleak and cold. The camera is placed on a ledge of rock that commands a view of the "action" and the full fury of the waves beyond.

George Fisher, as "Rufus Dawes," strips to the skin, dons a convict suit of sacking, and takes his place at the foot of the spray-beleaguered rocks, round which he must make his daring bid for freedom. Director Dawn stands by the camera, megaphone to mouth, waiting for the sun to come out from behind a cloud. Suddenly he shouts, "Get ready, George, look desperate. Look desperate, George! Come on, camera! Steady, wait for that wave, hold it, George! HOLD IT!"

So Fisher "holds it," while a heavy wave sweeps across and drenches him from head to foot. But, too late. The sun slips back and reduces the light. So the scene is re-taken. This time the wave is late in coming. A third shot is tried, and something else falls short of expectations. Altogether eight shots are taken before Dawn succeeds in getting exactly what he wants, and "Rufus Dawes" crawls out of "The Blow Hole," a forlorn and dripping figure.

The extra's life isn't such a happy one, either, particularly when it calls for a dozen men, made up as convicts, to make an escape that plunges them waist-deep through half a mile of mangrove swamp at the end of a bitterly cold Tasmanian winter.

The technical department re-constructed the old convict tramway, in which "Captain Frere" is seen traveling with "Sylvia Vickers" and "Captain Burgess," in the picturesque costumes of the period.

Director Dawn has taken the fullest advantage of the glorious scenery afforded by the island state, and, scenically speaking, *For the Term of His Natural Life* should prove the biggest advertisement to tourists that Tasmania has ever had.

The film exposed at Port Arthur was assembled and brought to the mainland to be developed in the studio laboratory, where all the threads of human endeavour were woven together to spin for innumerable film fans this great Australian Odyssey.

My Lady's Handbag

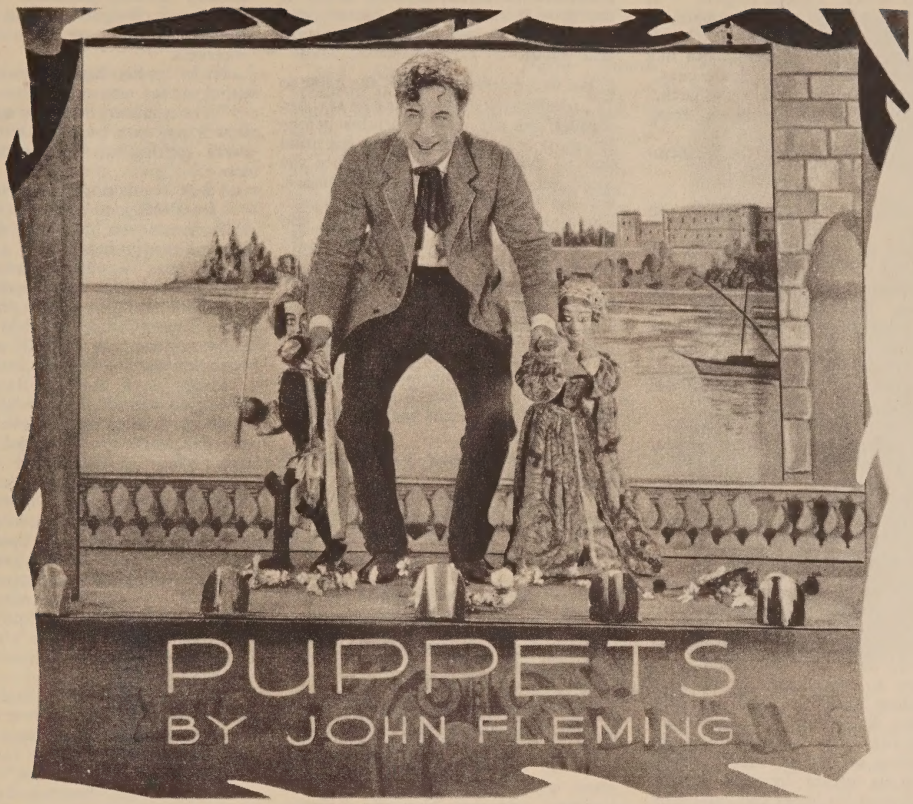
Since London taxicab fares have been reduced, woman's burden has grown.

Above: Barbara Worth's handbag is designed to match her gown. The latter is of silk in bois de rose; the bag is made up of the same material, but flaunting a smart calf-skin trimming.

Left: Louise Lorraine favours effects of a more decorative order. This bag is a particularly attractive one worked in coloured beads.

Above: The exotic Myrna Loy makes a speciality of matching the various articles of her wardrobe. Here she displays both hat and bag of navy blue quilted taffeta with identical white motif of the same material.

Left: One cannot keep Pauline Starke out of a fashion page, for she invariably appears with the latest Parisian designs. Her bag is made up of fancy strips of leather in three shades of brown.



PUPPETS

BY JOHN FLEMING

¶An episode of War's aftermath transferred to the silver sheet.

Far down on the East side in New York's Bowery stood Riccoboni's Puppet Theatre. Once upon a time it had been a shop, and the front of it was still a shop-front, converted. They charged only a cent or two for admission, and all its clients were, like its proprietor and its staff, Italians. Saturday night was the great night in its week. It made a living for the little company that ran it; but there were better livings.

Idle people used to wonder, sometimes, how it would get on without Nicki Riccoboni, its founder. Half of the audience used to go to see Nicki himself. There was something about Nicki—some force, strength, personality—that made one notice him, listen to him, admire him.

He was not always seen; his actors were only of wood and rag; but when he came before the curtain to make a speech, or before the theatre itself to make an appeal, his very bearing could bring romance into drab lives. In his small way, Nicki was a hero to the people of the lower East Side.

Shopgirls would save up their pence from Monday to Friday and seek relief from reality on Saturday afternoons; for most of his little plays Nicki wrote himself; and he had a viewpoint of his own, his particular way of tackling the problems of grey existence. For all its rags and sticks, and its cheap, hard chairs, Riccoboni's Puppet Show was an enchanted palace to many.

CHARACTERS:

Nicki	Milton Sills
Angela	Gertrude Olmsted
Bruno	Francis McDonald
Rosa	Mathilde Comont
Frank	Lucien Prival
Sandro	William Ricciardi
Joe	Nick Thompson

Narrated by permission from the First National film of the same name.

And to none more than Angela, the little Italian girl from the drug-store round the corner. She counted first the days and then the hours to the time when she could buy her two-cent chair in the Puppet Show and escape for a little while from the back-counter duties that were daily becoming more tedious and oppressive. She took a two-cent chair because she could not afford the luxury of a four-cent chair down near the front, and so retiring was she in manner that it is likely Nicki would never have noticed her at all but for the fact that she came so often.

One day he spoke to her.

"You come very often to our little show," he said.

"Yes," said Angela, who could think of nothing better to say.

"Some people come only once," said Nicki.

"They do not love the show as I do," said the girl.

"You are a regular client," said Nicki. "I think it is for such as you that I run the show. After to-night you will sit in the front seats."

It was characteristic of the man that he did not invite her to the best seats. He commanded her. He told her. He did not so much confer a favour as issue an order. And when next Angela visited the tiny theatre and had a seat down next the footlights she knew that she would not have dared to refuse even had she so wished.

That night, after the show, Nicki spoke to her again.

"You liked the show better to-night?" he asked.

"I saw better," replied Angela. "It is very kind of you, Mr. Riccoboni, to offer me this seat. But even if I had to stand at the back I would still like your show just as well. Sometimes," she added, "I have stood at the back."

He looked at her with a fresh interest.

"You must like our little performances very much."

"I do."

She hesitated and then went on suddenly:

"I have no friends in New York, you see. I have to make-believe. I make believe that the funny little characters in your plays are my friends. Afterwards, when I get home to my room, I go over their adventures and imagine myself in their places. I do not know what I would do if I had not your theatre to come to."

The theatre was emptied now, save for the pianist, Frank, and Bruno, Nicki's cousin, who set the scenes and managed the stage. The little place was half-lit and very quiet. Bruno was setting the stage for the next show. Nicki motioned Angela to a chair.

"Sit down," he said; and when she sat, "tell me about yourself."

She had to, such was the way of the man. It was entirely unemotional. She would have said as much to a doctor, or a lawyer, to any demi-god higher than herself. She told him about the drug-store and her cheap lodgings, her hopes and ambitions and how nothing seemed to come of them. And then he unbent from his heights and told her of his hopes and ambitions, and how he intended that much *should* come of them. And finally, to his own astonishment, he escorted her as far as the drug-store round the corner, and Frank and Bruno had something to talk about.

One day, so unexpectedly, she came to a mid-week matinée, and he saw her through the slit in the curtains before the show began. He made up his mind that he would intercept her before she could get away after the performance, but she seemed in no hurry to depart. She seemed to be waiting for him, and he thought she looked troubled. He asked her why.

"I have left the drug-store," she said.

"You did not like it?"

"I had to tolerate it," she replied. "It was the only work I could get. But the old man who ran it would not tolerate me. He was a beast. This morning he dismissed me."

Nicki frowned.

"I will see him, and if he is not reasonable——"

"You are very kind," said Angela, "but really it would do no good. I could not go back now. I came to see if——"

"Yes?"

"I wondered if you could find me something to do here?"

"Of course I can." And then as a characteristic afterthought: "What can you do?"

"I will do anything."

"Of course you will," said Nicki. "I engage you. Now. But what *can* you do?"

"I do not know what you would want me to do. But——" Angela hesitated and then plunged: "Sometimes there are waits between the little pieces that you do—intervals while the scenery is being prepared. I can sing a little. I thought it would be a good idea if you let me sing during the intervals."

Nicki in his big way made up his mind on the moment.

"You shall do that," he said. "And I will pay you twice as much as you were getting at the horrible drug-store."

"But if you can't afford it?"

"It will be good business. People will talk about you. It will bring new crowds to the theatre."

And so, on the next afternoon, Angela made her first appearance before the footlights of the little Riccoboni Theatre, and, as Nicki had said, it was something to talk about, and new crowds came to the little show.

Happy days, those. Back in 1914 all days were happy, or so it seems looking back from now. Rosa, the fat woman who looked after the box office and repaired the little wooden actors' clothes when the show was closed, was like a mother to the company, and to Angela in particular. She never neglected an oportunity of telling the girl of Nicki's greatness, or of recounting Angela's many charms to Nicki. So that it was not surprising that before very long the proprietor of the theatre and the show's newest attraction were very much in love with each other.

"You will marry me," said Nicki one day; and for long afterwards Angela used to wonder if this were exactly a proposal or not.

"You will marry me," he said, "next year, and then together we will make Riccoboni's Theatre the greatest show of its kind in the world. With you to help me I could do wonders. We will make the big managers notice us, and perhaps one day we will get into Broadway! Who can say? Oh, my little Angela, I can see wonderful times ahead of us."

Nicki is kept a prisoner in the Austrian camp.

Poor Nicki! Like so many of us, back in that fateful year, he could see wonderful times ahead. What he could not see was cold reality—the Black Spectre that dragged its wings across Europe and trailed after it even the little forgotten sons of Italy in far-away New York's dingy East Side. One day he found his plans all topsy-turvy, and at some other touch than his.

"To-morrow," he had to tell her, "I sail for Italy, and the Austrian Front. I may be away a long, long time. You will love me all that time, Angela?"

"I will love you for ever," she answered.

"And you still want to marry me?"

"You know I do."

"Then you shall marry me now! I have seen the priest in the next square and he will be ready for the

ceremony. Come, let us tell the others, and Bruno shall prepare the feast while we go round and see the priest!"

For all the shadow that the Black Spectre cast across the world, it was a jolly gathering. Frank played the Wedding March, and everybody made a point of calling Angela "Mrs. Riccoboni." Everybody laughed, and sternly refused to think of the tears that might be ahead. The feast that Bruno had prepared surpassed all expectations, and Rosa surprised everybody by singing a comic song and doing a little dance.

When the meal was over Nicki rose abruptly and took a long knife from his belt. He flung it across the stage and it stuck, quivering, in the opposite wall.

"I go," he said, "but that stays here. I shall return. See to it that when I return I shall not have need to use the knife! Angela I leave in your care. See to it that her heart is whole when I come back. Then the knife shall return to my belt unstained."

He waved them away and, alone on the stage, husband and wife fell into each others arms and kissed each other passionately.

"You will come back?" she whispered.

"The thought of you will be a charm to keep me unharmed," said Nicki.

'14, '15, '16, '17. . . Grey years of laughless work. Grey hours of waiting for the lagging postman, for the few scraps that were all Nicki could write. Somehow the little Riccoboni Theatre managed to keep on. Times were lean, but body and soul remained together. Those who had said that the show could never run without its showman, confessed now that it was only the showman's wife who kept things together. She was a connecting link. Bruno ran the puppets themselves, but he was no Nicki. Still, everybody did their best, and though the years went by slowly they found the flag still flying.

'18 . . .

The last year of the war, and the first strange silence. Came a day when the postman passed. And the day passed into a week, and the week into a month, and then from Angela's heart hope departed.

"He is dead!" she said. "I know it! I know it! He is killed on the battlefield, and I shall never see him again."

"Bear up!" said Frank the pianist. "No news is good news, you know, Angela."

"There is no good news for me," she sobbed.

One day they came to the theatre and found Bruno, very quiet and downcast, standing alone in the centre of the stage. In his hand was an ominous buff paper. They did not have to ask him what it was.

"You have heard at last?" said Rosa.

"He died on the third of January," replied Bruno with a shake of the head.

And Angela sat suddenly in the very front chair that Nicki so long ago had given her and burst into bitter weeping.

Grey as the past few years had been, they seemed desirable now by contrast. For a few days nothing at all was done. Life seemed to go like a river, carrying the little company on its surface, without will or purpose or feeling of any kind. And then, at last, Angela was aware of Bruno's sympathy.

It was Bruno who was always by her side to carry out her wishes; Bruno who was quick to recall Nicki's kindnesses, his hopes and his plans; and before very long Bruno it was who was seen slowly to be taking Nicki's place.

"He was my cousin," he would say. "I see with his eyes, think with his brain, love with his heart."

"You are very, very kind," said Angela.

But old Rosa would only shake her head.

"He cannot even talk with Nicki's tongue! Poor girl! Losing the substance, she thinks she can love the sadow! She cares for a reflection, because it is the nearest thing to what she lost. 'Tis a thousand pities Nicki was taken. She suffers. We all suffer. Nothing is the same. The business—how it falls off! There was only one Riccoboni!"

The hopeful year of 1918 drifted slowly along. Summer followed spring, and the hearts of the little company took on a measure of the sunshine from the outer world. Though Nicki could never be forgotten, the pain of the first shock was dulling somewhat, and for Angela there was always Bruno by her side to comfort her and help her dream of happy days to come.

"If you will marry me. . . ." he hinted.

"But Nicki is so recently dead! It would not be seemly. We must wait," she counselled him. "I loved him so dearly. You are kind to me, Bruno—nobody kinder; but I cannot forget his love."

Each day at noon they used to go down to the show for rehearsal. It was a half-hearted affair in these days. They hung about the stage and let things take their course. No longer was anybody eager to have first place, to suggest little alterations that would give new attractions to the entertainment. It was drab work, and they took no pains to disguise the fact. Even the end of the war, and the returning troops could not inspire them. Something was gone for ever. November was a date in history to them, not a milestone in their own careers.

One day they went down to the noon rehearsal. Rumours of the coming break-up of the Riccoboni company found some justification. Bruno sat about the stage at Angela's side. Frank was playing music that had nothing to do with the show, just for the sake of passing (or killing) time. Rosa was sitting upstage, a still needle in one hand, staring across the empty theatre and seeing nothing.

The dramatic return of the owner of Riccoboni's Puppet Theatre.

Suddenly the far door opened and a man was silhouetted against the sunlight of the street beyond. Rosa's unseeing eyes saw at last and she leapt to her feet with a startled cry.

"Nicki!"

Nicki it was. Angela, pale to the lips, ran down to the footlights. Frank stopped his strumming and rose. Bruno came forward, frowning, his fists opening and closing.

Nicki came down the centre aisle. There was something rather strange in his manner. All of them noticed it, though what it might be they could not say. When he reached the platform he looked up at them and began to talk.

"What did you think had become of me? Did you think I was dead when I stopped writing? I was taken a prisoner by the Austrians. I have been in an Austrian prison camp for nearly a year. I only came back this morning."

They weren't questions so much as statements, and he appeared to have no interest in the answers. He climbed on the stage and took Angela in his arms, kissing her. Bruno fell back upstage.

"We—heard you were dead," said Angela. "It was a mistake."

He said nothing, but turned away, looking up the stage and out across the dingy auditorium. Frank guessed what he was thinking.

"Business has been bad, Nicki," he said.

And Nicki asked a surprising question.

"How has business been?" he asked. "Not too good, I suppose."

They stared at him. He seemed so strange. Frank, who could not understand, said:

"But it will brighten now that you are back."

Nicki vacantly looked from the empty auditorium to the rest of the company. He seemed to have an idea.

"Now that I am back business will brighten," he said.

Was he mad? Rosa thought. And then Frank got an inkling of the truth. He stepped up behind Nicki, a yard behind him, but where he could not be seen.

"Nicki!" he whispered.

The others were watching, but Nicki took no notice. Frank, his eyes starting out of his head, raised his voice.

"Nicki!"

Still Nicki took no notice and suddenly Frank wheeled round.

"He's deaf—stone deaf! He cannot hear us! That is—the war!"

It was true. He could hear nothing. For nearly a year he had heard nothing. He told them his story in full, and what they had to say had to be said on scraps of paper. A sudden sympathy, not only for Nicki but for Angela, swept over Rosa and the little pianist. Ahead loomed eyars of silence, and the prospect was terrifying.

"You must go with me at once!" whispered Bruno to Angela. "This is no life for you. It would be a nightmare. I love you, and you love me. Come, my Angela!"

Frank heard and thought rapidly. That official message that had told of Nicki's death—the message that Bruno had held! A fake? Yes, and a fake of Bruno's, that he might steal his cousin's wife! Frank grabbed a piece of paper and hastily scribbled an outline of the truth. While Bruno, in a dark corner of the stage was still urging Angela to go away with him at once, the pianist shuffled to his chief's side and thrust the paper into his hand.

Nicki read it through twice, looking puzzled; then turned and watched Bruno at his pleading. Still he could not believe, and he was on the point of dismissing Frank as a mischief-maker. Slowly he strode into the wings and held the paper before Bruno's face.

"Of course, cousin," he said, "this is all lies?"

Bruno read the note, saw that time for action had come, threw Frank a glance of hate and then struck a savage blow at Nicki and took up his stand in front of Angela.

It was an unexpected blow, so unexpected that Nicki tottered and fell and falling struck his head on a corner of the scenery. The result was dramatic enough to startle everybody there. Nicki sprang to his feet, holding his head and shouting:

"I can hear! I can hear! My hearing is restored to me! Oh, Bruno, you do not realise what you have done for me."

He advanced on his cousin and stood glaring down on him a yard away.

Nicki cannot believe that he was on the point of being betrayed.

"You do not believe me? Then I tell you I hear you whispering to my wife to come away with you. Traitor! She shall come away with—whichever of us survives!"

Angela screamed, Frank closed in, and Rosa retreated upstage. Suddenly Nicki flung out a terrible finger and pointed to something high on the wall.

"You have forgotten that?"

Indeed they had forgotten it, in the years that had passed. It was his knife, dusty and forlorn. But with a flying leap he snatched at the thing and cast it to the floor between them.

"Come!" he cried. "Draw lots with me, Bruno, my good cousin, and the winner shall plunge this knife into the heart of the loser. The winner shall win not only the love of my wife, he shall win life itself!"

There was something in his eyes that forbade argument. Angela knew. If she was to avert tragedy she must move quickly. She swung round, kicked over an oil lamp, crashed it full into a pile of scenery. Nicki won the draw, but before he could stoop to take up the knife, the stage was alight and Angela, with a wild shriek, had tottered senseless into the auditorium.

"Fire!" cried Rosa, dragging Frank out through the stage door.

Bruno hesitated, half-turned, and came in the way of some falling scenery. Nicki did not see. He was over the footlights and stooping to raise Angela. All the stage was by now blotted out, and the theatre itself was filling with smoke. Nicki took Angela in his arms and gave a last look round the place. He could see nobody. He began to blunder his way towards the main entrance, kicking the chairs aside as he went.

He was half way to the door, and the flames were licking behind him. He could only just see, but what he saw made his heart pound and his temples throb. Angela opened her eyes, smiled, raised herself in his arms and kissed him. Then she swooned once more. A cheer arose when the great Riccoboni himself was seen carrying his wife through the flames. He set her down at a little distance, and the cool air revived her.

"Nicki!" she whispered.

"My own darling!" cried Nicki. "I—oh, how I wondered!"

"I love only you!"

"I know now—yes, I know!"

Rosa and Frank came out of the mouth of an alley leading from the back of the stage, and seeing the crowd ran to Nicki's side.

"You are all safe?" asked Frank. "Thank God!"

"Bruno has saved himself, I imagine, said Nicki.

"But did he not come your way?"

"No."

"He is not with us," said Frank. "Then he must be still in the theatre!"

Angela clung wildly to Nicki.

"You must save him! He is your cousin. Oh, you must! For my sake."

Nicki did not speak. He turned and plunged back into the burning building. Presently he was seen emerging with the drooping form of Bruno in his arms. He set his cousin down on the path and fanned his face. Bruno's eyes opened, and he looked into those of Nicki.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Where do you go?" asked Nicki.

"To Italy," said Bruno.

"It is good," said Nicki. And he turned and took his wife in his arms.

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Keep your complexion dainty and fresh during the hot days to come. Scorching sun plays havoc with tender skins and the flying dust from sun-baked roads coarsens the skin. Obviate this by using these two Beauty Creams. "4711" Cold Cream, and "4711" Vanishing Cream.

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"4711" Vanishing Cream is sold in tubes, 1/-, and pots 2/- each.

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No.4711. Vanishing Cream & Cold Cream

Louise Stars Herself

¶If blondes are preferred, then we are no gentleman when Miss Brooks is visible.

Kansas City is the setting of much of Theodore Dreiser's sordid novel "An American Tragedy." As a set-off, it is the birthplace of Louise Brooks.

Louise Brooks has personality. Also, she has "it"—whatever that is.

In fact, these two qualities are so marked in her that no other star can outshine her in the same picture. Even if she does not overshadow her fellow players, she is toeing the line with them.

Young men's allegiance to their sweethearts wavers. Married men realise, if never before, that their marriage was a woeful mistake.

It has been so from the very beginning of her career. Unconsciously, she has demanded attention at every stage of it. Originally she was a member of a dancing troupe, and of all the kicks therein hers was the highest and neatest.

George White spotted her when she was playing in Broadway and at once engaged her to appear in "Scandals."

Here, as usual, all eyes were focussed on the beauty and lithe grace of Louise, and soon Mr. Ziegfeld had her scheduled for his Follies.

The "Follies" were not to be so honoured for long. Paramount lured her away to grace *The Street of Forgotten Men.*

Top left: If this is "The Old Army Game," we'd like to play it, too. Top right: "The American Venus" with Ford Sterling. Circle: "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." "Never!" says Larry Grey. Left: Pity the poor blonde!

Since this, her first appearance on the silver sheet, Louise Brooks has been a lady of note. In dark halls, men have muttered and wondered. Who is this monotony-killer—this provocative eyeful?

She walked away with *The American Venus*—Fay Lamphier in the title rôle, although renowned for her beauty, was totally eclipsed by this dark young Diana, as "Miss Bayport."

Although it cannot be denied that Louise is essentially the vamp, she does not specialise in "come hither" stuff. She is extraordinarily vital and alive. The sheer, sharp grace of face and figure, the very chic of her bob, combine to draw struggling heroes into her net.

Louise adopts a new pose and haircut in her latest picture, *Evening Clothes,* as a sweet and dignified *ingénue.* Needless to say, however, no outward guise can cloud the element which radiates from every gesture of her hands, with every lift of her lashes.

What's that? Oh, yes, she's married all right—to Eddie Sutherland, the producer.

D. A. W.

"Getting stronger & stronger on 'Ovaltine'"

Leslie Henson

Mr. Leslie Henson sends us this characteristic letter:—

"A Loaf of Bread,
Some 'Ovaltine,'
And Thou
Sitting beside me in the Circle (Dress)
At Drury Lane were Paradise enow.

Yours, getting stronger and stronger on Ovaltine.'"

Mr. Henson's work is most strenuous and exacting, and he has proved the supreme merits of "Ovaltine" for endowing the system with vitality and energy.

"Ovaltine" rebuilds and invigorates the system because it contains, in a highly concentrated and easily digestible form, the essential food elements extracted from malt, milk, and eggs—Nature's best restorative foods. One cup of this delicious beverage supplies more nourishment than three eggs.

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Sold in tins at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

It is economical to purchase the larger-sized tins.

Running a Kinema

by BILLY STEWART

¶Exactly how "cushy" the showman's job really is, as explained by the manager of London's Rialto.

One rainy, foggy day recently, a man approached me in the vestibule of my theatre and said: "I want a transfer."

"A transfer?" I answered in surprise. "Where from?"

"From the blinking street!" he said with a weary smile.

Even such a trifling effort of humour as this is welcomed by the poor kinema manager, who—at least, so it seems to him—is the most harassed and overworked man in the world.

Running a kinema, especially a high-class house, is by no means simply a case of putting on one's best clothes and lounging about the pay-box watching the money roll in. Contrary to popular opinion, the manager puts in more hours of arduous labour than any artisan or office worker. In the morning he is probably at a Trade presentation of a new film, or at the head office consulting with his directors.

Also he makes a detailed tour of the building, seeing that the cleaners have done their work efficiently, and that all lights, fans, switches, and other electrical devices are in working order and like everything else about the theatre in strict accordance with the multifarious rules and regulations laid down by the many different governing authorities.

Quite apart from the statutory orders drawn up by the Home Secretary, the manager has to conform to all sorts of local bye-laws and restrictions. In some towns and districts these additional laws are always changing and often conflicting. A particularly fussy local council can make his life a misery. Certain local bodies even essay to out-censor the British Board of Film Censors, and insist upon prohibiting pictures or scenes from pictures that have already been passed by T. P. O'Connor, the President of the Board.

It it is simply a question of one or two scenes, then the manager has to take the risk of "editing" the film himself, and subsequently spends sleepless nights wondering if, by some accident, he will forget to have the scenes replaced when returning the film to its owners, and thus have a heavy claim to contend with.

Most of the Government regulations are, in spite of their number, quite reasonable and necessary to the safety of the public.

It is natural, for instance, that the projection room and the adjacent rewinding room should be well fireproofed, and that there should be effective means of isolating this quarter from the rest of the house should one of the films catch fire.

The manager must see that the fireproof blanket and the two buckets of sand are in their appointed places and that the steel "shut-off" responds properly to the lever.

If it is "change-over" day, he must verify that the new films have duly arrived from their respective companies, and that each picture is complete in all its parts. Cases have been known where one or more reels of the "big picture" have not been sent, or parts of a different photoplay altogether have been substituted by mistake. I know of an instance where the final and most important reel of a picture, booked by a small provincial house, was not sent, yet neither the manager, operator, nor audience apparently noticed the glaring omission. Either the film was very dull and everybody fell asleep, or the audience was very easily satisfied.

The most valuable asset to any manager is a smart and well-disciplined staff. He will have anything from six to sixty attendants. One of the male attendants will be appointed foreman, and there will also be a forewoman for duties more directly connected with the work and welfare of the female staff. The remainder of the staff is graded according to seniority or competence, and each one has his or her especial duties.

Whether the hall be a six-day or a seven-day house, every member of the staff is allowed definite "time off"—even the manager, if he is lucky enough to have an assistant to deputise for him.

A staff merely sufficient in number, however, is not the only thing desired by a manager. More important is a happy family of workers who have the success and reputation of the house at heart, and by their behaviour add to the comfort and enjoyment of the patrons so that they look forward to their next visit.

A good manager trains them and encourages them to this end, himself setting an example by his courteous manner to individual patrons, polite answers to their questions, and patient listening to their complaints.

The six main points of successfully running a kinema are, in my opinion, (a) careful selection of programmes, (b) perfect projection, (c) appropriate music, (d) comfort of patrons, (e) cleanliness of hall, (f) smartness of staff.

It is up to the manager to insist that the operator is always running the films at the best speed, seeing that the screen is brilliant and flickerless, and never allowing the film to slip up or down in the gate (you know that "half and half" effect) without immediately rectifying it. If the films used are not new, the operator or his assistant must be instructed to go over them carefully before the performance, cleaning and repairing where necessary.

Every now and again, the manager must hold something in the nature of fire-drill, must be ready to listen to any of the many sorts of "inspector" that may call, must calculate the day's takings, work out the entertainments tax, and see that all films are returned to the renters in time and, if going by train, packed in accordance with the regulations of the Railway Clearing House, and in his "spare time" perhaps evolve prologues, or special advertising stunts.

Otherwise a kinema manager's job—never finishing before the theatre is locked up for the night—is undoubtedly of the sort known as "cushy!"

If you expect constant high Quality

from your Cigarettes, then your choice must be Craven 'A,' because *THEY NEVER VARY*

Dumb Rivals

¶Whether it be in Jersey cow or dashing Don Juan, talent will out.

Film stars, as a rule, are jealous sticklers for the rights of stardom. The more limelight they get, the more they want—and the less inclined they are to let any of it illumine the paths of others.

There are, however, certain screen partnerships that are unspoiled by professional jealousy. Most artistes will share the honours with a four-footed actor quite cheerfully, without fearing that it will detract from their own popularity.

Tom Mix, whose screen partner Tony is as famous as the star himself, has always had a horse pal to support him, in more senses than one. In his first feature film, *Cupid's Round-up*, he introduced to the screen his friend "Old Blue," who, besides being a magnificent animal, was a natural born actor. After that he played in all Mix's pictures, until he passed, in a ripe old age, to the happy hunting grounds, and was buried in the corral at Mixville Ranch.

His place was taken by Tony. The latter, by the way, is not black, with white socks on his rear legs and a white mark down his face, as he appears to be on the screen. He is a sorrel, and, as red photographs black, most people are thus given a wrong impression of his colouring.

The acquiring of Tony by Tom Mix is interesting. He hails from the stable of a street hawker, and was a small skittish colt when his present owner first set eyes on him in September, 1916, following behind a vegetable cart. Recognising in him, in his own words "a bright little bit of horse-flesh," Tom eventually bought him for £4, and took him away to the ranch, where he was allowed to romp for two winters and a summer. During that time he developed into such an intelligent animal that his master decided to train him for film work—with happy results.

Top left: Two pairs of brown eyes from "Go West." Top right: The goose (Enoch) and the woman (Louise Dresser) part after the completion of their starring vehicle. Above: Sleeping partners—Buster Brown and Tige.

A screen partnership that is becoming almost as famous as Tom and Tony's, is that of Fred Thomson with another clever horse, "Silver King." Fred is seldom seen, nowadays, without his equine companion.

Professional jealousy is quite unthought of between Buster Brown and Tige, the dog, who help each other in and out of mischief in the Universal Buster Brown Comedies. Theirs is a partnership that it would be folly to dissolve, for apart they would lose half their charm.

Besides these instances of permanent partnerships between human and animal artistes, there are numerous cases of well known stars who, in one picture at least, have had to share the laurels with animal friends.

In Harold Lloyd's last picture, *The Kid Brother*, an amusing monkey stole quite a number of laughs from the star in several scenes. It is a monkey, too, who provides some of the brightest comedy situations in Syd Chaplin's *The Missing Link*.

"Brown Eyes," the cow, was mentioned almost as often as Buster Keaton, in reviews of the latter's picture *Go West*. She scored such a big success that, although she was originally intended for quite a small part in the production, she ended up by becoming a star.

In *The Goose Woman* a particularly sagacious goose made its appearance with Louise Dresser. It was endowed, at Universal Studios, with the impressive title of the First Goose in the Land, and, at the finish of the film, was presented to the President of the United States.

The limelight shed upon animals in this way may be coveted in vain for years by human aspirants to film fame. But a clever four-footed actor can very often steal a picture from under the very nose of the star, while his human rivals are debarred, by professional jealousy, from even a reasonable chance of making the attempt.

E. E. B.

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LETTERS OF A DÉBUTANTE

MAYFAIR,
Wednesday.

Dearest Myra

Joan's a scream since she started this craze for Beauty Treatment! I dropped round yesterday and found her swathed to the eyes in bandages, with a hefty giantess in attendance, preparing to boil her in clay, or something, by way of improving her complexion. When I laughed, she groaned out that it was all very well for me, with a skin like mine.

"Well, all I use," I said, "is fresh air and a pot of Icilma Cream. After all, the Algerian beauty Water in Icilma makes it quite a beauty treatment in itself. And if you use Icilma Powder and Shampoos as well, I can't see that there's much left to be done to you."

Don't you agree?

Gwenda

The Cream of Creams

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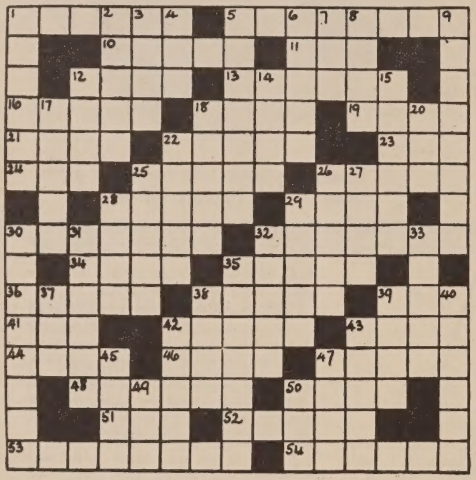

ACROSS

1 Famous for Coal Tar Specialities
5 Warded off by Wright's Coal Tar Soap
10 Rent
11 Curve
12 Wright's Coal Tar is the best
13 Masculine name
16 Drag a fishing net
18 Removed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap
19 The Emerald Isle
21 Used to be put in beer
22 Remains
23 Also
24 Self
25 Makes naked
26 Wright's Coal Tar Tooth Powder makes teeth do this
28 Beams that hold ship's cables
29 In a little while
30 We must be clean to be this. Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap
32 Reads
34 Baby tries to bite them
35 Makes us pay taxes
36 Increases
38 Cone-bearing trees
39 Obtained from coal, used in the best soap
41 Masculine name
42 Wright's Coal Tar Ointment does this
43 Mislay
44 Watched
46 Spoken
47 Musical Instruments
48 Wright's Coal Tar Shampoo prevents hair becoming this
50 Meditate
51 Cow's call
52 One of the nine Muses
53 Word on a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap
54 Tell

DOWN

1 Wriggle
2 What skin does after a wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap
3 Wright's Coal Tar Ointment will do this
4 Where we go for water
5 Scoffs
6 Some taken as medicine, some put in the bath
7 Period
8 Pimple, removed by Wright's Coal Tar Ointment
9 Buyers
12 On a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap
14 Minerals in the rough
15 Flush these with Wright's Lysol
17 Rascal
18 Needs washing with Wright's Coal Tar Soap
20 Hotel
22 When you have these, use Wright's Coal Tar Specialities
25 Takes off a mouthful
26 Cured by Wright's Coal Tar Ointment
27 Part of a day
28 A stroke
29 Male and female
30 Describes all Wright's Coal Tar preparations
31 Made reparation
32 Part of a door
33 Rub out
35 Violent scoldings
37 Beam
38 Describes all Wright's Coal Tar preparations
39 Ripped
40 Dwell
42 Punctuation mark
43 Use Wright's for sterilising
45 Unable to speak
47 Musical instrument
49 Game of cards
50 To spoil

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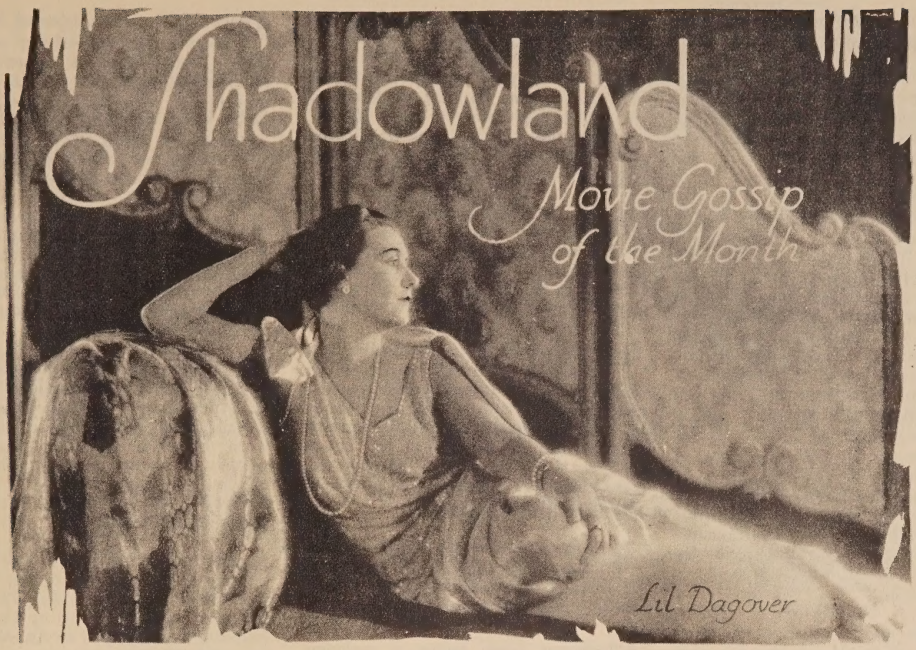
Movie Gossip of the Month



For the second time, the King and Queen honoured the Marble Arch Pavilion with a visit last month to see *The Flag Lieutenant,* easily the biggest success from British studios this year. Henry Edwards, who stars, will follow up his triumphant screen return with a sequel, specially written by Lt.-Col. W. P. Drury, who wrote the original Cyril Maude play.

Don't believe it when they tell you Betty Balfour is leaving the screen. Her musical comedy season in "The Glad Eye," is an interesting interruption—that's all. Betty's film popularity is undiminished, for she heads a big kinema voting test at the moment. It is a pity she makes films abroad, for they partly stifle her very British genius.

British films are multiplying, under the stimulus of the Films Bill, very healthily. There is now a serious studio shortage, for it will be months before any Wembley scheme can materialise. Over fifty features are definitely announced for the coming year.

One of the first things Mae Murray did on arriving in London last month was to ring up the PICTUREGOER. We had a long chat in the Carlton with Mae, whose next picture, *Guns of God,* a Denison Clift story, will give her scope for much dancing.

Louise Fazenda hopes one day to film the life of Sarah Bernhardt, with herself in the title rôle. She bears quite a strong facial resemblance to the great actress, and if she cannot get Warners to sponsor the film, declares that she will find the money and make it herself.

Having finished his first picture for Paramount, Emil Jannings is preparing to start a second. The title for this, at the moment, is *Hitting For Heaven.* His leading lady will be Fay Wray, who reached the screen heights *via* Eric Von Stroheim's *The Wedding March.*

Fox's film version of *Carmen*—surely the oftenest screened story by now?—is well on its way to completion. Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio are the principals. To avoid clashing with Raquel Meller's *Carmen* it is called *The Passionate Toreador.*

After a long time of enforced resting, while United Artists, who have her on contract, decided what they were to do with her, Estelle Taylor has at last got back to work again. *The Prince of Midnight* is the title of her new film.

Eighteen-year-old Lois Moran, one of Hollywood's youngest and most successful free-lances, is being co-starred with Norman Kerry in *The Irresistible Lover.*

Hollywood's champion discoverer of new talent is surely Samuel Goldwyn. He has just given a substantial contract to Shirley Palmer, a Chicago girl, who will have an important rôle in the new Colman-Banky picture, *The Magic Flame.* She first appeared on the screen in a tiny rôle in *Peter Pan,* then in several Hal Roach comedies and independent productions.

Another brunette has gone blonde—for one picture at any rate. When Natalie Kingston was chosen to play lead in Milton Sills *Diamonds in the Rough,* she was told that the heroine must be fair. So she immediately bought a bottle of peroxide, and the required transformation was wrought overnight.

Corinne Griffith has recently joined United Artists, and her first subject is *The Garden of Eden,* from a dramatic comedy written by two Germans. The play has been adapted into English by Avery Hopwood and will be produced in London shortly, with Tallulah Bankhead in the rôle that Corinne will fill on the screen.

The Gaumont Company has acquired a story dealing with Florence Nightingale and the Crimean war. This British firm, the oldest in the country, have some fine subjects in hand, including an air story with Sir Alan Cobham, *The Arcadians, Sailors Don't Care, Robinson Crusoe* and new versions of *Rob Roy, A Sister to Assist 'Er* and *Alf's Button.*

It is usually left to America to "discover" the screen talents of Americans, but for once Britain has turned the tables by discovering a new American film comedian in Hal Sher-

man. He is playing an important rôle in Gaumont's production of *The Glad Eye.*

In the film version of Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina,* which Dimitri Buchowetzki is directing for Metro, are Greta Garbo and Ricardo Cortez, Lionel Barrymore, Zasu Pitts, Helene Chadwick, Dorothy Sebastian, Mario Carillo, Count Albert, Conti and Maude Turner Gordon.

Lillian Gish's latest picture, *The Wind,* is nearing completion. She is once more being directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lars Hanson in the leading male rôle. As the scenario calls for two kinds of hurricane, it looks as though the wistful Lillian will again be often in the storm.

Sister Dorothy, by the way, seems to have become a permanency in British studios. During a short visit to America, she persuaded Inspiration to let her off the rest of her contract and is returning to England to play the title rôle in *The Constant Nymph* for Gainsborough.

The latter are establishing a record in British film production by starting work on three different films on the first of this month. *The Constant Nymph,* under the direction of Basil Dean, is one of these. The others are *The Vortex,* which Adrian Brunel is directing, and *One of the Best,* the famous military melodrama.

A slight error in the April PICTUREGOER gave Patrick Susands as a member of the cast of *Virginia's Husband.* This should read Patrick Aherne. Nettlefold Productions have recently begun a version, directed by Harry Hughes, of the play *Summer Lightning.* Seaplane scenes will be made off Southampton by courtesy of the Air Union.

Great pains are being taken to ensure the authenticity of the Coronel and Falkland Islands Battle film, which Walter Summers is making at the Cricklewood Studios. Real Germans have been chosen to take the parts of Admiral Von Spee and his officers. The captain of the *Gneisenau* will be portrayed by Capt. Hankow, who was in the Imperial German Navy during the war, and will be able to give valuable advice on questions of German naval routine and etiquette.

Baby Face is the title of a new Colleen Moore picture, which is now being prepared for production. It is adapted from a Broadway comedy hit, *Synthetic Sin.*

Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky have joined the ranks of Hollywood's "engaged couples," thus confounding the gossips who have been linking the lovely Vilma's name with that of Ronald Colman.

Fans who have been wondering what has become of Mary Odette will be glad to have news of her. She has an important rôle in a new French film *La Femme Qui Domine Les Hommes,* based on a novel by May Edginton.

Work on Norma Talmadge's new picture, *The Dove,* is in full swing at United Artists Studios. A newcomer to the screen plays with Norma in this film. She is Olga Baklanova, from the Moscow Art Theatre.

The title of Douglas Fairbanks' new photoplay has at last been definitely decided on. It is called *The Gaucho,* and it presents the star in the rôle of a "super" South American cowboy. Picturesque South American dances will be a big feature of the new picture. He has selected Eve Southern as his leading lady.

A screen version of Henry Arthur Jones' play, *Chance, the Idol,* is to be directed by Graham Cutts. It will shortly be made on the Continent.

Matheson Lang makes a welcome return to the screen in Sinclair Hill's next production, *The King's Highway.* Based on Lord Lytton's famous highwayman novel, "Paul Clifford," it should give ample scope for the romantic type of rôle that suits the star so well. A "Beggar's Opera" type of setting is being arranged.

A "natural drama" of the Siamese jungle has been made by the directors of that interesting film, *Grass.* It is being shown under the title *Chang,* and has a definite story to tell of life in the jungle, where is was filmed amongst natural surroundings with a native cast.

We learn with real regret of the death of that always sound actor Earle Williams, who had been in pictures almost since their inception. His contract with Vitagraph ran for fourteen years—which must be a record.

A search is being made amongst Hollywood's youth and beauty for a girl whose legs merit all the superlatives of all the press agents in America. Whoever she is, when she is found she is going to play the lead in a new First National picture, *The Golden Calf.*

Charlie Chaplin's personal representative is making arrangements for the comedian's arrival in August, when he hopes to have completed *The Circus.* More than one stage contract has been turned down. We have heard of this visit so often, however, that we can only believe in it after he has sailed.

Mary Pickford has selected *My Best Girl* as the title of her new picture. Sam Taylor is directing this, and her leading man is Charles Rogers.

Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke play together again in the new First National picture *Dance Magic. They* were last co-featured in *The Perfect Sap.*

Jewish comedies are almost as popular as war films amongst Hollywood producers. One of the latest is *Jewish Prudence,* featuring Max Davidson, whose warmly human characterisations are justly famous.

A French film has been made, based on the life of Casanova, "Prince of Adventurers." This picturesque, romantic scoundrel, whose escapades were the sensation of the eighteenth century, is being portrayed by Ivan Mosjoukine, last seen as "Michael Strogoff" in the screen version of Jules Verne's novel.

Admirers of P. G. Wodehouse's amusing yarns will be pleased to hear that one of the best of these, *The Small Bachelor,* is being filmed by Universal. The title rôle is played by André Beranger, and other notable members of the cast are Barbara Kent, Otis Harlan, Carmelita Geraghty, Gertrude Astor, Tom Duggan and Vera Lewis.

Work on *Mumsee,* the new Pauline Frederick film, is concluding at the St. Margaret's Studios. British members of the cast include Rolf Leslie, Nelson Keys, Frank Stanmore, Patrick Susands, Herbert Marshall, Stewart Seton, Donald Macardle, Irene

One of the introductory stills to "H.R.H.," showing the infant Prince of Wales with his father, grandfather and Queen Victoria.

Russell, Terry O'Shea, Olive Colin Bell and Tom Coventry.

A new film version of John Le Breton's famous vaudeville sketch, *A Sister to Assist 'Er*, is being made for Gaumont by George Dewhurst. The same producer was responsible for the first film of this subject, made five years ago. He has once more cast Mary Brough in the rôle of "Mrs. May"—a choice with which no one will have cause to quarrel. Other members of the cast are Pollie Emery, Humberston Wright, Alf Goddard, Sadie Speight and Bromley Davenport.

Malcolm Tod returned to England last month after some time spent picture-making abroad. He has just completed the title rôle in *André Cornelis*, a French film produced in Paris.

Faithful fans who admired Florence Turner in the old days, when she was the bright particular star of the Vitagraph Company, will be glad to hear that she is playing a featured rôle in *The Chinese Parrot* for Universal.

Graham Cutts' latest escape from "*That Night*" is a sub-title in *The Queen was in the Parlour*: "When Night's boisterous hand had scattered the last remnant of day." Fine work, Jack!

Anthony Asquith, who has browsed in studios for some time, is now definitely engaged on production with A. V. Bramble, the British director. The subject and scenario are by "Puffin," as Lady Oxford's son is known to his intimates.

In view of misleading attempts to quote this journal in support of film-schools, PICTUREGOER states emphatically that it disapproves of every one of these institutions, strongly advises its readers not to waste their money in worthless "lessons," and reaffirms that no British firm will engage anyone known to have been a "pupil."

Raymond Griffith's leading lady in *Time to Love* is Vera Veronina, now due here to play opposite Sir Harry Lauder in George Pearson's production of *Huntingtower*. This version of the novel by John Buchan, M.P., is being made at Cricklewood.

Britishers just returned from Hollywood include Percy Marmont and two directors—W. P. Kellino and George Ridgwell.

M. A. Wetherell, who made (and played) *Livingstone* and *Robinson Crusoe*, is directing *The Somme*, New Era's big war subject, with War Office aid.

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Picturegoer, June, 1927.

The Pick of the Pictures

MY OFFICIAL WIFE.

A glance through the list of June releases leaves one with an impression of mediocrity. It is a long time since I remember a month so devoid of outstanding films.

The most interesting film, however, from the point of view of the average picturegoer, is Warner's *My Official Wife.*

Some beautiful scenes of winter in Russia, fine shots of a Viennese café and some really exquisite palace interiors appear in this picture. Acting is brilliant, the theme clever, yet the film in its entirety disappointing.

Irene Rich puts over the best performance of her career as Sonia Veranoff, who goes alone to a fancy dress ball in the costume of a peasant girl. On the way home her sleigh collides with one driven by a party of six drunken officers. Taking her for an ordinary peasant girl they carry her off to an inn and cast lots for the privilege of completing her ruin.

Sascha, son of a Grand Duke wins, and when Sonia attempts to get justice the Grand Duke takes advantage of her excitement to deport her to Siberia. Sascha, having the grace to be ashamed of himself, arranges that Sonia and her father shall be transported over the border into Austria.

A year or two later Sonia is a famous cabaret singer and Sascha makes love to her. She tells him her past, oblivious of the fact that he is the guilty man. Later she goes back to Russia with him as his "official" wife, but he cannot prevail upon her to marry him until she has had her revenge upon the man responsible for her ruin.

Then comes the big moment of the drama. Sascha reveals the name of Sonia's assailant as Prince Alexis Petrovitch and appoints a meeting at the Prince's apartment. Sonia goes there with the avowed intent of shooting the Prince, to find that he is none other than the man with whom she has fallen in love.

Conway Tearle does his best in a part for which he is entirely unsuited. Sound work is put in by a competent supporting cast.

THE BROWN DERBY.

The peculiar title of this film has reference to a mysterious hat bequeathed to Tommy Burke (Johnny Hines) by an eccentric uncle.

Tommy is a plumber whose uncle believes the hat to be a luck-bringer, and in giving it to Tommy hopes that it will waken his ideas a little. It does all that and more, providing in the interim hilarious and extremely diverting entertainment.

Bewildering complications involve an elopement, and the outwitting of a fortune hunter, to say nothing of exciting chases and narrowly averted accidents of every conceivable kind.

After reels of misunderstandings, Irene Rich registers forgiveness in "My Official Wife."

Bent hats were always the cue for laughter, though "Sweet Daddies" does not give this one much support.

Eugene O'Brien fails to be impressed by his sweetheart's acquisition of "Fine Manners."

FINE MANNERS.

Not one of Gloria Swanson's best pictures but certainly attractive. There is a sincerity about it that is very pleasing.

It possesses that strangely illusive and indefinable quality called human appeal—and human appeal and Gloria Swanson seldom go hand in hand. Eugene O'Brien has an intriguing personality and a wholly delightful way of making love. Here he is a very bored young man about town. On New Year's Eve he goes "down town" to see if the celebrations of the lower classes are any less boring than those of the upper. He decides that they are, after meeting Gloria and dodging the hot headed Irish brother who threatens to kill any "toff" who comes hanging around after his sister.

Eugene falls desperately in love with Gloria, and Gloria with Eugene, but he makes the fatal mistake of having her educated up to the ways of the set of which he is already tired.

SWEET DADDIES.

Start a vogue in the land of the Movies, and you'll have every producer followed it blindly until it is so played out that it won't pay the cost of its advertising. At the moment we are experiencing a glut of Jew-Irish comedy dramas for which *The Cohens and The Kellys* is responsible.

But, whereas this picture was good, most of its successors have been bad.

The latest, *Sweet Daddies,* presents a study of "upper class" Jew-Irish life, which may account in part for its inferiority.

The action opens with an amusing scene at a theatre where Patrick O'Brien is celebrating his son's success at college.

Immediately afterwards he gets a wire to say that Jimmie, the son, is in jail, and on rushing to bail him out he discovers that jail is an excessively smart cabaret furnished to represent Sing Sing.

Boisterous and rather far-fetched complications follow, out of which emerge the conventional "happy ever after" ending.

Charles Murray is amusing as Pat, George Sidney is an excellent Abe. Supporting rôles are played by Vera Gordon, Jobyna Ralston and Jack Mulhall.

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Iron Jelloids

ACROSS THE PACIFIC (*Warner*).—Melodrama of the Philippines during the Spanish-American war in 1899. Monte Blue excellent as the hero, and Jane Winton, Myrna Loy, Charles Stevens, Walter McGrail, Herbert Pryor, Ed. Kennedy, Theodore Lorch and Sojin a good supporting cast. Director, Roy Del Ruth. Entertaining.

APRIL SHOWERS (*Gaumont*). —Comedy-melodrama. Alexander Carr gives a splendid Hebrew study, ably supported by Snitz Edwards, Eddie Phillips, Mary Alden, Duane Thompson, Raymond Keane, Baby Peggy and Nat Carr. Pleasant fare.

THE BLUE DANUBE (*Graham-Wilcox*).—Romance. A thin plot having no particular connection with Strauss's famous waltz, and rather long-drawn out, the chief attraction being Lya Mara, the star, who has been given several good comedy situations. Director, Frederic Zelnick. Pleasing, but a little slow.

THE BROWN DERBY (*First Nat.*).—Farcical comedy. Johnny Hines in hilarious, fast-moving situations. Also Diana Kane, Ruth Dwyer, Flora Finch, Edmund Breese, J. Barney Sherry, Bradley Barker, Herbert Standing, Harold Foshay and Bob Slater. Director, Charles Hines. Amusing.

CALF LOVE (*F. B. O.*).—Comedy-drama. May McAvoy, Lee Moran, Gertrude Short, Mary Gordon, Walter Perry, Myrtle Stedman and Robert Agnew make the most of a rather thin story. Fair, light stuff.

A CAPTAIN'S COURAGE (*Wardour*). —Highly coloured pirate melodrama set in 1856. Edward Earle and Dorothy Dwan star, capably supported by Richard Holt, Eddie de Voe, Al Ferguson, S. J. Sanford and Lafe McKee. Fair entertainment of a theatrical type.

THE COLLEGE FLIRT (*Paramount*) —Comedy. A breezy story of a snobbish girl's reactions to college life, and her ultimate transformation into a "sporting venus." Supporting cast includes James Hall, El Brendel, Charles Paddock and

Louise Fazenda and Arthur Stone in an intriguing scene from "Miss Nobody."

Lloyd Corrigan. Director, Clarence Badger. Quite bright.

CROSSED SIGNALS (*Butcher*).—Crook melodrama. Henry Victor as the detective hero of this very conventional story dealing with a gang of forgers.

THE DEVIL HORSE (*Ideal*).—Melodrama of old frontier days, featuring Rex, the popular equine star. Two other animal attractions are Lady, the mare, and Rex's hated rival, "The Killer." A satisfactory human cast includes Yakima Canutt, Gladys Morrow, Robert Kortman, Roy Clements and Master Fred Jackson. Director, Fred Jackson. Quite good.

DIPLOMACY (*Paramount*).—Victorien Sardou's play, featuring Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton. Excellent work by Arlette Marchal and the rest of the cast, including Gustav Seyffertitz, Matt Moore, Earle Williams and Arthur Edmund Carew. Director, Marshall Neilan. Quite good entertainment.

DOUBLING WITH DANGER (*Ideal*). —Crook drama. Richard Talmadge in a typical brisk rôle, with plenty of fights and stunts.

FINE MANNERS (*Paramount*). —Comedy-drama. Slight story of a chorus girl's transformation into a "lady," at the instigation of a rich admirer. Gloria Swanson is the whole show. Supporting cast includes Eugene O'Brien, Helen Dunbar, Walter Goss and John Miltern. Director, Richard Rosson. Quite good.

THE FLYING MAIL (*Pathé*).—Crook melodrama. Al Wilson, Kathleen Myers, Carmelita Geraghty and Joseph Girard in crude story of the U.S. Air Mail. Pretty poor.

FORLORN RIVER (*Paramount*).—Typical Zane Grey Western story of cattle-rustlers, with Jack Holt and Arlette Marchal. Raymond Hatton, Edmund Burns and Tom Santschi are good in supporting rôles. Director, John Waters. Well done.

FOOLS OF FASHION (*B. E.*).—Social drama. Typically American story of the havoc wrought in two families by a craving for fine clothes. Mae Busch, Marceline Day, Theodore Von Eltz, Hedda Hopper, Robert Ober and Albert Roccardi all do good work. Moderate.

FRENZIED FLAMES (*Stoll*).—Cullen Landis in a lurid, conventional story of a young fireman who loses his fear of the flames after rescuing his sweetheart from a burning tenement. Mary Carr, William Welsh, Virginia Brown Faire, Charles R. French and Barry Blake do their stuff. Director, Stuart Paton.

A GAMBLE IN HEARTS (*Ideal*).—Familiar story featuring Tom Tyler, with Frankie Darro, Eugenia Gilbert, Fred Burns, Ethan. Laidlaw, and Beans, the dog, in support. Pleasant Western entertainment.

GOOD LUCK (*First Nat.*).—Racing drama. Conway Tearle and Barbara Bedford in the story of an impoverished Irishman's fortunes in gambling, love and war. Ward Crane and Arthur Rankin give the usual American burlesques of the English aristocracy. Fair.

HEY! HEY! COWBOY (*Universal*). —Western. Ranch feud story starring Hoot Gibson. Kathleen Key, Slim Summerville, Clark Comstock and Nick Cogley form a capable support. Good.

THE HIGH FLYER (*Wardour*).—Reed Howes, in a breezy impersonation comedy, plays lightheartedly and naturally. Ethel Shannon, Ernest Hilliard, Roy Haller and James Bradbury, jun., are good.

HOLD THAT LION (*Paramount*).—Farce-comedy. Douglas MacLean, as amusing as ever, in a characteristic rôle of a nervous hero forced into risky situations—not the least of which is a lion hunt. Walter Hiers, Constance Howard, Cyril Chadwick, Wade Boteler and George C. Pearce are sound supports. Director, William Beaudine. Don't miss it.

HURRICANE HAL (*Western Import*). —Western. Chases, fights, and a struggle on the footboard of an engine, are the main features in this ordinary melodrama. Jack Meehan, Alma Rayford and Bud Osborne are featured.

"Across the Pacific" is an illustration of the charms of Myrna Loy. The strong and silent element is provided by Monte Blue.

THE ICE FLOOD (*Universal*).—Lumber camp melodrama on usual lines, with several thrills, including the rescue of the heroine from an ice avalanche. Kenneth Harlan, Viola Dana, Frank Hagney, De Witt Jennings and George Irving. Quite good.

LADDIE (*Ideal*). — Gene Stratton Porter's sentimental book. John Bowers, Bess Flowers, John Fox, jun., Gene Stratton (grand-daughter of the authoress), David Torrence, Eulalie Jensen, Arthur Clayton and Aggie Herring. Director, J. L. Meehan. Sugary, but pleasant.

LAZY LIGHTNING (*Universal*).—Western. Sentimental, but sincere story of a cowboy who befriends a little crippled lad. Art Acord stars, and receives good support from Bobby Gordon, Fay Wray, Arthur Morrison, William Welsh and Vin Moore. Fair.

LIGHTNIN' BILL (*Western Import*).—Western on familiar lines. Bill Bailey, supported by Jean Arthur. Good fights, and one or two mildly amusing situations.

THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS (*B. E. F.*).—A forest fire, an aeroplane stunt, and some light relief are the chief ingredients in a very ordinary lumber camp story. Anita Stewart, Edmund Burns, Eddie Lyons and Duane Thompson are sound. For those who enjoy highly-coloured sensational stuff.

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD (*Fox*).—Slight but bright comedy of a worm that turned. John Hanon, Arthur Housman, Sally Phipps and J. Farrell MacDonald excellent. You'll like it.

MARRIAGE (*Fox*).—H. G. Wells' fine novel mangled almost out of recognition. Virginia Valli, Allan Durrant, Edwards Davis, Billie Bennett, Gladys McConnell, Frank Dunn, Lawford Davidson, Donald Stuart and James Marcus are all capable. Director, R. William Neill. If you haven't read the novel, you'll probably like it.

MACISTE IN THE LION'S DEN (*Gaumont*).—Circus melodrama featuring Maciste, Italy's strong man, with Helen Sanger and Mimi Doria as vamp and heroine respectively. An Italian cast acts on theatrical continental lines.

MISS NOBODY (*First Nat.*). — Comedy. Anna Q. Nilsson is brilliant as a girl masquerading as a boy in a story as novel as it is amusing. Walter Pidgeon, Mitchell Lewis, Clyde Cooke, Arthur Stone, Louise Fazenda, Anders Randolf, Claire Du Brey, Jed Prouty, Caroline Rankin, George Nicholls and James Gordon form excellent support. Director, Lambert Hillyer. Funny.

MY OFFICIAL WIFE (*Warner*).—Romantic drama. Colourful story of love and revenge, set in Russia and Vienna before and after the revolution. Irene Rich and Conway Tearle star, supported by Emil Chantard, Stuart Holmes, Jane Winton, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Michael Vavitch, John Miljan and Igor Presnikoff. Director, Paul Stein. Good and full-blooded.

OUT OF THE DUST (*W. & F.*).—Triangle drama. Sentimental, but realistic story set in the 'seventies. Russell Simpson, Dorcas Matthews and Robert McKim. Quite good.

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT (*P. D. C.*).—Drama. Jetta Goudal, Mary Brian, Lionel Barrymore, Edmund Burns, Emil Chantard, Brandon Hurst, Jocelyn Lee and Mathilde Comont in an adaptation of the Balzac novel, "Père Goriot." Director, E. Mason Hopper. Good.

THE PERCH OF THE DEVIL (*Universal*).—Triangle melodrama. A rather foolish story of two women and a man, partly redeemed by clever acting of the principals, Mae Busch, Pat O'Malley and Jane Winton. Theodore Von Eltz, Mario Carillo, Lincoln Stedman and George Kuwa support. Director, King Baggott. Fair.

A PRINCESS ON BROADWAY (*Butcher*).—Comedy-drama. An entertaining story of a little waitress who rises to theatrical fame. Pauline Garon, Harold Miller, Johnny Walker, Dorothy Dwan, Ethel Clayton, Neely Edwards and Ernest Woods form a good cast. Director, Dallas Fitzgerald.

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN (*P. D. C.*).—Burlesque Ruritanian story of a middle-aged, constantly inebriated German-American travelling in Europe, who is mistaken for a prince. George Sidney, Anita Stewart, Allan Forrest, Otis Harlan, Myrtle Stedman and W. von Hardenberg form a very good cast. Director, Paul Powell. Good.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN (*Gaumont*).—Larry Semon rather unfunny in irresponsible slapstick, with Dorothy Dwan, Mary Carr, Lionel Belmore, William Gillespie, Bull Montana and Joseph Swickard.

SWIFTER THAN DEATH (*Western Import*).—Melodrama. Harry Peel, the German stunt artiste, in an unconvincing story, in which all sorts of thrills and wild chases exploit his athletics. Fair sensational stuff.

SWEET ADELINE (*F. B. O.*).—Rural comedy. Charles Ray at his best, in the type of rôle that made him famous. Gertrude Olmstead, Jack Clifford and Gertrude Short are good in supporting rôles. Director, Jerome Storm.

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS (*B. E. F.*).—Triangle drama with a Cinderella theme. Marceline Day, Bert Lytell, Eileen Percy, Ward Crane, Miss Dupont, Arthur Hoyt, Otto Lederer, Sabel Johnson, Leon Holmes, Nellie Bly Baker and George Kuwa form a good cast. Director, Louis J. Gasnier. Nothing unusual, but quite pleasant.

THUNDERING SPEED (*Stoll*).—Motor-racing comedy; nothing new; plenty of thrills and comedy make it quite good light fair. Creighton Hale and Juda King are breezy, ably supported by Lionel Belmore, Robert McKim, E. L. du Duit and Hank, the dog. Director, Bertram Bracken.

TIN GODS (*Paramount*).—Triangle drama. Rather hackneyed story of a woman whose ambition for a career nearly wrecks her home. Renée Adorée, as "the other woman" is the one bright spot in an unconvincing picture. Thomas Meighan, Aileen Pringle, William Powell and Hale Hamilton are also in the cast. Director, Allan Dwan.

THE TWO BROTHERS (*Wardour*).—Melodrama. A German picture which, although technically clever, has a vague and rambling story. Conrad Veidt good in a dual rôle, and other parts capably

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played by Liane Haid, Lil Dagover, Joseph Fuetter and Harry de Vlies. Mediocre.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED (*F. B. O.*).—Marital comedy. Huntley Gordon, Mae Busch, Ian Keith, John Roche and Rosemary Theby are convincing in a story of the quarrels of a young married couple. Director, Richard Thomas. Very good.

WHISPERING WIRES (*Fox*). — Mystery drama of an ex-convict's revenge; a bewildering mixture of thrills, tragedy and broad comedy. Ralph Ince, Margaret Livingstone, Pat Harrison, Charles Clany, Otto Matieson, Mack Swain, Arthur Housman, "Heine" Conklin and Frank Campeau. Director, Albert Ray. Good of its type.

OFF THE HANDLE

"Surely," asks a kinema critic, "these bizarre camera angles simply indicate eccentricity on the part of the kinematographer?"

Each cameraman's a faddist
In a twisted mental groove.
That his methods are the maddest
Is a simple thing to prove.
You may search for someone normal,
But you'll always draw a blank,
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Is turned by a crank!

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Few can resist the call of the garden, and for this reason the *Ideal Home's* very fascinating special book of *Garden Plans,* now on sale everywhere at half-a-crown will have a wide appeal. The landed proprietor will find ornate and noble schemes—Arcadian and utilitarian—in varying degree. But the possessor of the smallest suburban plot can find just as easily something, within his dimensional and financial limitations, to be noted and adopted. Whether it is on a tennis court, a pergola, a lily pond, a sundial or a vast Italian terraced area, these copiously illustrated fifty-six pages will give you constructive ideas of pleasurable beauty.

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To avert damage from sun and wind it is advisable always to use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. It enables your skin to resist the drying action of sun and wind, keeps it soft and delicate looking. And what a delightful cream it is to use! Its fine oils penetrate into the pores and tissues, restoring their suppleness, clearing them of all impurities and making them thoroughly healthy. After the cream and impurities have been removed with a soft towel, a finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream gives the skin a nice surface and forms a base to hold your powder.

Beauty's Bloom

"Isn't she lovely?"

Admiring glances, words of admiration overheard as you pass by, are very sweet to every woman. And it isn't classic features, or shapely lines, or fine clothes that most readily evoke this genuine admiration.

The secret is revealed in every leaf of this captivating little book, which it is my delight to offer to my readers.

When you have left off admiring the medallion on the cover of the booklet, you do not need to turn over the pages with the feverish interest with which I hope and trust you turn over the pages of the PICTUREGOER month by month—you tear out each precious page of the PAPIER POUDRÉ, and gently rub it over your face, miraculously transferring the fresh bloom from its pages to your skin, and the secret is laid bare. You have that coveted possession which attracts the world's admiration—a lovely complexion.

I have chosen the month of June for the offering of my gift, because it is the month of roses, the month of lilies, the month of flowers; and a woman's skin, if she takes care of it, is rose-coloured and lily-white, and soft and delicate and glowing like the petals of a flower.

My Papier Poudré will see to it that every reader who uses it carries about with her this fragrant bloom of a flower. She will be prepared to enter with zest into all the month's enjoyments: tennis, the river, the picnic, the garden teas, the lazing under the trees, because she will feel that her complexion is "all right," and that she has the means within reach of keeping it so under any and every condition.

I am offering what I am confident will be a very acceptable gift to my PICTUREGOER readers, who know all there is to be known about the care of the skin and the necessity of a fresh complexion, and they will appreciate at a glance the little book's advantages.

If, on the other hand, some reader of mine has been careless of her complexion, I give her the chance of immediate reform. She turns over a new leaf every time she tears one out of the Papier Poudré booklet.

So, careful and careless lady readers alike, please accept my little book and use it, and your friends and acquaintances will quote of you:

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow."

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My fourth not Ricardo, is found then in Cortez;
My fifth is in Ivor, and also Novello,
My sixth is in Maurice, but not in Costello,
My seventh in Edmund, is never in Lowe,
My eighth found in Clara, cannot be in Bow;
My ninth is in Charles but is lost then in Ray,
My tenth is in Lawrence, but omitted in Grey,
My eleventh's in Georgie, and also Grandee,
My twelfth's not in Nita, but found in Naldi,
My thirteenth's in Ben, but omitted in Lyon,
My last is in Glen and also in Tryon.
And when this you've solved, I think you'll agree,
That my whole is a star at the top of the tree—Victor McLaglen.

NYM (Portsmouth).

DOLORES COSTELLO.

Pale, bright-haired maiden, delicate as glass,
A transient silver shadow on the screen—
Deign but to smile a moment as you pass.

Let sunshine flicker through the crystal dew.
That clouds your heavy-lidded, violet eyes,
That I may catch a glimpse of Paradise.

If you would gaze upon these verses plain,
But only for second, I should feel
That I, my dear love, had not sung in vain.

P. H. J. (S.W.11.).

TO RAMON THE ROMANTIC.

Handsome and daring, teeth flashing white,
Fine black eyes gleaming, shining and bright.
Gallant and gay, stealing away
Hearts with his amorous glances that night.

My heart he won, as with gallant air
Bravely he fought for a lady so fair.
All hearts beat fast when he won her at last,
And passionate kisses rained on her bright hair.

In the pride of his youth, strength and vigour he came,
Carelessly wearing the laurels of fame,
Ladies' hearts thrill, as he wins them still,
For Romance and Ramon are one and the same.

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Who won his laurels in the war,
And now adds to them more and more
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His figure isn't slight and slim,
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The kind of chap we revel in!
And oh, that captivating grin,
You Denny!

And though U.S. may name in rows
It's dazzling, handsome "Stars"—here goes:
If asked a name to rank with those,
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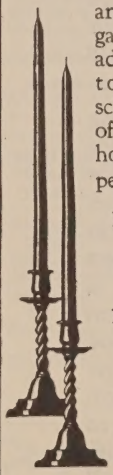

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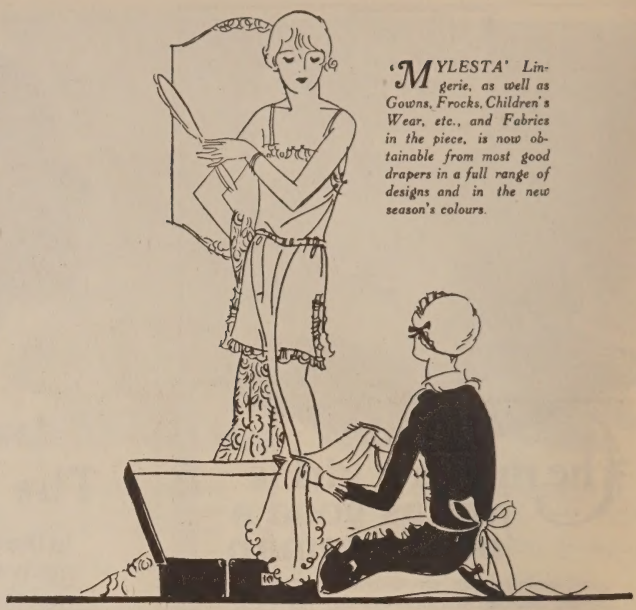

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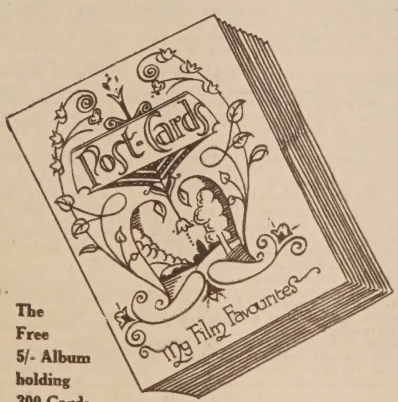

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(A Guinea Voucher is presented to the Club Member who purchases the most postcards each month. Offer repeated for June.)

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Raymond Keane
Ralph Forbes
Thomas Meighan
George Lewis
Dorothy Gish
Joseph Schildkraut
Anna May Wong
Laura La Plante
Renée Adorée
Mae Murray
Jack Mulhall

3D. each

(2/6 dozen)
Sepia Glossy Finish
Real Photos.

***THERE** is no excuse for George's existence except to give you information. Write him c/o Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, London. W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope should accompany queries to be answered through the post.*

F. G. A. (Hastings).—(1) An art plate of the late Barbara La Marr appeared in July, 1922, PICTUREGOER, and an interview in April, 1924. (2) Bert Lytell's latest picture is *Obey the Law*. He's still married to Claire Windsor. (3) Eddie Polo is touring Europe in vaudeville. (4) I'll see about an interview with Billie Dove in some future issue. (5) *The Prisoner of Zenda* is not likely to be re-issued. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

Curious (London).—A picture is sometimes given an alternative ending, and the kinema manager shows whichever he thinks will go down best in his neighbourhood. That's the only reason, Curious.

M. W. (Nottingham).—Letter forwarded to Ronald Colman. Thanks for your few kind words on PICTUREGOER.

Kentish Maid (Margate).—(1) Ralph Forbes is about twenty-six. (2) He doesn't state his birthplace or the exact date. (3) I've forwarded your carol with my blessing. (4) Ronald Colman was married to Thelma Ray, an actress. Hope I've relieved your mind a little.

Edith (Old Trafford).—(1) There were some pictures from *Beau Brummel* in an interview with John Barrymore in March, 1924, PICTUREGOER. I am afraid you will not be likely to see this film re-issued just now. (2) John is the younger of the Barrymores.

L. A. (Clapham).—I should certainly *not* advise you to attend a kinema school. It would be not the slightest help towards a screen career—and, in any case, the profession is very overcrowded. Sorry to damp your youthful ardour!

G. P. R. (Ipswich).—I've forwarded your letter to Gloria Swanson. Glad you like PICTUREGOER "Gifts."

Film Fan (Lancs.).—(1) George Lewis had his first really notable film rôle in *His People*, after which he signed a five years contract with Universal. (2) Since then he has played in *The Old Soak* and *The Collegians*. His next will be *Lealyon*, opposite Mary Philbin. (3) He has dark hair and eyes, and is in his early twenties. (4) An art plate appeared in January, 1927, issue. (5) I'll do my best to get you an art plate of Willy Fritsch later.

The Mistake (Seaford).—I'll try to remain a shining example of human kindness—but it's difficult! (1) Of the stars you mention, Reginald Denny, Jack Holt, William Boyd, Rex Ingram, Tom Meighan and House Peters are married, while John Gilbert and Tom Moore have been, but aren't now. (2) Reginald Denny was born in 1894, John Gilbert in 1895, Jack Holt in 1888, Tom Meighan in 1888, Tom Moore in 1885, House Peters in 1888, and Rex Ingram in 1892. (3) Brian Aherne, Raymond Keane and William Boyd are in their early twenties. (4) Send your letters to me in stamped envelopes and I will forward them.

John (Ealing).—(1) I don't know how important the matter is that you want to discuss with Ivor Novello, so I can't tell whether he'd see you or not. Write to him at 11, Aldwych, and ask if he will see you. (3) As I know both the directors you mention, and am a tactful, peace-loving man, I certainly shan't give you my opinion of their merits or demerits.

Kathleen (Lincs.).—(1) Letters forwarded. Glad your other letters had such good results. (2) Leslie Fenton is about 5 ft. 10 ins. tall. (3) He is twenty-five years old, with blue eyes and brown hair, and he hails from Liverpool. There was an interview with him, illustrated with a good studio portrait in December, 1926, issue. (4) No, Ramon Novarro isn't engaged or married.

A. J. (Haverfordwest).—Sorry I appear so formidable—my bark is worse than my bite. (1) Lawrence Grey and Bebe Daniels are not married, but the latter is engaged to Charlie Paddock, America's champion "sprinter," who played with her in *The College Flirt*. (2) Lawrence is in his early twenties, and Bebe is 26. (3) Carlyle Blackwell had nothing to do with the production of *The Lodger*. (4) Sorry, no casts given in these pages. (5) I've forwarded your letters. Yes, it would be as well to mention PICTUREGOER.

Glen (High Wycombe).—(1) See reply to Kentish Maid for information *re* Ralph Forbes. (2) He's married to Ruth Chatterton, a New York stage star. (3) I think he would send you a signed photo if you ask nicely. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

I. B. (Maida Vale).—(1) The name of the man who produced *Manon Lescaut* is Robison, not Robinson. He's German—if you say it right it sounds foreign. Glad to hear from such a staunch supporter of British films.

D. E. (Birmingham).—Thanks for your offer to make me an honorary member of your club, but I think it better to take a strictly impersonal attitude towards the stars. I think I've mentioned before that I'm a man of peace!

H. H. C. (Wolverhampton).—(1) There is no possibility of the films you mention being re-issued at present. (2) *Triumph* was released in May, 1925. (3) *Her Man o' War* was generally released in March. *Paris at Midnight* is released this month. Jetta Goudal's latest film is *White Gold*.

L. G. S.—Letter forwarded to Laura La Plante. Thanks for all the questions you've refrained from asking!

M. P. (Upper Tooting).—(1) George Lewis's address is c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) He is an American.

George No. 3 (Croydon).—(1) George O'Brien is a bachelor. (2) *Three Bad Men* was generally released on February 7, last. (3) I do not think *The Man Who Came Back* is in circulation now. (4) The Postcard Department has only one photo of George O'Brien at present.

Tubby (Leicester).—(1) I've forwarded your letters to Richard Holt and Richard Talmadge. (2) An art plate of the latter appeared in March, 1926, PICTUREGOER. (3) His real name is Richard Metzetti, and he is an Italian. He is twenty-six. (4) You will have to write direct to the Picturegoer Salon, 41, Drury Lane, W.C. for a copy of our "Who's Who," price 1/2, post free.

Scandinave (London).—Sorry you've only just discovered PICTUREGOER—where *have* you been? (1) There were no pictures of *The Dark Angel* in PICTUREGOER. I'll do my best to get you an art plate of Ronald Colman. (2) Stills from *Beau Geste* appeared in March, 1927, number.

Movie Twins (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—I often think that, if I withheld the information some of you fans are "simply dying" to know, it might be considered justifiable homicide! But as you send your "dearest love," I suppose I shall have to soften my hard heart. (1) Ramon Novarro's address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

C. (Leyton).—Estelle Brody was born in Canada and she is in her early twenties.

Horace (Birmingham).—Letters forwarded. I don't see why you shouldn't receive replies—most film stars answer their fan mail.

R. F. (Tunstall).—Of course call me George. (1) I don't see why Allene Ray shouldn't send you a photo. (2) Her address is 6,912, Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood. (3) An art plate appeared in April, 1925, PICTUREGOER. She plays mostly in serials. (4) I've forwarded your carol with a recommendation to mercy.

Lillian (Walton).—(1) I've forwarded your letter to Edmund Burns. (2) Lois Moran's address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California. (3) Glad somebody appreciates my sterling worth.

Don (Oxted).—(1) I've forwarded your letters. Glad to hear the one to Raymond Keane met with such success. (2) Sorry, but we don't undertake to bind PICTUREGOERS. The best thing for you to do is to enquire at your local stationer for prices. It ought not to be expensive. (2) Neil Hamilton's address is c/o Famous Players Studios, Hollywood, California.

Percival (Johannesburg).—(1) Marion Davies isn't married. (2) She was born in 1898. (3) Her address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Molly (Johannesburg).—(1) Mine is a face not easily described on paper—better go on drawing on your imagination. (2) Pola Negri has just wed Prince Divani, a brother of Mae Murray's husband. (3) I don't quite get your query *re* the cartoon you enclose.

M. B. (Brighton).—It's refreshing to hear from someone who doesn't covet a film career! (1) An art plate of Joseph Schildkraut appeared in December, 1926, PICTUREGOER. (2) Yes, Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut are Jews. (3) Joseph Schildkraut is married to Elsie Bartlett. They have no children. (4) *Orphans of the Storm* is not likely to be re-issued just now.

F. T. (Cambridge).—(1) Try Producers' Distributing Corporation, 12, Great Newport Street, W.1, for a photo of Lya de Putti. If you can't get one there, I can only advise you to conquer your shyness and write to her direct for one.

Eileen (Birkenhead).—Letters forwarded. You'll find information about Ralph Forbes in other answers on this page.

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Now that the long-talked of revival of the British film industry is becoming an accomplished fact, new "stars" will have to be found to take the place of those who have left us for Hollywood. One or two have already made their appearance—Estelle Brody, Mabel Poulton and Walter Butler, the promising young juvenile of *White Heat,* are among them. They have as much talent as most of their American cousins, and, given the same opportunities, should go far. It rests very largely with the fan public, what prominence they attain. It is up to picturegoers to support the newcomers on their own screen, and to judge them by the quality of their work, and not by the familiarity of their names. Patriotic support of a bad film, because it is British, is no help at all, but a generous appreciation of the best British films will do its bit towards creating a demand for them and a name for their stars. The kinema patron can do this much towards booming British pictures. What do you think about it, fans?

Potential Stars.

"I have followed the controversy between the 'Novello fans' and their 'enemies' very closely," writes *Gabrielle,* "and, while I cannot agree with the man who states that Mr. Novello has no brains and cannot act, I can't see that he deserves all the praise that his admirers heap upon him. Ivor Novello *can* act—but he has developed into a type. In all his recent films he has taken the part of someone weighed down by cares. When you go to see a Novello picture you know exactly how he is going to look; all that is different from the last picture is the story and settings, etc. If this star could find a film where he could play an out and out bad villain, then he might be able to become a great actor—for surely a great actor is one who can make any character *live.*"

Too Stereotyped.

Critical writes: "Why do all great film artistes, almost without exception, commit artistic suicide at the most crucial point in their careers? Over and over again I have watched it happen. Pauline Frederick did it when, after retiring from the screen with a tremendous name as an actress, she deliberately dimmed the glory of her past achievements by allowing herself to come back in several of the world's worst stories with the world's worst actors in support. Now John Barrymore is doing the same sort of thing, for, although this last three pictures —*Don Juan, His Lady* and *The Beloved Rogue*—were pretentious affairs, he himself had little to do that any other good-looking star could not have done equally well. The majority of fans would, if they are anything like me, rather see artistes of repute in one big picture a year that kept up to the standard of their previous work, than in half a dozen flashy imitations."

A Protest.

A Valentino Echo.

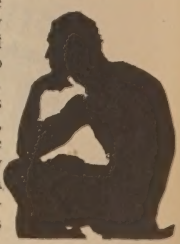
"What a lot of talk there has been recently, *re* Rudolph Valentino's successor. In my opinion (and I know I am not alone) there will never be one. There were many people who, not having seen him act, were prejudiced, and declared that too much fuss was made over him. That was before; but having been persuaded to see one of his films, they were as ardent as any fan," writes *Rosalie.*

Some Symbols.

"I wonder if any other fans find that the stars become symbolic to them as they watch the screen?" writes *Irene.* "Here is what some of the stars 'say' to me:—Mae Murray, a basket of pink roses and fern tied with blue ribbon—rose lipstick; Norma Shearer, a radiant princess in a fairy tale —an April morning—lilac in the dusk; Dolores Costello, a forlorn faire ladye, dreaming of the knight who is long a-coming!—a song at twilight—white roses; Ramon Novarro, a faun piping—rubies—a cheeky little boy; Victor McLaglen, a strong, clean wind—joy of life—sunshine on opals. And that's only a few of 'em—but I'll spare you the rest, oh long suffering 'Thinker'!"

A Wrong System.

R. G. P. writes: "A well-known daily paper is running a competition which is supposed to determine the most popular film star of to-day. I consider that the system is most unfair, and cannot possibly have a true result. For one thing, competitors are invited to send in as many coupons as they like. This means that a person who has a passing interest in Norma Shearer may send in perhaps 60 votes for her, while one who has a deep admiration for Mary Pickford may not be able to afford to send in more than one or two. Again, a money prize is offered, which means that numberless competitors will vote, not for the one they like best, but for the one they believe to be most genuinely popular, and most likely to head the list. Voting of this sort is farcical, and it is quite impossible really to determine a film star's popularity by this means."



THE THINKER.

¶ *At the moment Syd Chaplin is finding Britain a better 'ole, and in a few weeks will begin a picture for British International at Elstree Studios, which, he says, are in advance of Hollywood.*

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Photo by Sasha.

Betty Balfour

Who lately topped the poll in a British referendum on stars' popularity

Yes, we know these contests are supposed to be misleading, because entrants are asked to divine the choice of others instead of furnishing their own.

Experience proves, however, that half the results represent personal preferences, which after all must have some relation to those of the majority.

Moreover, the public cannot really be such bad judges of each other's favourites.

The moral is that Betty, who has suffered from second-rate material, is known to be greater than her pictures.

After a return to the stage, Betty will reappear on the screen — meanwhile she is at her best in "A Sister of Six."

The PICTUREGOER
BRITAIN'S SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL 14. No. 79. JULY, 1927. Editorial Offices: 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Editor: P. L. Mannock. U. S. Representative: Elizabeth Lonergan. Registered for Transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

Keep that in! Being our own odd footage

The finest production of any director is his next.

British producers failed to see the reason for all this fuss over last month's eclipse of the sun.

The new law restricting the publication of divorce details is playing the very devil with Hollywood publicity.

We are glad to say that our contention that the photoplay should possess form has received hearty endorsement by Mack Sennett.

A showman, commenting on the habit of adapting novels, says that while some people film good books, he prefers to book good films.

Monte Blue says he is saving up for a rainy day. This is the first we have heard of his trip to this country.

Sometimes it seems to us that the kinema patron's grievance is not so much the shortage of good films, but the length of bad ones.

An American film magnate's statement that the days of big spectacles are on the decline has given considerable annoyance to Harold Lloyd.

A certain couple in Hollywood have been married six months. They are known locally as Darby and Joan.

Now that mechanical substitutes are successfully supplanting animals in outdoor sport, we expect to hear of an autograph hunter's race after an electric film star.

We always thought these Klieg lights were dangerous. Not only do they injure the eyes of players and producers, but we now learn that a certain studio musician composes jazz airs under their influence.

Those who should know say the shortage of new and clever screen actresses is becoming acute. For every fresh one that comes along two of the old ones dye.

CALLOUS COUPLETS.

From the roof-edge of the Ritz,
An actor fell and smashed to bits.
The great producer gave a grunt:
"They can't say that we faked this stunt."

Now that X-ray kinematography is a fact, we are waiting to see the actual heart-throbs in an emotional "drammer."

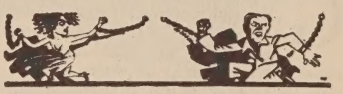
Old films are occasionally shown to convicts in prison. Sometimes one doubts whether this is really an age of humanitarianism.

Among the claimants to the distinction of being the first picturegoer is a man who declares he bears the scars of a bite from the first tip-up seat.

Harry Langdon began as a theatre usher. Even now his business is that of filling seats.

It is certainly remarkable how some stars continue to shine through their powder.

A certain famous producer was born at sea. One or two of his fellow-craftsmen appear to be still there.



Temperamental stars are in demand, we are told, but are difficult to secure. We know one or two who should be firmly secured without delay.

An old complaint is being revived—the opening list of names of everybody who contributed to the film's manufacture. While people may not be very interested, it is surely sometimes desirable that the responsibility ought to be fixed.

The Censor has banned another film subject with a title suggestive of nudity. Surely, however, this is just the sort of thing that ought to be screened!

Says Gertrude Astor: "I'd like to see some other woman try to get my husband." Such frankness, in our opinion, is deplorable.

Clerical hostility to the screen may be dying down, but there are still films which offend every canon of good taste. P. L. M.

Stand and Deliver!

by P. L. Mannock

Matheson Lang's new highwayman picture, "The King's Highway," in the making in rural England.

Glorious sunshine; the unlimited use of an entire English county—and one of the most romantic at that—and the cheery enthusiasm of an entire production unit at work on a highwayman story—these factors all favour a happy result for *The King's Highway*.

A week or two back I was invited to the old town of Evesham, in Worcestershire, by Sinclair Hill, who was busy on the exterior scenes of Matheson Lang's new starring subject. I am afraid that my hesitation before accepting such an opportunity to escape from London in flaming June was very brief—about two-fifths of a second, at a rough estimate.

From the Oxfordshire plateau I descended the perilous hairpin bends of the hill that has the placid town of Broadway at its foot, and a milky ground-mist made the glide by night even more risky than normally. It brought home the fact that there is more than one Broadway possessing a Great White Way of its own; but it was also strangely suggestive of a pearly passage to fairyland.

This impression was confirmed to a very large extent on the following morning. At a fairly early hour considerable bustle animated the historic coach yard of the cosy and quaint old Crown Inn at Evesham, where cars are still stabled rather than garaged, and tended by ostlers rather than by canvas-clad mechanics.

It was at this inn that the redoubtable highwayman, Captain Dangerfield, once arrived and looted, at the pistol's point, everything worth having from the host and his guests, with quiet thoroughness and much more courtesy than is customary in modern Chicago. Matheson Lang, in helping history to repeat itself, has stopped short of slavish realism to tradition. By so doing he has made himself much more popular than any other highwayman within Evesham's recollection.

Sinclair Hill found these headquarters very convenient, and the day's transport in the form of a couple of lorries and several cars was being mustered. Soon I set out with the entire unit along the fresh lanes and through the old villages of this wonderful countryside, rich in a thousand years of history.

The day's work, completely mapped out by the producer and his assistants, Victor Peers and Harcourt Templeman, took place at Castle Morton, on a wonderfully wooded undulating moor flanked by the noble line of the Malvern Hills. Here we were met by some daylight ghosts who turned out to be local horsemen, garbed in gay seventeenth-century habits, in charge of steeds of local origin and useful class.

From his strategic coign of vantage the gallant but ruthless Paul Clifford scans the countryside for spoil.

By the roadside was a complete coach of the period. It was a discovery in a London mews, and was transported by rail. Springy in the chassis and drawn by a team of four, it seemed for quite a special reason to be a fine prize for the roaming freebooter of the road. The reason was Joan Lockton, the heroine of the story. This extraordinarily attractive young star is making a welcome return to British pictures. Since *White Slippers* many people regretted that marriage interrupted her screen career. Here she was, her resemblance to Mary Pickford being quite startling at times, arrayed in a dashing grey velvet travelling habit, and tempting every member of the National Union of Highwaymen.

The surroundings were idyllic and well chosen for the coach hold-up operations. I should be very surprised if, indeed, the scenes made did not bear a close resemblance to other and more grim hold-ups on the same spot. The sun was in a prodigal mood, and the producer and his genial chief cameraman, D. P. Cooper, both in canary jumpers, carried on with unobtrusive tirelessness.

Overhead, skylarks exulted loudly, and from adjoining orchards and farmsteads came the limpid cadences of real cuckoos at regular intervals. We had the place to ourselves; for the local inhabitants are few and far between, and an occasional car or two caused no disturbance.

From one of these cars, however, descended Matheson

The romance of the road—imperfectly appreciated by its victims.

Lang, just arrived from London, where, a few hours before, he had been broadcasting "The Wandering Jew." A dominating figure in red and green, with triangular hat, top-boots, and lace, he seemed to have been transplanted from another age.

How few genuine romantic actors of note we have! Lang is wise in sticking to what are loosely called "costume" rôles, for I know no one who carries off the trappings with so much of the air of the period, no matter what that period is. This is certainly the screen's gain as well as the stage's, for the pictorial aspect of film art is, after all, its most important one.

Sinclair Hill (who had Joe Grossman down as business manager) has a bright and enthusiastic band of assistants. His cast also includes Gerald Ames, making an overdue return to the screen, James Carew, Aubrey Fitzgerald, Gladys Cribben and Dorothy Bellew. Work is also considerably brightened up by the irrepressible personality of cheery Mark Lupino. This capital comedian, one of the famous old theatrical family of humorists, makes his screen debut in the picture.

A brave scene was shot in full of the coach being pulled up sharply in its brisk progress by the coachman, at the sudden appearance of Paul Clifford and his several henchmen, all in sinister black masks, who headed off the vehicle and compelled it to stop, at the points of some large and very businesslike-looking pistols.

Besides this main episode in *The King's Highway* (which, by the way, has been based upon Lord Lytton's novel, "Paul Clifford," the "best-seller" of 1830), a number of other shots were made on the hillside, including fine silhouettes and long rides of prowling, masked riders, including Sydney Seward and Hal Martin; also a scene of a dying nobleman by the wayside tended by a turnpike-keeper. I liked the look of these masked outlaws of 1700. What has survived of their predatory spirit? In what form does it persist in their descendants? I can only imagine that some of their blood flows to-day in the veins of certain officials of the Inland Revenue.

For years it has been a stock grievance of the British producer that facilities for making scenes are practically denied him. In the past this has been too often true—although I suspect that this same grievance has sometimes been made an excuse for incompetence. On this picture, it is heartening to record, the generous assistance given on every side has been remarkable. The delightful old-world town of Chipping Campden, with its sundials, Flemish church-tower and magnificently preserved pre-Tudor main street, was used to great effect and with whole-hearted local co-operation. Many of the most beautiful scenes in the film have also been secured at Pershore, Great Comberton, Elmley Castle and Pirton Park estate. The beautifully-restored Tudor manor-house at Wyke—one of the finest and most thorough pieces of design in the land—was placed at the disposal of the unit for hours by the magnanimity and accommodating courtesy of the rector, the Rev. H. Bickerton Hudson.

In Evesham itself it was possible to see footage developed, printed and projected shortly after taking, by the spirited assistance of Joe Black, of the Scala Kinema, which was used as a private theatre after hours.

Above: Autographs by Mr. Lang, Joan Lockton and Mark Lupino
Below: At Chipping Campden.

As We See It

by the Editor

NOW that British production is increasing, its problems are gradually getting more and more into their proper focus. To some extent they correspond with the same problems that America had to solve fifteen or eighteen years ago; but there is this vital difference: that on this side of the Atlantic today we are striking out for a larger share of a colossal market which has existed for many years—a market which cannot be regarded in national terms at all.

There is only one factor which can ensure the healthy revival of British films, and that is the making of pictures which, by sheer merit, will entertain the public. Legislation cannot bring these into being. It can only smooth to some extent the path of those on whom the entire responsibility must rest—the producers themselves.

With the new Wembley scheme, and other studio extensions, a greater volume will be possible. At present, with all the talk of revival, we are only making as many films as we were six years ago.

This is not nearly enough. We should be making three times as many. Our progress will be steady but slow because of a shortage of experienced people.

FOR this reason we make a suggestion in all seriousness to the biggest personal asset the screen possesses. Charlie Chaplin is a great Englishman. By the time this appears in print he may be on his way over or actually here. It is impossible to rely upon the constant reports of his coming. This does not affect the substance of our proposal, to the originality of which we make no claim.

Why not make a picture in the old country, Mr. Chaplin? Your brother is going to. Is it impossible for you? There will soon be room at Elstree or at Wembley for a unit even of the size you find necessary, and fully equipped at that.

You will certainly find that, once the facilities are at hand, production is considerably cheaper than in Hollywood. A real English setting would interest Americans, too.

Above all, such a step on your part would, at one stroke, do more to put British films on the map than five years of trade conferences and Parliamentary concern.

Would it not be a great gesture? Or great business? Or even both?

Think it over, Charlie.

EVERY month we have brought home to us fresh evidence of the extraordinary lengths to which film-star idolatry will go. A letter is before us from the President of the Wallace Reid Memorial Association. It has been decided to erect a memorial bay, to the lasting glory of the late lamented star, in the big Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City. This is to consist of a little chapel, above which are triforium arches and a huge stained-glass window. The project has the blessing of Bishop Manning.

Such symptoms of what is apparently a national mentality are regrettable mainly because they remind us rather too abruptly that America is a foreign nation. No doubt some sympathetic chords will be struck in a few hearts over here, but ordinary British instincts recoil from this sort of thing.

As in the case of Rudolph Valentino, who is the subject of many much more grandoise moments, memorials and shrines, it is easy to point out that the disproportionate fame of a screen star, as a private individual, is based solely on millions of people being familiar with his photographic image as a professional entertainer.

WALLACE Reid, who has been dead four years, was an extremely likeable personality on the screen, and a very pleasant fellow in private. He was no hero, unless heroism consists of fighting a weakness and losing.

Therefore we say that this practical canonization of a young actor who died of drugs is maudlin mush. Such hysterical sentimentality is partly explicable on a pathological basis, but it nauseates us. Moreover, it places a weapon in the hands of those who are enemies of the motion picture and all its works.

All the same, if anyone wants to subscribe, the address of the President of the Association is 3625, R Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Shadowland

MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

Ivan Mosjoukine, the star of *Michael Strogoff*, has just finished his first American picture, entitled *Surrender*, in which he co-stars with Mary Philbin. His next will be *He Knew Women*, with Lya de Putti.

Another Victor Hugo story is being filmed by Universal. This is *The Man Who Laughs* (*L'homme Qui Rit*). As a good deal of the action takes place in London, it was at first intended to bring the company to England to film these scenes in the actual locations. This project has now been abandoned, however, and London has been brought to Universal City, instead. At any rate, an exact replica of the Houses of Parliament has been built on the edge of a Los Angeles river camouflaged to represent the Thames.

Work on *The Vortex*, which Adrian Brunel is directing for Gainsborough, is well under way at the Islington Studios. Willette Kershaw, the American actress, makes her film début in this picture as the weak mother. F. Kinsey Peile, Sir Simeon Stuart and Dorothy Fane are also in the cast. Ivor Novello stars.

The Fake is nearing completion at the Alliance Studios. Henry Edwards plays the leading rôle, and a strong supporting cast includes Elga Brink, Miles Mander, Juliette Compton, J. Fisher White, Norman McKinnel, A. Bromley Davenport, Ivan Samson, Daisy Campbell and Ursula Jeans.

Last month saw the arrival, in London, of Syd Chaplin, who is preparing to make a comedy over here. Another notable visitor was Vera Voronina, who is to support Sir Harry Lauder in the Welsh-Pearson production of *Huntingtower*.

Norma Talmadge also paid us a visit, but hers is purely a holiday trip. She has recently finished work on a modernised version of *Camille*, and her next film will probably be *The Darling of the Gods*.

A big social event in Hollywood was the wedding of Irene Rich to David Blankenhorn, a wealthy real estate man. Irene says she intends to continue her picture career, although a lot of her time will be spent at her husband's beautiful home in Pasadena.

Mary Hay, Richard Barthelmess's ex-wife, was also married recently. Her present husband is Vivian Bath, son of a rubber magnate of Singapore. Immediately after their marriage the two set off for China, so it looks as though Mary is abandoning her career—for a time, at any rate.

"Sunrise" sees Margaret Livingstone and George O'Brien playing together.

Considerable anxiety is felt in Hollywood, over the health of Mabel Normand. She seems to be finding it difficult to get back her strength after a bout of double pneumonia, and her friends are really worried. Here's wishing her a speedy return to health.

We learn, with regret, of the death of the brilliant young Swedish actor, Einar Hansen. He was killed in a motor accident last month.

Lois Moran has just signed a big contract with Fox Films. She has been free-lancing just lately.

Admirers of Stewart Rome will be pleased to hear that he has been engaged for a leading rôle in *Somehow Good*, to be produced by Pathé over here. Dorothy Boyd, who recently played in *Easy Virtue*, will also be in the cast, and Fay Compton is the leading lady.

Any amount of new British films are scheduled for production shortly. These include *The Ring*, *Poppies in Flanders*, *The Farmer's Wife*, *Toni*,

Harley Knoles, director of the British film, "The White Sheik," surrounded by real Riff warriors in the Morocco desert.

Tommy Atkins, and a Syd Chaplin feature by British International; *One of the Best, The White Chateau, Our Betters, Common People, The South Sea Bubble, Riceyman Steps,* and a sequel to *Woman to Woman* (Gainsborough); *The Arcadians, Sailors Don't Care, The Campbells Are Coming, Rob Roy, Alf's Button* and *Florence Nightingale* (Gaumont); *Guns of Loos* (Stoll); *Further Adventures of the Flag Lieutenant* (W. P.); *Conquest* (Bandy); *Gallipoli* (British Instructional); and *Carry On* (Britannia).

It is rumoured that Ben Lyon and Marilyn Miller will marry, as soon as the latter secures her divorce from Jack Pickford. At present all three are in Paris.

Two more Hollywood engagements are reported. One is that of Bobby Agnew to Ann Rork. The other is Edna Murphy and Mervyn Le Roy, a First National gag man who will soon direct his first picture.

Taking advantage of the romantic interest caused by the announcement of Vilma Banky's engagement to Rod la Rocque, Sam Goldwyn has decided to co-star them in a film together. The subject has not been announced.

Ramon Novarro's next starring vehicle will be a screen version of "Romance." He has just finished work on *Old Heidelberg.*

Colleen is the title of Madge Bellamy's latest film, which is now nearing completion. She is under contract to Fox to star in another two pictures, one of which may be made in Europe.

After her recent revolt against perpetually playing saccharine heroines, it comes as rather a shock to hear that Lois Wilson's next film will be called *The Gingham Girl.* However, she assures us that the rôle isn't nearly so unsophisticated as it sounds.

Two new stories have been chosen for John Gilbert, to be made in the near future. One is a newspaper story, written specially for him by Monta Bell, entitled *Fires of Youth.* The other is *None But the Brave,* based on "War in the Dark," by Ludwig Wolff.

The film version of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," which is being made by Metro-Goldwyn, with Greta Garbo in the leading rôle, has been re-named *Love.*

Few child stars are able to work in the difficult "between" stage, now reached by Jackie Coogan. But the latter will shortly be seen in *The Bugle Call,* a story of Western frontier days that has just been completed by director Edward Sedgwick. Claire Windsor, Herbert Rawlinson, Tom O'Brien, Sara Padden and Harry Todd are members of the supporting cast.

Jackie will start work almost immediately on *Buttons,* a sea story by George Hill, who made *Tell It To The Marines.*

Fans will all rejoice in the success of Ralph Forbes, the good looking young Britisher who, since his work in *Beau Geste,* has been doing exceedingly well for himself in Hollywood. He has just been given the much coveted leading rôle opposite Dolores Del Rio in *The Trail of '98.*

College stories still seem to be the rage in Hollywood. Dick Barthelmess will add to their number when he films *The Drop Kick,* adapted from a novel by Katherine Brush entitled "Glitter."

Corinne Griffith is back in Hollywood after a trip to Paris, where she has been buying clothes and adding to a collection of Laligne glass, that is rather a hobby of hers. She is very anxious to have Charles Ray as leading man in *The Garden of Eden,* her first picture for United Artists.

Herbert Brenon expects to arrive in England early this month, to shoot scenes for the film version of Warwick Deeping's *Sorrell and Son.* The cast includes H. B. Warner as Stephen Sorrell, Nils Aster as the grown-up son, and Micky McBann as the youthful Christopher in the earlier scenes. Other members of the cast are Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Carmel Myers, Norman Trevor, Louis Wol-

Lois Wilson is one of the reasons why "Broadway Nights" may be considered entertaining ones.

heim, and Paul McAllister. We hope Mr. Brenon will use a few British players. Why not?

When Irish Eyes are Smiling is the title of Colleen Moore's next picture. There seems to be a growing tendency, lately, to make a popular song the foundation of a film. *Mother Machree* and *Annie Laurie* were two recent examples. Colleen wants to throw over First National and join Allied Artists.

During the last week, explosions and air stunts have been daily occurrences at Stag Lane, Hendon. Gaumont are in the thick of *The Flight Commander,* in which Sir Alan Cobham will appear as Sir Alan Cobham. Estelle Brody, John Stuart, Vesta Sylva, Humberstone Wright and John Longden are the principals, and Maurice Elvey is directing.

Phyllis Haver, who recently played in *The Way of All Flesh,* with Emil Jannings, will play the feminine lead in support of Rod La Rocque in *Brigadier Gerard.* This, of course, is a version of Sir A. Conan Doyle's famous creation—the dashing and vain Hussar who fought against Wellington.

The Paramount School, which combed the U.S.A. for fresh talent, has been suspended. Film school pupils, please note. If a professional effort cannot continue, what chance have amateur efforts? The school has been the means of placing a picked half-dozen young people on contract, but up to now they haven't done very much.

That fine old Adelphi military "drammer," *One of the Best,* should strike a new note in its screen version by Gainsborough Pictures. It has no war in it, and it is being set in the bustle period of 1885.

We have just read a review by Laurence Reid in the "Motion Picture News," of the new American war picture, *Convoy.* A paragraph says "Meanwhile the picture releases some *genuinely authentic shots*" (the italics are ours) "of the combined American and British fleets repelling the attack of the German fleet off Jutland. These new shots (for that's what they are) lend conviction to the story."

Someone should draw Vice-Admiral Harper's attention to this new aspect of the Jutland controversy that has apparently escaped his notice, both in his book and official record. The credit is apparently due to the Americans again.

Think of the miles he's ridden and the white hats he's worn out! *Tumbling River,* the first Tom Mix production on the Fox schedule of releases for 1927-28, will incidentally be that veteran's 72nd picture for the company. Lew Seiler will make the picture on an elaborate scale, the entire company going to Prescott, Arizona.

It stands to reason that Lon Chaney, with his gift for weird characterisation, must be given stories heavily embroidered with melodramatic action and suspense. After many seasons of portraying uncanny studies, the plastic Lon has established a large following, bent upon seeing the last word in make-up. Therefore, we eagerly await *Mr. Wu.* Comparisons with Matheson Lang should be interesting and even instructive.

Anthony Asquith's first production, *Shooting Stars,* has now begun in London, with A. V. Bramble directing on the floor. The story deals with film-folk in the studio, and the leading players are Annette Bluson, Brian Aherne and Donald Calthrop.

Thousands of troops have been busily engaged during the past few weeks enacting some of the biggest scenes in the New Era Production, *The Somme.* Several of the actual Somme heroes themselves take part in the film, and re-enact the wonderful deeds which gained for them the much-envied military honours to which bravery alone entitled them. Amongst them is Private Veale, of the 8th Devons, who, under heavy shell fire and terrifying conditions, rescued his wounded officer. Veale gave such a realistic performance before the camera, and proved to be such a natural film actor, that his services have been retained on the production staff of New Era.

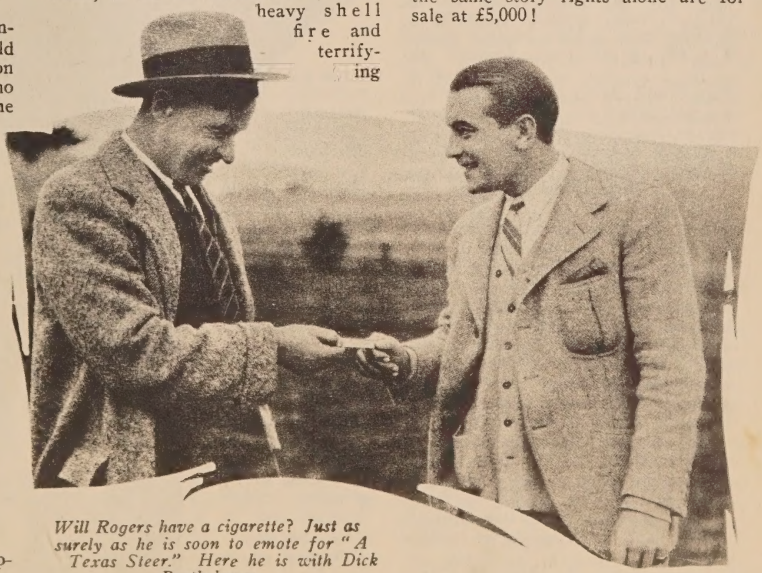
Thank goodness Captain Lindbergh has refused all film offers. A Wardour Street head of an American concern offered him 700,000 dollars for a year, on personally meeting him at Le Bourget Aerodrome. Another firm held out £100,000. There are some forms of enterprise which are so smart that they damage the prestige of those who conceive them.

Ernst Lubitsch is now at work in Germany on actual exteriors for *Old Heidelberg,* in which Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer head a huge cast.

Harry Langdon follows up *Long Pants* with two more full-length comedies for First National—*The Butter and Egg Man* and *The Nineteenth Hole.*

Some showmen are so peeved at the vexatious war-time restrictions on the sale of cigarettes and confectionery that they are thinking of making it an excuse for raising prices. Surely this is ill-advised? And what would happen if (as in practically all big American theatres) smoking were strictly forbidden?

Story rights certainly increase in value. D. W. Griffith made a film in 1913 at a total cost of £500. Now the same story rights alone are for sale at £5,000!



Will Rogers have a cigarette? Just as surely as he is soon to emote for "A Texas Steer." Here he is with Dick Barthelmess.

This "Adaptation" Business

by Lionel Collier

¶Books and plays are sometimes improved by producers, but soulless and idiotic mutilation is customary.

It is perfectly understandable why so many well known books and plays are adapted for the screen, although it is not always nearly so understandable why some are chosen which are obviously unsuitable for screen presentation.

The value to a producing firm of a book, however, is not so much its matter as its title and the author's reputation, for here is a publicity angle ready made to which the public will respond even though they may be bitterly disappointed at the mutilated mess that is served up.

Magazine stories, of course, form an almost inexhaustible supply for the producer, and this often accounts for the reason why we are given a plot spun out into seven reels which could have been much better presented in two; for the short drama at the moment there is very little market, since nearly every kinema in the country runs two full features and gets its fill-ups as cheaply as it can.

There can be no doubt that the ideal for the advancement of the screen is that writers should study pictorial expression as quite distinct from literary achievements, for, speaking broadly, most works of intrinsic literary merit lose their hold when translated into what is an entirely different medium. The big exception to this is the book that relies on plot value alone, and in this case the screen can, in all probability, improve on it, for its big asset is the depiction of action.

Matter written with an eye to pictorial rather than literary art is in the best interests of the screen. As far back as D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*, and *The Birth of a Nation*, such purely film conceptions have proved outstanding. Before them the Italian spectacular pictures were evolved with the same end in view.

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari is another example of the attempt to get away from literary and stage traditions, and present psychology in the form of pictures, which is at once the earliest and latest mode of self-expression.

I must include *The Marriage Circle*, written by Paul Bern and directed by that supreme artist of subtlety, Ernst Lubitsch; also *Vaudeville*, by A. E. Dupont, the film which has probably done more to popularise German films in this country than any other.

Let us look a moment at some of the best known plays and books that have been pictured during the past few years.

Virginia Valli and Lawford Davidson in "Marriage"—a Wells novel warped.

On the credit side we can confidently put *Peter Pan*. The spirit of Barrie's fantasy was undoubtedly caught by Herbert Brenon, who was lucky enough to have the privilege of consulting the author about any changes that a new form of expression would warrant and, indeed, demand.

It must be remembered that in place of a fine piece of descriptive writing or character delineation the producer has to make his camera convey to the brain the same sensations, and that in order to do that he may have to alter sequences drastically, and reproduce the spirit of the work rather than the letter of it.

A very good example of the pedestrian method of treating a great work was given in Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, where the producer followed the book too literally. Some ten years ago the same book was done in about a third of the length, but presented a much truer interpretation of it because the spirit had been pictured, not the letter.

Lubitsch's *Lady Windermere's Fan* was brilliant because he did not attempt to follow Wilde slavishly, but succeeded in creating an atmosphere—presented a facsimile of his characters. *Beau Geste* was certainly a very sound adaptation, as was Sabatini's *Sea*

Alma Rubens must have liked being Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," in which some cigar-chewer decreed that little Willie perished not.

Hawk and *The Sea Beast*, a picturisation of "Moby Dick." There was, however, in this last, a sop to what is supposed to be popular taste at all times and in all places—a happy ending. So John Barrymore was allowed to escape from his whale, and return home to a gratuitous, if charming, sweetheart.

Amongst British pictures the most imaginative adaptations have been W. W. Jacobs' *The Monkey's Paw*, and Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*. In the former Manning Haynes interpreted the eerie quality of the story to perfection. He, too, had the advantage of consultation with the author as to alteration of sequences and incident. A happy ending was made for the picture, but it was, so to speak, detachable.

Maurice Elvey's imaginative treatment of *Hindle Wakes* did full justice to the playwright's conception, and his impressionistic camera shots successfully filled the place of the spoken word.

Tolstoi's *Resurrection* has been filmed before, but never quite so successfully as by Edwin Carewe. It has been put forward that it is sentimentalising Tolstoi, but to my mind it only shows Tolstoi in his perfectly true colours.

There are two outstandingly fine operatic translations, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Manon Lescaut*—both German. *Der Rosenkavalier* is, incidentally, the only picture that has really achieved a perfect harmony of pictorial action and musical theme. The director, Arthur Robison, must have immersed himself in Strauss' composition.

On the border line, that is pictures which have very nearly caught the spirit of a book but have somehow not quite done so, I should place Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella* and Conrad's *Lord Jim*. In the first case fantasy is a very difficult thing to handle on the screen as it is apt to prove more artificial in pictured form than it does draped in literary charm. *A Kiss for Cinderella* suffers from an exaggerated and farcical depiction of the girl's dream.

Lord Jim suffers from the fact that the leading rôle is made too weak a character by Percy Marmont, otherwise it follows the book's action faithfully enough, although in hardly an inspired manner.

One of the worst examples of mutilation and entire destruction is Galsworthy's *The White Monkey*. Quite apart from the fact that the entire centre of interest is changed, the characters in no way resemble the literary prototypes. Here is a case of the entire spirit of a work being lost, although one must class it amongst those books which one wonders why on earth anyone attempted to film it; it relies so entirely on its literary merit and on subtle character delineation rather than action.

A close runner up in the mutilation handicap was *The Lady of the Harem*, supposed to be adapted from Flecker's "Hassan." If it had had that title the resemblance would have ceased there; since it has not, it has no resemblance at all, either in action or spirit.

For a complete rearranging of characters for no apparent reason, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* takes a lot of beating. Relations between Victor Hugo's characters were all at sixes and sevens, and the usual happy ending succeeded in ruining what most people agree is a fine dramatic story. I am not now talking about technical effects or acting, which in many cases manage to soften to a certain extent the disappointment one feels in a bad adaptation.

Peggy Carlisle and Estelle Brody in a "Hindle Wakes" extra episode thoroughly in keeping with the original play.

Goodness knows what Coleridge would have said if told this was a scene from the "Ancient Mariner," with Clara Bow as a simple school-teacher.

Again, in H. G. Wells' *Marriage*, the characters were entirely altered, and instead of going to Labrador went to the tropics—the effect of Hichens, I suppose. A sleek villain is introduced, and as good a mess made of the original conception as could be wished for.

The well-known poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, suffered an awful fate; so awful that it only remained to take away the title to leave no clue as to its origin. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was an even greater outrage.

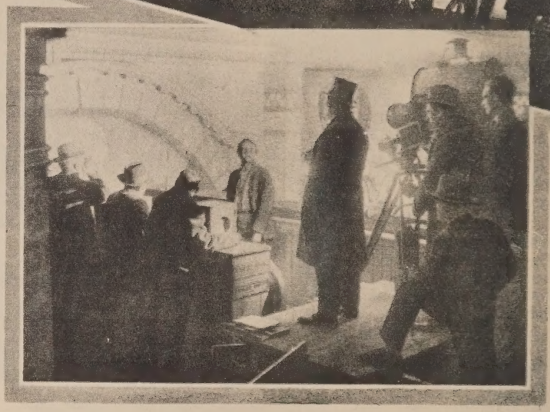
Who is to blame? It seems obvious to accuse the producer or scenarist; but both of these are working under the orders of a gentleman whose proud boast is that he knows the public taste. The author, when he is living, is equally guilty. It would be the easiest thing in the world for him to insist on a certain amount of protective clauses if he did not wish to see his work mutilated.

I should like to add that many books are capable of improvement in the hands of a clever scenarist, and it is for this reason that their close cooperation is to be desired so that the author on his part may grasp some of the intricacies of pictorial expression, and the scenarist the spirit and theme of the author.

Getting Permission

by W. J. O'BRYEN

¶Too often in Britain the maker of films still has to combat official bars and bans—in curious contrast to the active aid that is so welcome when it is accorded.



Above: A scene snatched outside the House of Commons by night.

At left: Ivor Novello on a Tube escalator. The Underground very kindly helped "Downhill."

The present increased activity in British film production, Government interest, and measures to put the industry on its feet, rather make one wonder whether it will be now made possible for the British producer to show Britain on the screen. Hitherto he has been unable to do so. This has been the perquisite of the American.

Appeals to the authorities to allow their own people to take scenes in the more interesting parts of London, for instance, have fallen on deaf ears. The authorities have been so tied up with red tape, that though in many cases those in subordinate positions have been willing and eager to help and the hopes of the picture man have run high, an impasse has almost inevitably been reached when one got to the top.

Let us take the case of one typically British picture—*The Lodger*. This is a story of London life, and part of its value as a screen record should have been its ability to bring London to the screen—to show the foreigner what the greatest city in the world really looked like.

It was thought by the poor producer, innocent of the mysterious ways of Government working, that he would have no difficulty in obtaining all the facilities that he required. He soon came up against a snag.

The first exterior scenes required were night shots on the Embankment. Scotland Yard were approached. He was referred to the Traffic Superintendent. This gentleman was most sympathetic. He would do anything he could to help, but he was not by any means hopeful. A long wait and then an intimation that no permit could possibly be granted, but if the producing company liked to take the risk of working on the Embankment after midnight, he would try to see that the police in the neighbourhood were warned not to interfere unless obstruction was being caused.

Result, a full night's work on the Embankment with the very cordial help of all the friendly policemen in the neighbourhood—followed by a very strong letter of protest from Scotland Yard and an intimation that we could apply to them again in vain.

Surely this was rather a ludicrous position—to refuse permission but to imply that we might take a chance, and then to grumble afterwards about our having taken a chance and got away with it. The next location required Parliament Square. The Deputy Commissioner of Police having been met at a private luncheon party, was told of our troubles and expressed surprise and righteous indignation at our treatment. He would help us to get the Parliament Square facilities.

He tried; he failed. In vain did we ask how the authorities accounted for the fact that not so long ago, when an American company was filming a Hall Caine story over here, they had the use of Trafalgar Square for the whole of one night with a crowd of some thousands, traffic diverted, and every possible assistance and facility they could require. Nobody seemed to know the answer to this riddle; but the Commissioner remained obdurate.

Next came the bright idea of doing certain scenes in Hyde Park. Here was a different matter altogether. Where Scotland Yard were not concerned—the Office of Works being the people to be approached. They were most kind, most sympathetic. It would be lovely to show the world what Hyde Park looked like!

There was one little snag, however—an Act of Parliament which forbade the taking of any film in Hyde Park. And short of getting that Act of Parliament altered for our own special benefit, the very charming authorities were of the opinion that we hadn't got an earthly.

And so giving up the unequal struggle in despair the producer decided that, instead of using the real London, which was at his doorstep, for his picture, he would have to do London in the studio.

And it has been the same with almost every picture one can remember. Truly it has been said that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country—only in this case the prophet is the producer.

Go abroad and you will find that the authorities will do anything in the world to help you. Go to Paris, as one did for the opening scenes of *The Triumph of the Rat*, and permits are literally forced upon you. Shots can be taken in the Bois, Champs Elysees,

at the Etoile, at Longchamps—anywhere in fact. Being wise people they are only too glad to have their beautiful city shown on the screen.

But come back from the Continent and try to get them to let you do some scenes in Richmond Park, and see what happens. If it wasn't so pathetically obstructive, and if it wasn't one of the things that has done most towards retarding British production and making young Britain, both at home and in the Colonies, more accustomed to the sight of Fifth Avenue, Broadway, Coney Island and chewing gum than it is to its own mother country, it would almost make one laugh. As it is, it is a situation so pathetic and so vital as to merit the very earnest consideration of all concerned.

But things are reforming very rapidly. There is a growing desire to help, and in the recent production of *Downhill,* facilities were obtained such as would have been out of the question a year ago.

Some scenes on the escalator with Ivor Novello at an Underground station were required for instance. The authorities were approached and nothing could have been more cordial than their co-operation, with the result that Hitchcock and his unit were enabled to work at the Maida Vale Station for some hours from midnight onwards with results which will be unique on the screen.

A 'bus top was required for other scenes. A 'bus top was supplied by the L.G.O.C. Two Rugby Football fifteens were required. A young gentleman at one of the universities was approached and two full and very efficient fifteens put up a very good match at Berkhampstead.

For "The Ghost Train" the Southern Railway lent a locomotive, station and complete staff for two whole nights.

Maurice Elvey found nothing but courtesy and willingness at Blackpool, where scenes in "Hindle Wakes" included dizzy switchbacks.

The increasing willingness in most quarters to assist our producers is the most heartening indication of a national encouragement to an industry which, as is now well recognised, has always laboured under peculiar handicaps.

In justice let it also be admitted that some demands by producers have been unreasonable. One cannot expect, for example, Piccadilly Circus traffic to be held up for a couple of hours, or shots to be taken of an Old Bailey judge actually pronouncing sentence of death. Yet both have been asked for —and rightly refused.

Fortunately there is much more responsibility in British production, and this shows itself incidentally in the manner in which facilities are requested. To my knowledge, countless examples of refusal to grant permissions have been directly due to the high-handed and tactless way in which those concerned have been approached.

The old type of film intruder, with his sudden descent, demands and dislocation, is, however, fast disappearing, and responsible firms get what they want by methods of courtesy, prearrangement, and consideration.

Factories, shipyards, collieries, and even railways are helping in these days. For *The Ghost Train,* the Southern Railway lately lent a big locomotive, rolling stock, a rural station and staff, and active supervision.

Maurice Elvey found Blackpool bursting to place itself at his disposal for *Hindle Wakes.* The South Shore Amusement Park and the mammoth Tower Ball Room are consequently seen to enormous advantage in the splendid picture.

Roehampton polo ground was given over to Alfred Hitchcock for some big society scenes in *Easy Virtue* a few weeks ago.

Within the last month, Sinclair Hill has been in Worcestershire on old-world locations for *The King's Highway.* Local aid was wonderful.

These are excellent signs. Our output of films is increasing and we must expect the director with his megaphone, the players in yellow paint, and the camera expert with his white reflecting screens to be a much more familiar spectacle in outdoor Britain. Be decent to them. They want to finish as quickly as they can, and if you are lucky enough to establish contact with them, you will find them a hard working jolly crowd, tremendously grateful for anything you can do.

Our Observatory

For the Discovery of New Stars that twinkle in the Movie Firmament.

LOUISE LAGRANGE

The stars of the screen, as well as the stars of the firmament, have strange times and orbits, and come and go with the seasons—they are there, and suddenly we lose sight of them, we forget them, and they reappear.

When Louise Lagrange arrived recently in the French film, *Bohemian Love*, she was greeted as a new and sudden star, come from nowhere into screen fame. But we who have watched the movies carefully for the last half-dozen years, remember watching her light before, seasons ago, in another hemisphere.

It was only a little light then. Nobody had thought of making her famous. She was playing small parts at the Lasky studios, and they had not even learnt how to photograph her well. But even in those days she simply couldn't help shining; her personality could not be hidden away.

But now, three years later, she has appeared again, this time in her own country of France, and as a star in her own right.

She justifies all the hopes we ever entertained of her when she was unknown and untried. It doesn't matter whether or not we think her beautiful. She is certainly pretty enough for us to wonder how any screen husband could have left her for Nita Naldi's mellow charms.

But the thing that matters is that she has wit, and vivacity and understanding, a real sense of the dramatic, and that she is one of the few young screen actresses in either hemispheres with a passionate predilection for being sincere.

IVAN PETROVITCH

The beauty of looking for one star very carefully is that often in the course of the investigation you may find another.

If it had not been for Louise Lagrange I should not yet have discovered Ivan Petrovitch. I missed his first picture, *The Magician*, made in Europe with Rex Ingram. I shall be very careful not to miss his second.

For this young cosmopolitan is going to be a big factor on the screen some day, and when he has gone to America and become a famous leading man it will be satisfying to think: Ah, but I knew he was a coming man when he made his first picture in Europe with Rex Ingram and Léonce Perret, years ago.

I find in Petrovitch something strangely reminiscent of Ricardo Cortez, with an additional gentleness which is purely his own. He has an unusual knack of handling the minor emotions, of playing the more subdued moments of life with sincerity. He can rise to any crisis with dramatic passion, if you ask it of him.

But the hallmark of his quality is on the quieter moods of the story. He can play the husband as well as the lover: can *be* as well as *do*.

Petrovitch is that rare combination—a star in embryo and a born "support" of stars. Let the directors waste no time in taking a look at him. Here is a leading man for whom the screen has been waiting these many years.

HUMBERSTONE WRIGHT

Old soldiers never die. You remember the old "regular" in *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*? His half-parental comradeship of the scared young rifleman

was one of the best touches in this picture. It struck a responsive chord in thousands of ex-service breasts.

If you call Humberstone Wright a recruit to the screen, you will incur (and deserve) the derision of the British studio world. He has been in films as long as anyone can remember, and it is only to-day that this old soldier of the screen is coming into his own. And he has variety. The Flemish father in *Roses in Picardy;* the grousing Marine in *The Flag Lieutenant;* the dour Lancashire parent in *Hindle Wakes*—there is individuality in each.

He has, like many of his serious brethren, turned to comedy, and we shall see him in *The Glad Eye* and *A Sister to Assist 'Er*. But those facial lines of his are surely tragic in essence.

Harry Humberstone Wright is a Cockney, with the Cockney grim humour that so often expresses itself in a kind of patient disgust. But his gaunt dignity is impressive without being depressing. Rex Ingram gave him a part on sight a few months ago; but this able and very English player has no wish to desert our shores and floors. At any rate not just yet.

THE ASTRONOMER

The Broadway Boulevardier

by CEDRIC BELFRAGE

¶Our bright absorber of New York doings unburdens himself without compromise or restraint.

Victor McLaglen is the hefty beef-baiter in the Fox version of "Carmen." But they are calling it "The Passionate Toreador." Dolores del Rio is emphatically with him. Evidently a good pull-up for Carmen.

The Great White Way has become several degrees whiter than ever, for an immaculate new picture theatre has opened its doors—a theatre with electric illumination of fierce brilliance which makes the Paramount display look like that of a whelk-stall in the Edgware Road. It is the Roxy, the largest theatre ever built, with more projectors, ushers, grand organs, musicians, dancers, box-offices, dressing-rooms, lounges, carpets, lifts, candelabra, ventilators and gilt fittings than any previous temple of movies.

It has, in fact, everything except good pictures. Personally, I am still old-fashioned enough to believe that films are an indispensable part of any kinema's equipment. But the Roxy's takings of over £20,000 a week since the opening leave no room for doubt that I am almost alone in my view. The truly up-to-date picturegoer visits the kinema to look at monster ballets, listen to monster symphony orchestras and choirs, and be rude to the sleek ushers who are forbidden to answer back.

If the pictures shown at the Roxy had been one half as good as the stage presentations and music, there would have been ample justification for the theatre's slogan, "the cathedral of the motion picture." As it is, it's all cathedral and practically no picture. It only succeeds in making you see with horrible clarity to what abysses of dulness Hollywood can go.

They opened the theatre with Gloria Swanson's *The Love of Sunya;* Gloria, her Marquis, the Mayor, and a brace of French counts, over for the divorce season, arrived in Rolls-Royces and seriously rivalled the three-console organ in distracting attention from the picture. Perhaps this was for the best, considering the picture. Olive Borden, Lois Wilson, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon and other film people helped with their presence, and as a result *Sunya* got away with reviews which were quite complimentary. For another thing, the gentlemen of the press were tactfully given a standing invitation to come in at the back way and have a glass of something special.

There is a hospital in the theatre where they can perform any major operation known to surgery. But the one they couldn't do was to put *Sunya* together so that it made sense.

"STORY BY JEANIE MACPHERSON"

The first thing you see as you enter Times Square—New York's theatrical centre—these days is an electric sign of nightmare proportions reading like this: "Cecil B. de Mille's KING OF KINGS—Story by Jeanie MacPherson."

The prophetic grandeur of some of de Mille's former scenarios made one suspect more than once that Miss MacPherson, who writes them, must be a modern re-incarnation of St. John the Divine. It is now brought to light, however, in letters of fire that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are also embodied in this apocalyptic figure of Hollywood. As for little Cecil, he has been canonised for good and all by some Hollywood wag as "The Man Nobody No's."

In *The King of Kings* Jeanie and Cecil show us once again that nothing will make them depart from their lofty code of ideals. No de Mille picture is complete without a cabaret scene, so they introduce Mary Magdalene as a speciality dancer before the Roman tyrants, who, of course, sit with laurel wreaths awry and leer at her as they eat grapes. At the end of the picture, after the long Crucifixion scene, which is very finely done, the de Mille firework display opens in full force. Caiaphas and the other malefactors are either struck by lightning or swallowed up in the bowels of the earth.

The story, as you see on the electric sign, is by Jeanie MacPherson.

ADOLPHE TAKING UP BLACK BOTTOM

Cupid, as Miss Dell has so often told us, plays the funniest pranks with his victims. The latest of these is Adolphe Menjou who, with his new divorce not yet made absolute, is already under the influence of another fair charmer. Her name is Kathryn Carver, and she is Adolphe's new leading lady.

Kathryn came to the parting of the ways with her late husband, Ira Hill, because she wanted to do the Charleston and Black-Bottom, when, where and with whom she pleased, and he didn't see it that way. In fact, he placed his veto on the dances, and even went so far as to seize his wife by the hair when she did them, according to her statement. Kathryn gave him one look, and immediately started proceedings for divorce.

Now she is on the verge of matrimony with the sheer Adolphe, but her partiality to the Charleston and the Black-Bottom has not waned. The inevitable result is that Adolphe will have to throw poise aside and indulge in the contortions of jazz whenever she feels restless. If he doesn't, somebody else will. He has evidently got to resign himself to being second to the Black-Bottom in Kathryn's young affections.

As a matter of fact this development will not be quite so odd as it sounds. Adolphe off the screen is a very different man to his shadow self. His fans probably do not know that he constantly chews gum on the set and parks it under his chair when he gets up to do one of his suave love scenes. He

(*Continued on page* 46.)

A Mexican Madonna

by KATHLEEN USSHER

One picture established Dolores del Rio as a star; but if she arrived by accident, she is a stayer on merit.

Just why a demure little dark-eyed maid from Mexico City should have romped through a couple of minor programme-pictures to stardom in less than a twelvemonth is a matter that is still agitating the minds of the Hollywood wiseacres.

Not long ago Edwin Carewe gave Dolores del Rio—the young lady in question—a small part in *Joanna*. She acquitted herself admirably, and thereupon the same producer decided to cast her in an important rôle in *High Steppers* adapted from Sir Philip Gibbs' novel, "Heirs Apparent," co-featuring Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

Dolores "registered" so well and screened so beautifully that when Carewe's next feature, *Pals First*, came up for casting, the senorita was immediately allotted the starring rôle.

Senorita del Rio is a pure Castilian type, and incidentally one of the wealthiest girls in Mexico City, where she was the reigning society favourite.

Edwin Carewe "discovered" her at a fête, and experienced some difficulty in convincing her aristocratic family that a film career would not harm her social standing.

After studying with the best dancing-masters in Europe, Senorita del Rio is an accomplished artiste. In addition, she possesses an unusually well-trained voice, and has sung over the wireless on several occasions.

Her work in "Resurrection" is so vivid that Rod la Rocque is eclipsed.

Her beauty is of a distinctive character, unusual upon the screen. At the gay and glittering functions of Hollywood, she invariably shines out from the gaudy throng like an old picture of the Madonna suddenly come to life.

Yet the rôle which first brought the pride of Mexico City into screen prominence was none other than the petite "Charmaine"—a mademoiselle of doubtful morals in that bath of blood and bathos, *What Price Glory*.

As "Katushka Maslova," however, in the screen version of Count Leo Tolstoi's immortal work, "Resurrection," Dolores enters inevitably into her rightful kingdom. She gives a deeply-moving—and at moments superb—interpretation of the peasant girl's awakening to "la grande passion," her betrayal by her lover, her subsequent downfall and final exile to the salt mines of Siberia.

Young Prince Dmitri Ivanovich Nekhludof (Rod La Rocque) comes from St. Petersburg to spend the summer on the country estate of his maiden aunts. He falls in love with Katushka Maslova (Dolores del Rio), an orphaned peasant girl who has been befriended by his relatives and who occupies the ambiguous position of being neither maid, friend, nor social equal.

Watchful Aunt Sophya (Lucy Beaumont) interrupts the budding romance, but cannot destroy the attachment that has been formed.

On the way to the Russo-Turkish front, at the outbreak of war, Prince Dmitri's regiment bivouacs for the night on the outskirts of the village, and the young nobleman again visits his kin. But he is no longer the unsullied youth who once clandestinely kissed Katushka. Army life has brought with it carousals and dissipations . . . cynicism, sophistication, surfeit.

This time Dmitri succeeds in outwitting his prying relative, and Katushka yields to his passionate embraces.

He continues on his way to the front and Aunt Sophya discovers the liaison and orders Katushka to leave the house in disgrace. Consolation in this dark hour comes to the girl in the knowledge that Dmitri will pass through the village on his return that night from the battlefield.

When the train pulls into the station, however, and Katushka, imploring and distraught, beats on the window of his compartment, he is too intoxicated and too enamoured of the charms of a female companion to pay any attention to her. He pulls down the blind in her face.

Bereft by the death of her baby, Katushka drifts from place to place, instinctively seeking a livelihood. Her beauty has thrived in sorrow and privation. Soon she finds herself plying that most bitterly retributive trade of her sex.

Fate deals her another decisive blow, and she finds herself in prison on a charge of having poisoned and robbed a rich merchant. By a curious coincidence, Prince Dmitri is summoned to the jury on the very case involving Katushka.

The prince not only makes the dis-

covery that the evidence is merely circumstantial evidence, but the infinitely more tragic one that the prisoner is the little Katushka. Conscious that he has been the instrument in the child's downfall, he is overcome with remorse, and pleads that leniency be extended to the prisoner. His eloquence is in vain, and the girl is sentenced to Siberia.

When Katushka begins the long march across the frozen steppes, Dmitri is by her side, offering marriage as a partial atonement, only to be refused. The flame of her passion is spent, and she declines the lover "who seduced her body for his pleasure's sake, and now wants her soul merely for his own salvation."

Ultimately Katushka's redemption is achieved by the human kindness of a woman fellow-prisoner, and her heart softened by the gentle humility of the penitent Dmitiri. Dimly, gropingly, she perceives, however, that each must tread the hard road of renunciation alone!

It is a picture of two souls in travail, and Dolores' performance entirely eclipses that of Rod La Rocque. It is so shaded by the temperament of the artist that it literally gives the impression of a painting by a master hand.

Del Rio's art is a thing of delicate colours and subtle nuances . . . of coarse and heavy tone values, which she blends or uses individually to suit her purpose. If Dolores were not a picture-player, one feels that she might well be a painter or musician, for she has a most uncanny colour sense. I refer to colour not as a hue, but as the quality with which the actress "tints" her characterisation . . . her ability, in fact, to impart to her rôle the shadings of passion of a Calvé or a Correggio.

The consecration of her love for the young Prince Dmitri in the opening scenes of the picture comes like a benediction.

When she watches her faithless lover wining and dining his light o' love through the window of the railway carriage, grief descends upon her swiftly as a pall, heavy, choking, suffocating grief. Like the true artiste that she is, she reduces her effects to a few essentials, knowing that her appeal lies in simplification rather than exaggeration.

When she—as the debauché and abandoned woman—is on trial for her life on the trumped-up charge of murder, she is at first limp and listless until the sentence, "Penal servitude for Life," is passed upon her. Then she turns like a tiger-cat upon her judges . . . the last guttering flare of a spent and cheated youth.

To those who go to the kinema expecting to be "bowled out" of their seats, so to speak, this artiste is undoubtedly a disappointment.

Her witchery weaves itself subtly about one from the first note of her joyous opening song in that tender hay-making episode with the young Prince Dmitiri, until the last glimpse of her slender form, disappearing into the mist of blinding snow, seeking peace at last in the white solitudes of forgetfulness.

Her spell is so fragile that we are almost unaware at what precise moment Dolores del Rio has sprinkled her powder of magic in our eyes.

Especially is her beauty pronounced when she, in character, assumes a sorrowful and tragic mood. I have never beheld a more Madonna-like expression than is at the command of this little magician from Mexico.

A charming diversion from the horrors of war. As "Charmaine" of "What Price Glory?"

Right: With Lloyd Hughes in "High Steppers." Below: As "Carmen," her beauty maddens the ruthless Don Alvarado.

In striking contrast to the sombre Russian theme, Dolores will next be seen as a sparkling "Carmen," in an appropriate Spanish setting.

It is certain that the Hollywood producers will concentrate every effort to exploit the undisputed charms of their Latin star. That Dolores will prove the sensation of the day, it is yet too early to prophesy. In the meantime, the Mexican maid has her own very definite ideas.

One other guarantee of success is contained in the cast in the person of Victor McLaglen—ex-prize-ring champion of Canada—who enacts the part of "Escamillo," the triumphant toreador who wins the fickle "Carmen" from the hapless "Don José."

By the way, this "Carmen" will not be billed as such. To avoid confusion with the Raquel Meller version, Fox have re-christened it *The Passionate Toreador.*

POLA NEGRI

The electric energy of a magnetic Pole is usually undisputed. Pola is well suited to these peasant rôles, where her head can reasonably be controlled by her heart. This is how she appears in "Barbed Wire." She is now working on "The Woman on Trial."

RONALD COLMAN

Although a "Beau Geste" was not needed to place Ronald in the front ranks of film popularity, it definitely established this former juvenile of a British concert-party. His good work is being continued in "King Harlequin," with Vilma Banky co-operating.

MAE MURRAY

Like Mary Pickford, Mae has drunk deep of the elixir of Youth. It is some time now since that peerless figure danced its way to fame, yet the popularity of this maid of perfume and honey persists. But Mae wants to dance again—and is having her way. She is now at work on "Diamond Handcuffs."

JOAN CRAWFORD

A surprising young lady, this; we come across her at every turn. No beauty contest is complete without her; Black Bottom bevies follow her lead; fashion articles appraise her choice of costume, however economical. Joan, who incidentally has real talent, is now playing in "The Unknown," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

RICHARD DIX

Does not really take life as seriously as this. We're sure that directly this picture was taken he breathed a sigh of relief and ran away to play. He is an outsize in boisterous boys, with just that strain of seriousness and determination that wins hearts—and popularity contests.

Success without a Hitch

by

MARGARET CHUTE

¶Are two heads better than one? Not if that one belongs to Mr. Dix.

"Tyres are like hasty marriages," says Dick. "You never know when they're going to let you down."

We had just finished lunch, in a very smart, exclusive New York restaurant, and the smoke from Richard Dix's cigarette drifted lazily across the table. We were laughing over one of my queer English phrases, when he became suddenly serious, stared at me gravely, and began to speak.

"D'you know," said Richard Dix, the most popular man in pictures, "I'm tremendously glad I got back from Hollywood in time to see you before you left New York for California. I've really enjoyed our talk, and I don't want to borrow anything either! It's been so refreshing to meet you."

He seemed so much in earnest, his tone was so warmly genuine that I could not resist a feeling of sincere pleasure. And then, being of the curious sex, I simply had to ask him just why it should have been particularly "refreshing" to meet a complete stranger, from England.

His eyes snapped, and twinkled, in an attractive way they have, as he replied: "Because you haven't asked me the one eternal—dare I say infernal?—question that every interviewer hurls at me, over here, at least once during an otherwise ordinary conversation."

"What question, please?"

"You haven't enquired 'When-are-you-going-to-be-married?' or 'Why-haven't-you-got-married-ages-ago?' And I can only say, from my heart, that I'm truly grateful for your forbearance. Did you know I hated to be asked just those things?"

"I did not," was all I could reply, and stick to the truth. "But—well, somehow, that doesn't seem the sort of thing I would ask you, anyhow. Whether you get married, or not, is your affair, surely, and not mine."

Richard Dix fell back in his chair, and laughed, and went on laughing till the attentive Maître d'Hotel looked quite anxious.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Richard. "Isn't that just too marvellous! My dear lady, if our sleuth-like interviewers could hear you, they'd all develop fierce attacks of the famous Heebee-Jeebies, on the spot! Heavens, though, don't I just wish they felt the way you do about it."

"D'you mean to say that they start asking you about such a purely private matter as whether you are going to be married, and if not, why not?"

"They certainly do!" quoth Richard the reckless. "And what's more, they actually choose my future wife for me. Heaps of times I've read in cold print all about the girl I'm going to marry. But——" there was another twinkling smile here, "they always guess wrong!"

Well, it isn't all honey and fat rolls of banknotes to be a moving picture actor, evidently! I started remembering things I had read, things I had heard about this insistent bachelor, Dix, and the memories made me smile. At one time it was Eleanor Boardman; the aloof, elusive Eleanor and Richard were seen about quite a lot together. Eleanor has now married King Vidor, which disposes of that rumour.

Then there was Esther Ralston, the lovely blonde star who has been in so many final fade-outs with Richard. Not so many moons ago Esther married a very charming young man, George Webb, who is *not* a film actor—and right in the middle of a film she was making with Mr. Dix, too. Can you believe it?

Then there was Lois Wilson. Now Lois is a very sweet girl; she has played "opposite" this popular Richard in many films, and I happen to know that they are the staunchest, truest friends in private life. If you ask anyone at the Famous Players' Long Island Studios where Mr. Dix is, when he doesn't happen to be working, the reply is sure to be—"Guess you'll find him on Miss Wilson's set!" The gossips and the paragraph writers have struggled for ages to make a romance out of this friendship. But Richard is not married at the time I am writing this article. But then, neither is Lois!

There was also Alyce Mills, the exquisitely beautiful girl who played lead with Richard in *Say it Again*. Very lovely is Miss Mills; very sudden was her promotion to leading parts. Richard Dix was tremendously interested in her, and in her work on the screen. He did everything in his power to help her through that first big chance, and she valued his generous, self-sacrificing assistance. She knew how different her fate might have been, with some leading men.

Across our corner table, the same young Mr. Dix was looking at me thoughtfully, reflectively, out of those clear eyes that are so much lighter in colour, in real life, than they appear on the screen.

"Look here," he said, abruptly, "let's talk about it, shall we? This marriage business, I mean."

By all means, if it was his wish to discuss such an intimately personal subject.

"In a way, it is partly my own fault," remarked Richard, lighting another cigarette. He dragged that cigarette, incidentally, out of a paper packet squashed anyhow into his coat pocket; and I suppose I must have looked rather surprised, for he said, grinning—"Oh, I *have* got a cigarette case; lots of 'em, in fact. But, Lordy-lord, why bother with an old case that has to be opened and closed, when this packet does just as well?" perhaps that little incident will tell you more about his simple, downright character than thousands of words.

"Yes, perhaps it is partly my own fault," continued Richard. "You see,

about a year and a bit ago I was crazy enough to bet that I would be married within a year. I made the bet because I *want* to be married; what's more, I *mean* to be married. But I lost the bet. One hundred dollars it cost me; and that bet started most of the fuss about finding a wife for me, or wondering—in the most blatantly public manner—why I didn't find one for myself. Yes, Ma'am! So that's my reason for feeling it is more than a little my own fault that our screen journalists seem keen to turn themselves into a matrimonial agency on my account!"

There was a pause; and then a wide grin. "Too bad of me, isn't it?" Richard muttered. "I just keep on disappointing 'em, till I think I've earned the title of the Screen's Perennial Bachelor!" He didn't look exactly unhappy about it, yet there was an unusual earnestness, a new seriousness in his face as he went on talking, knocking his clenched fist on the table every now and then to emphasise some phrase.

"I made that bet because my intentions were good. I bet a hundred dollars I'd find the right girl inside a year, and that if I was lucky enough to win her I'd be a married man, all right, all right. And glad to be, too! . . . Well, I'm still here; and I've paid my hundred dollars, and I'm still looking for the right girl. I think marriage is a wonderful thing; THE most wonderful thing in our lives. But I do believe it is intended to be *permanent*. Look here, suppose I happened to be the owner of a big store, or the head of a factory, or director of a garage, or something, would people be so busy, trying to get me married, and fussing 'cos I'm not? Never in this world! It's the fatal limelight in which

"Say it Again" Richard! The ladies can never hear sufficient good of themselves — especially if you are the spokesman.

Left: Dick is wondering whom Miss Chute is going to announce as his bride-to-be.

Esther Ralston adjusting "The Quarterback's" tie, although we doubt that the tie occupies much of their attention.

stage and screen people must live that fatal question. That's why it was such a huge relief when you never even got near the subject. That's why I feel I want to talk to you about it, and tell you what I really think. . . . See here, you can't go around in the theatres and studios for many years, as I've done, without noticing the disastrous mistakes that are made in marriages—especially young marriages—and feeling so desperately sorry about them."

He hesitated; shook his head, and went on—"All this talk about young stars, all this public coupling of names seems to throw people into matrimony, as a cook throws potatoes into frying fat. And the people concerned get just as severely 'cooked' as the potatoes, most times. I've watched young girls and men, in theatres and studios alike; I've seen them dash off to get married, when it is obvious that nothing but misery can be waiting for them. And I have made a solemn vow, to myself, that I will never follow their example; that I will never marry till I am SURE.

Contrary to published statements, there is nothing but deep-rooted friendship between Lois Wilson and Dick.

"After all, isn't it better to wait a few years, with the prospect of many happy, contented years stretching ahead, rather than plunge into a very serious undertaking, and risk disaster? I consider marriage is a serious, solemn thing, I think that any man who takes a wife, without realising to the fullest extent the consequences of his action, is being grossly unfair to the girl, and to himself.

"Hasty marriages are false marriages. I do not believe that a man and woman are intended to give themselves to each other, and then sever their mutual lives with divorce. It seems to me that eight out of every ten people who marry so thoughtlessly only do so because they bolster up their courage with the knowledge that if things go wrong there is always the Divorce Court, waiting round the corner.

"Some people find a lot of consolation in divorce. Personally, I don't believe in it; and if I thought that such a tragedy lingered at the end of my marriage, I would never marry at all. But I don't think it does; and I mean to be married. My marriage, when it happens, is going to be for good, for keeps. I want to stay married. To have a home and a wife must be just heaven—if it's the right kind of home, and she is the right kind of woman.

"It isn't so long ago that I knew I had no right to marry because I couldn't support a wife. That's not the case now, thank God. So I'm going on looking, and waiting, and one day I *know* I'm going to find the really right girl. Then all the waiting will be worth while."

We were going down to the street when Richard Dix turned towards me, with one of his impulsive movements, his eyes wide with dismay—"My goodness gracious!" he ejaculated, "here have I been holding forth about Me, and what I want, and I'll do. But suppose—oh, Lordy, just suppose—when I find her she won't have me? Then I'll have to go on being a Perennial Bachelor for the rest of my life. And serve me right, too!"

But there's not much fear of that, for in the list of likeable, reliable, dependable, adorable—yes, why not?—really adorable men, this Richard Dix stands surely near the top.

Thinking it over, I am glad that Richard was so candid. The frankness of the American occasionally makes me uncomfortable—although I am getting used to it. Have you ever met the American who informs you, on the briefest and most casual acquaintance, of his business, his exact income, his family history and his ambitions? They all have something of this openness of spirit, and regard us British people as frigid and aloof.

When overdone, I hate this communicative habit. I feel like an eavesdropper at a family conference. Yet, in moderation, there is something refreshing in it. Human contacts, after all, may just as well be made quickly.

With us, the wary weighing-up of people is a hindrance to existence, however prudent it may be in theory. You have only to know the average American a quarter of the time spent in knowing our fellow-countrymen to be able to decide when you like him or hate him.

If I were a man, I would be still British, and, like Ronald Colman, unwilling to talk of my private life for publication. But if I were an American man, I'd prefer to be a Richard Dix—able and pleased to have myself as a topic of discussion—within limits that are a reasonable compromise between soul-baring and reserve.

I have a half-crazy but fascinating idea for Richard (and others) which I wish I had thought of during our luncheon aftermath. Why not passports for bachelors? Englishmen, shy of themselves as a topic, might find them more effective than their Transatlantic cousins. Here, for example, is Richard's.

With another fair lady. Dick and Alyce Mills in "Say It Again."

Born St. Pauls, Minnesota, 1894; father American, mother British-born. Weight 13 stone. Hair, brown. Eyes, hazel and large. Height, 6 feet. Disposition, sunny. Former occupation, stage actor. Visited England 1922 and played in Trafalgar Square all-night scenes of *The Christian*. Real name, Richard Brimmer. Swelled head, no trace. Recreations, motoring, golf, and quarrelling with scenario-writers. And then the one word: Single.

Albert Dieudonné in the title-rôle.

Napoleon

A film that took two years to make—shown on three screens to be watched at the same time.

Yet another kinema picture has been honoured by being allowed a performance at the famous Paris Opera House. *Napoleon*, produced by Abel Gance, has charmed a brilliant public, including members of the Government, the municipality, and a host of beautiful women and important men, who attended the performance.

There can be no doubt that the new production has some weak points, but unquestionably it will make its way in spite of them, abroad as well as in Paris.

The title would run more appropriately *Bonaparte* instead of *Napoleon*. The picture does not deal so much with Napoleon, the "Corsic Lion," as with the life of the young officer; with Bonaparte in his younger days, with the man who was planning himself forward, with the Bonaparte who makes himself Napoleon.

M. Abel Gance, the producer, is essentially a "romancier," a man who delights in throwing significant traits and symbols on the screen. His entire workmanship consists of romance, so to speak. His principal toils are romantic scenery, romantic stories and romantic acting.

The mysterious rise of the poor young artillery officer, his revolt against those powers then reigning in France, which were covering their inner weakness by a most cruel form of government, pass before our eyes.

The meeting with Josephine Beauharnais, the only woman that ever made a deep impression on the great emperor, initiated the second period in his life. The successful campaign in Italy is exquisitely rendered, though the producer does not completely follow historical truth. Much, in fact, is added to the story from Napoleon poetry and novels. This, however, is justified in view of the producer's task; a gigantic life had to be told by a gigantic reproduction.

Particularly excellent are the first scenes, which show the disciple Bonaparte acquiring at Brionne military college his elementary knowledge of war theory. Somehow these scenes communicate to the spectator without any direct indication the mythos which will constitute the career of the young cadet in future.

The ambitious, feverish, sometimes charming, sometimes despotic, character of Napoleon is excellently played by Albert Dieudonné. He gives a vivid impression of the genius within Napoleon, after striving after the image of Cæsar and Alexander the Great, as well as of the demon within him, destroying with uncanny determination whatever came in his way.

Mlle. Anabella is a newcomer to the French screen, but her performance in *Napoleon* gives every reason to believe that the future holds much in store for this delightfully profound Josephine. The two principal actors are assisted by a company of other well-known artists with rather unequal success. One expected more from them than they gave, considering that their parts offered such excellent possibilities that even actors of mediocre gifts should have given the most marvellous performances.

M. Abel Gance has given us many films, some of which have made film history, and have become turning points in kinema technique. But there can be no doubt that his last production has created one of the greatest, if not the greatest French film. His own genius, the greatness of the story, and the comprehensible enthusiasm of all those concerned in the production, have combined to produce an excellent work.

Everything, however, has two sides, and we must now mention what was *not* satisfying in *Napoleon*. Too often M. Gance has not freed himself from certain prejudices prevailing about the production of historical films. He has occasionally used the most shallow producing tricks to increase the dramatic effect, although the material at his disposal needed them not at all.

For instance, it seems quite unnecessary to elaborate the pursuit of Bonaparte, who flies from Corsica, into a chase "à la Tom Mix." But even these drawbacks we can easily forgive when we consider the most important feature about the Napoleon film—the technique of the production.

The Three Screen System.

The film excels by a multitude of new ideas in technical respects. The most important of these ideas is the system of three-screen projection, a dream, the realisation of which many have felt for some time to be in the air.

Several producers have often experimented with enlargements in the projection plane, or with adjustments which would enable the human eye to see films more plastic or more expressive. The innovation brought about by M. Gance thus means the fulfilment of a latent desire which many a wistful director has borne in his breast for a long time. The solution found by Gance is not exactly the first, and will certainly not remain the last, but it is the best one at present.

Three projection planes are thrown on the screen, one beside the other. Thus you see a picture like a fresco, and new fine possibilities are introduced into the kinema. What, until now, has only been possible for music, will now become possible for the film. As music can easily express at the same time three or more different themes or motifs, and can achieve the most striking effects by various combinations in the use of this ability, the film will now be able to achieve similar effects.

Gance uses the possibilities afforded by the two- or three-screen in various ways, concentrating the action at one time on one plane only, at other times using two or three planes. But better than all explanations are some instances from the new picture which will illustrate this.

The effect of one particular scene was enormous. The main picture showed a marvellous storm night, Napoleon's boat escaping from Corsica and fighting on against the roaring storm, against thunder and lightning. At the same time on the second plane of the screen a picture is shown of the session of the National Assembly which took place at the same moment, and at which the change in the political situation reached its culminating point by the failure of the Girondistes.

A dramatic incident at the battle of Asperne.

Bonaparte (below) arrested by the Paolites.

Napoleon's mother and her young family flee from Corsica.

Another time you will see the young general, commanding the army in Italy and directing its movements on the principal plane, whereas the other planes show the soldiers marching exactly to the tacts of the popular song, "Aù près de ma blonde."

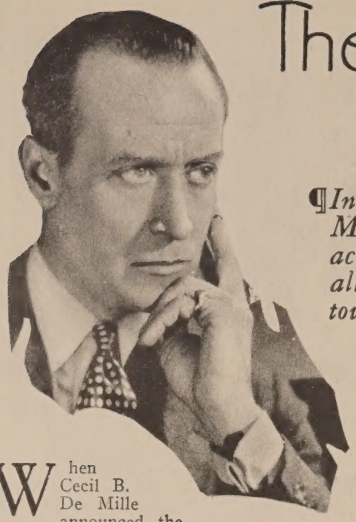
The novelty, of course, consists in employing three quite distinct projections, and not in merely including another sequence of pictures in a corner of, or in a circle in the main film. This has often been done previously by producers, particularly when a dream or a similar event had to be shown.

Other interesting technical features of the new picture have already been seen in German, American, British and French pictures, but they are remarkable, neverthless, by their abundance. It may be said that there is hardly a single scene which would not show some technical originality. That exaggerating power within M. Gance is the reason for his restless search for new technical stunts, and it cannot be imagined that a man like he would ever be satisfied with a scene that would not somehow embody "something special." The fact that this director apparently can only think in *great* terms and dimensions, also accounts for the tremendous length of the film, 40,000 feet. Since it is impossible to produce a play of this length on one evening, the less important and significant parts have to be cut out in order to achieve an abbreviated, and as far as possible intelligible version of the film, suitable for an evening's performance. Naturally this makes for a certain incoherency in the picture. At times the breaks go so far that the sub-titles alone must connect the story. The film suffers by this compression, but then the French are very bad revisers, even of their own films and it is to be hoped that when the film is shown in England, the cutting and the selection of suitable parts will be done by English experts, which will doubtlessly improve the effect of the picture.

F. P. D.

The King of Kings

by ELIZABETH LONERGAN



¶*In H. B. Warner, Cecil de Mille chose a British-born actor for the most difficult of all roles—the most momentous piece of casting yet made.*

When Cecil B. De Mille announced the selection of H. B. Warner for the part of Christ in *The King of Kings,* no one doubted the great director's judgment. For Warner has been known as one of the finest actors on two continents and the part was, naturally, one requiring a particularly fine interpretation.

Never, in the history of motion pictures, save in the case of certain religious pictures like the Passion Play, has the face and figure of Christ been seen. You recall how beautifully it was portrayed in *Ben Hur*? There the baby hands of the Christ-child and the rays of light from the older figure, were symbolic of the great leader. Remembering Mr. De Mille's fine treatment of *The Ten Commandments,* one feels sure that *The King of Kings* will be beautifully handled.

They tell me that the players fairly lived their parts while working in Culver City. Over and over again they enacted the scenes, being helped by the fact that actual sequence was maintained. It was like living in a religious settlement, they say, and the spirituality of the surroundings will show its effect upon the finished whole, making something new and striking in the presentation of a world old story.

Yet H. B. Warner's most famous role in America was that of the master crook in *Alias Jimmy Valentine,* where he played the role of a thief of unusual cleverness, whose sensitive fingers could open any safe that was made. Leaving prison, he decides to be a respectable member of society and, though he finally meets one of his old companions, he persists in denying that he is the famous Jimmy Valentine.

And then comes the dramatic moment when the little sister of his sweetheart wanders into a newly-built vault in the bank and is locked in. If he releases her he will proclaim that he is an ex-crook; if he fails to do so, the child will die. Jimmy only hesitates a moment, saves the child and prepares to be hounded again by the detective. who has pursued him Then the detective, like all those we find in books, plays and pictures, decides to forget all about Jimmy and leaves him to live happily ever afterward with the girl of his choice.

Another crook part which Warner played was in *Silence.* Both of these plays have been dramatised and I believe that Warner has his stage role in each of them.

The Warner name has had a significance in English theatrical history, as the Barrymore and Drew names have had in the States. Two generations back the Warners were actors, Charles Warner his father, and a brother and sister also having stage careers. Charles Warner's favourite role was "Drink" and after leaving college, young Harry played various parts in his company.

In 1905 he came to the States with Eleanor Robson, playing the lead in "Merely Mary Ann," and since then he has played many important parts with "The Ghost Breaker" and "Danger" two of the best ones besides those already mentioned.

It was Thomas Ince who gave him his first screen role. He contracted to make two pictures at Culver City and made seven. By a strange coincidence, when he became associated with Mr. De Mille, he went to the same studio where he started his screen career, for the old Thomas Ince Studio, one of the most picturesque on the coast, has been the home of the De Mille Pictures since Mr. Ince's death.

Two years ago, Mr. Warner played the lead in "You and I," a Broadway theatrical production, and every day, except matinee days, went over to the Famous Players' Studio across the river, to work with Gloria Swanson in *Zaza.* It was a strenuous experience but he enjoyed it. Before making *Silence,* he appeared in *Whispering Smith,* the filmisation of Frank Spearman's novel of railroad life, and following that came *The King of Kings.*

I was one of those fortunate persons who saw the first scenes shot for the famous picture by Mr. De Mille. Later, I believe, visitors were excluded from the lot and no interviewers allowed. Mr. Warner and I chatted as we sat on the side lines. He had no scenes the first day as the make-up which he was to use was being kept a strict secret by Mr. De Mille. We talked of London and he told me how much he would like to play there again. His wish has now come true. He is now in British locations, playing lead in *Sorrell and Son,* the famous novel by Warwick Deeping, under Herbert Brenon.

Mrs. Warner is of the stage. As Rita Stanwood, she is well known as a dramatic actress. They are thoroughly enjoying their home life in California, which is a great relief after years of travelling on the road with theatrical shows. The films have two firm advocates in the Warners who enjoy life with their children under sunny Californian skies.

Mr. Warner has a keen sense of humour. When I asked about his coming to America, he said, "Well, I came over for a year, and have played here more than twenty; Mr. Ince engaged me for one picture and I made seven, and though I was only supposed to make two pictures out here this time, I am now starting *The King of Kings.* I have sent for my family because we may spend another twenty years here instead of the short visit which was originally planned."

His idea of a good arrangement is part stage and part film work. Stage training is of infinite value in preparation for screen work. Though the technique is different, the underlying principles are the same. A good stage actor can usually be a good screen actor.

I asked about the effect of good or bad screening, and he agreed that this was a drawback, but the only one that he considered. Make-up had to be studied from a different angle, acting methods are different and so is direction, but a clever artist cannot fail to succeed, given the proper opportunity.

"I hope my English friends will like me in *The King of Kings,*" he said, as I left him. "Under Mr. De Mille's wonderful direction it cannot fail to be outstanding, and I am happy to have my share in the making of it."

The picture will probably appear before this little story does. I expect to see it at the première, and among the many thrills, feel certain that Mr Warner's performance will be quiet and sincere, bringing to the screen a Christ of dignity, a figure portraying vividly the charity and simplicity of this unknown screen character, "The King of Kings."

Scenically beautiful and reverently treated, "The King of Kings" will rank as one of the most impressive studio products of our day.

Above are seen Mary Magdalene (Jacqueline Logan) and the Master. Behind are Peter (Ernest Torrence) and Judas.

The wisdom of selecting the greatest of all stories for screen presentation may well provoke discussion—but cannot fail to arouse curiosity. Above is a dignified and restrained depiction of the Last Supper.

The best performance of the powerful cast in support of H. B. Warner is that of Joseph Schildkraut, who plays Judas with much sincerity and force.

Above: Victor Varconi, the Hungarian actor, as Pontius Pilate. At the left, Christ is comforting Mary—played by Dorothy Cumming.

Through our Lens

¶Most of these examples from our still-picture portfolio will never be seen on the screen: but real news is not always a news-reel.

Although director Clarence Brown doesn't really cut his films this way, we've often thought some productions were hack-work.

Ernst Lubitsch, below, shows Mrs. Lubitsch the sets on the Metro lot. That's all.

What chance has the amateur? Hundreds of people of experience seek extra work at Universal Studios daily in an unending stream. Los Angeles municipality now issues warnings against "breaking into the movies."

Frank Wells, son of H. G. Wells, visits Gloria Swanson. He is studying American studio methods. From the left: Hugh Brooke, Gloria, Frank Wells and the English character actor, Hugh Miller.

The world's perennial child! Mary Pickford is here shown having her 789-millionth photograph taken.

Pollie Emery and Mary Brough (Mrs. May) in a new Gaumont version of "A Sister to Assist 'Er," directed by George Dewhurst.

London streets are "up," but they haven't found Sir Harry Lauder's sixpence yet. At the left he is arriving to play in the British film, "Huntingtower."

Look down from this caption and note Edmund Goulding putting finishing touches on to Pauline Starke's make-up. We wouldn't dare.

The Suicide Club

by E. E. BARRETT

D. W. Griffith bowed to the will of the box-office—with disastrous results.

¶*It's a wise artist who knows his own talent!*

Somebody ought to start a special "Suicide Club" for film folk. There should be no difficulty in obtaining members. They could be picked from the heights of motion picture stardom, fully qualified for enrolment.

Sooner or later nearly every screen artiste becomes a candidate for "The Suicide Club." Occasionally they are, metaphorically speaking, "cut down" in the nick of time, but quite a number of them become life members.

"Know yourself" should be the maxim of all screen stars. Unfortunately few of them do know themselves, and their limitations, or they wouldn't make the fatal mistakes with which so many of them bring about their own downfall in the film world.

Sometimes they qualify for membership of "The Suicide Club" by attempting to be too highbrow—sometimes they reverse things and, in attempting to make what the Hollywood movie merchants describe vaguely as "box office" pictures, they cross the thin border line that divides success from failure.

Charles Ray belongs to the former category. As the rustic "boob" hero of many a simple home-town type of picture, he was an immense success. But Charles, like "Merton Gill" had fatal yearnings after "bigger and better" things. In a disastrous, if gallant, attempt to prove his right to artistic distinction, he filmed that costly failure *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Practically every penny he possessed was lost on this venture, and he would almost certainly have gone under, and been known no more to the world of fans, if Metro-Goldwyn had not thrown him a life preserver, in the shape of an offer to return to the type of film in which he had been popular before the crash.

Betty Balfour made the big mistake of her screen career when she deserted "Squibs" and the cockney slavey type of rôle for more dressy parts. Whatever her talents may be, the art of wearing clothes is most certainly not one of them. Clad in a weird collection of odd garments, with a smut across her nose, and hair scragged back into an untidy bundle, Betty can convey both humour and pathos. A Paris gown swamps her personality and gives her at once an artificial air—she reminds one a little of an unhappy kitten, dressed up in some doll's clothes by a mischievous child.

Braving the wrath of Betty Balfour fans—who are undoubtedly loyal, for they have supported her staunchly through the worst of her films—I make bold to propose her as a qualified member of the "The Suicide Club."

She will find herself in distinguished company, if the club is ever formally established. Pauline Frederick will undoubtedly be a fellow member, unless *Mumsee* effects a last minute rescue. The latter first committed film suicide when she allowed herself to be featured in third-rate stories, with third-rate directors and a third-rate supporting cast. Even a reputation like that of the one-time "Queen of Tragediennes," cannot stand so severe a strain as that which has been put upon it lately. Better that she had retired with her laurels fresh upon her, than that she had allowed them to be dulled by such productions as *The Nest* and *Devil's Island*.

It is sad to have to mention John Barrymore in connection with "The Suicide Club," but his recent films urge me to propose him for membership. The time was when a Barrymore picture could be relied upon to give excellent entertainment, combined with real artistic merit. But in *His Lady, Don Juan* and *The Beloved Rogue* there is a new John Barrymore—a stranger who cuts Fairbanksian capers and gives us, in place of the clever characterisation in which he once excelled, a stereotyped hero whose swashbuckling bravado nobody really believes in.

D. W. Griffith brought about his own downfall, by trying to serve two gods—his own ideas on art and moral "uplift," and the "box office." Viewed from the standard that films have reached to-day, his earlier, much-applauded films, were perhaps, not nearly so great as they then appeared to be.

But they had at least one advantage—they were sincere. There are no comparisons to be drawn between *Intolerance* and *The Birth of a Nation*, or even *Way Down East*, and his unfortunate attempt to make a popular picture, instanced by *That Royle Girl*.

For a time it seemed that even Mary Pickford was heading for destruction, when she announced her intention of quitting child rôles for more mature parts. But the mixed reception given *Rosita* and *Dorothy Vernon* warned her in time, and she returned, successfully, to the rôles that first made her popular.

With Douglas Fairbanks, Chaplin, and Norma Talmadge, she realises an important truth that few film stars learn until it is too late—that it is better to make one or two good pictures a year than to turn out a quick succession of poor and mediocre ones. That is one of the reasons why these four will probably never become serious candidates for "The Suicide Club."

There is something about the American and Continental temperament that will not mix in the studio. Either the foreign star must yield to the influence of Hollywood and become Americanised, in which case, he or she immediately joins this expensive club—or there is constant friction on the set. The artiste is accused of having too much temperament—and then, quite suddenly, the public hears that Hollywood's latest imported star is sailing for home again.

Salvation, and a reasonable solution of the problem, comes usually when these Continental stars are given directors of their own country. It was Erich Pommer who saved Pola Negri from her sorry fate—reviving her waning brilliance, just in time, in *Barbed Wire*.

Most foreign artistes qualify for membership when they sign contracts in American pictures, although, if they're clever, they manage to break away again. Pola Negri's first encounter with American directors, and her acceptance of unsuitable stories, nearly proved fatal to her picture career.

It remains to be seen whether Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti will allow themselves to be forced into member-

Mary Pickford does not suit her lavish trappings in "Dorothy Vernon."

"The Heart Thief" gives us a lily-white Lya de Putti.

ship. The latter seems perilously near it. If she persists in her determination to desert vampish roles, for heroines' and continues to keep her dark tresses covered with the fair wig she wore in her recent picture, *The Heart Thief*, she will undoubtedly join before long.

It is little short of tragic after her work in *Vaudeville* and *Manon Lescaut* to see the seductive Lya wasting all her magnetic personality on sweet young things that any American "cutie" could play as well.

The average slapstick film comedian, who essays to leave short comedies for full-length features, usually rides for a fall. Larry Semon made his big mistake when he tried to compete with men like Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton in the long-comedy field.

He hasn't the personality needed to sustain a long story. For his laughs he relies mainly on acrobatic feats and eccentricities of behaviour of the custard pie variety. These may amuse for a short length of time, but when one is forced to watch them for an hour or an hour and a half, they become very wearisome.

The Wizard of Oz was a flop for that reason. It decreased, rather than increased, Semon's popularity amongst the fans. He would have been infinitely wiser to have stuck to two-reel comedies—the field in which he is so much better fitted to lead.

But few stars realise, until it is too late, how easy it is to crush their own talents by not having sufficient understanding of themselves. Ambition—a desire to keep out of the groove that so often stifles film individualities—is an understandable thing. But ambition, like everything else, must be trained along the right lines, if it is to be used to advantage.

Emil Jannings is on the point of signing his membership card for this expensive club.

It is customary to blame the fickleness of the picturegoing public when a once brilliant star fades into obscurity. The public, as a matter of fact, is amazingly loyal to its favourites, and as often as not it is the artists who themselves commit artistic and commercial suicide.

It is fortunate that there are no "Suicide Clubs" in other more mediocre professions. It is seldom we see a plumber carried by an unreasoning ambition into the realms of salesmanship.

An emulation of Fairbanks by John Barrymore, "The Beloved Rogue."

Slip Something on

Impromptu toilettes necessitate care.

Top left: Virginia Lee Corbin in a dainty negligée of turquoise chiffon, decorated with silk roses. Above: These pyjamas of peach satin trimmed with uncurled ostrich feathers, enhance the beauty of Joan Crawford. Top right: Marguerite de la Motte in pale mauve crêpe-de-Chine and real lace.

On our left is June Marlowe. Her negligée is a Chinese mandarin coat of varicoloured metal cloth, lined with silver material. Right: Barbara Kent wears a chic negligée of rose satin, trimmed with cream-coloured lace.

Exit Smiling

by JOHN FLEMING

"Tell me all about it," commanded Violet.

Our own brilliant Beatrice Lillie makes her screen debut in this back-stage comedy.

What happens when the vice-president of a bank loves the president's daughter, and a mere clerk loves her too? You are right. And this is how it happened.

The bank was the First National Bank of East Farnham, and East Farnham was the "old home town" kind of place, up near the Canadian border. The girl was Phyllis Tichnor. The vice-president was Jesse Watson, big and wide and untidy of hair, but very famous—in East Farnham. The clerk, the mere clerk, was Jimmy Marsh. Most people, considering Jimmy's love affair, declared him to be an optimist. But then, a clerk in a bank at East Farnham had to be.

"I'll get on," he had a habit of saying. "I wouldn't even dream of asking her to marry me until I had an assured position. Therefore I mean to get that assured position. I'll not always be a clerk."

Right at first, Jesse Watson seemed to be unaware of Jimmy Marsh's existence. He gave him orders sometimes, as the vice-president of a bank must, but rather with a "Dog—carry this stick" air; not remembering afterwards whether the dog was collie, Alsatian or fox terrier. Dogs were there to carry sticks; clerks to do a vice-president's bidding. Beyond that point Jesse Watson never searched.

Until he began to appreciate that there was something lacking, perhaps, in Phyllis's responses.

Then he began to watch carefully, and he noticed that though Phyllis did little more than smile at Jimmy Marsh, the smiles certainly were smiles of a kind that he himself could never call forth. And he was "visiting at the house," whereas Jimmy never met the girl save when she came to the bank, or sometimes when they walked home together.

"Jimmy Marsh, eh? H'm . . ." said Jesse Watson to himself.

Like all men of big business, Jesse Watson had many irons in the fire. Love was not his only interest. Interest was another. He lived his life at seven and a half per cent. And he had, too, a number of stand-by irons, ready to be plunged into any fire that might prove to be hot enough.

There was the affair of Tod Powell and "Castle Canada."

Tod Powell was the dark horse of the district. He made a living (and a big one) just over the borders of the law by making a living just over the borders of Canada. Castle Canada was three inches out of the United States, and some ninety-five per cent. of the population of East Farnham left their native land nightly to indulge in the indulgences that were best possible at Tod's notorious resort. Castle Canada was the most flourishing alcoholic "dive" in miles.

Even so, Tod Powell would have had it bigger, better, even more flourishing; and when it came to looking about for secret capital he had no need to look farther than Jesse Watson.

"Why don't you come in with me, Jesse?" he said, one night. "With another five thousand I could extend to double, and I know you've got the money. It could be kept as dark as dark. You need only be the sleeping-est partner that ever was. The vice-president of a bank can't openly associate in an enterprise of this kind, I know. But nobody's to hear you've done it."

Jesse Watson thought, and having thought, he thought again. After which he asked for time to think.

"I'll let you know," he said.

He slept very little that night, but he went on thinking. When he got up next morning, it was in a light-hearted mood.

Late in the afternoon he wrote a letter to Tod Powell, but he did not post it. Instead he called Jimmy Marsh aside.

"I want you to take this letter to Tod Powell, up at Castle Canada," he said. And Jimmy, of course, took the letter. The next night he took another; and on the third night a third. East Farnham was no different from other small towns. People began to talk of having seen Jimmy Marsh "up at Castle Canada a good lot lately." Naturally, Jimmy did not hear the talk. Phyllis Tichnor did. And Jesse Watson smiled more than ever, and more than ever he kept on "calling at the house."

Came another interview between Tod Powell and the nimble-minded Jesse.

"It's this way, Tod, old man," said the vice-president, "I can do you a lot of good in business and I can do you a lot of harm. I've got that power. If I come in on this deal with you I'll be bucking you up no end, and I know it, and you know that I know it. All right. In return I shall want you to do something for me."

"Say the word," said Tod.

Jesse Watson lowered his voice.

CHARACTERS:

Violet	Beatrice Lillie
Jimmy	Jack Pickford
Olga	Doris Lloyd
Wainwright	De Witt Jennings
Jesse Watson	Harry Myers
Phyllis	Louise Lorraine
Tod Powell	Tenen Holtz
Cecil Lovelace	Franklin Pangborn

Narrated by permission from the Jury-Metro-Goldwyn film of the same name.

"What shall I do?" wailed the luckless manager. "Leave it to me!" replied Violet.

Fill in a cheque for a thousand or two, sign the name of Jimmy Marsh to it and pass it through the bank," he whispered.

Tod gaped.

"But, say, Jimmy Marsh, he ain't got a thousand in the world."

"I know," said Jesse, darkly.

Tod turned the point over and over in his mind.

"All right," he said at last, "I'll do it."

He did it the very next day, and a day later the vice-president of the First National Bank of East Farnham had to call one of his junior clerks on to the carpet.

"Marsh!"

"Yes, Mr. Watson?"

"Come in here."

Jimmy "came in here."

"You have an account in this bank, Marsh?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think I'm right in saying that a few dollars only constitutes your account with us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then——" Jesse Watson dramatically laid a cheque upon the table—"what is the meaning of this?"

Jimmy picked up the cheque and stared at it. It was for some thousands of dollars and it was signed with his own name—nay, had he not known that he had never signed it, he might have sworn that it was signed with his own handwriting.

"I—I don't know, sir. I've never seen this before. I—where has it come from, Mr. Watson?"

"Mr. Tod Powell, too, has an account with us," said Watson, gravely. "It came through his account — from Castle Canada! I want an explanation. Why have you uttered a worthless cheque?"

"But — I haven't, sir!"

"There is the cheque!"

"I never signed it! That signature is not mine!"

Jesse Watson stared hard at the young clerk.

"Are you—accusing somebody of forgery? Be careful how you go, Marsh."

"But Mr. Watson, I know nothing whatever about the cheque!"

"You repudiate the thing entirely?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Go. But don't leave the bank until I give you permission."

And as Jimmy Marsh crept out of the private office he heard the vice-president call a Canadian number and get through to Castle Canada.

He crept wearily back to his little desk and tried to think. Of course this was a frame-up—but on whose part? And for what purpose? And, if indeed it was a frame-up, how should he ever prove it? He was a nobody against all the somebodys of the place, and his hands were tied behind him at the start of the fight. He was in somebody's way, plainly. Whose? So far as he knew he had not an enemy in the world. Why, then, was he being made a butt in this way?

Inside half an hour a big car drew up at the door of the bank, and Tod Powell alighted, going straight to the vice-president's private office. Ten minutes later a policeman appeared, and he, too, went straight to the private room. Jimmy was not to know that he came at Jesse Watson's request on some quite trivial matter. Before the clerk arrest loomed imminent. He saw the futility of fighting the charge. He knew what corrupt law could do. Five years in prison, unable to defend himself, the dice loaded against him, beaten from the start—and then to come out at the end of his unjust sentence and start afresh in some other part of the country. No!

No! He made up his mind. Rather than that he would slip from the net at once and make his fresh start now. It meant parting from Phyllis and the people he knew, the old friends and the old places; but better that than years in a cell on a false and framed-up charge. He reached for his hat and slipped quietly from the bank premises. Jesse Watson, watching from the window of his private office, saw him go and made no effort to send the policeman after him. He merely smiled a quiet smile and dipped into his pocket for a fresh cigar.

The whole town was talking of Jimmy's abrupt departure the next day.

"I wonder why he went and where he's gone to?" said Phyllis.

"I cannot tell you where he's gone to?" replied Jesse Watson. "But I can tell you why he went, my dear. He's been putting in too much time at Castle Canada lately, and he's been gambling so heavily that he has become involved to the sum of some thousands. He's cleared out of the town to save his skin, and I don't suppose we shall see him again."

"Absconded? I could never have believed it of him. Poor Jimmy!" said Phyllis.

"Still, there you are; facts are facts. Coming to the dance to-night?" said Jesse Watson.

She went.

Jimmy threw the proverbial anchor overside at a small place named Haven Ends. Not in particular because he had any liking for Haven Ends. In cold truth he thought it a depressing place. But a sign on a door pulled him up with a jerk as he rambled on his way; and the sign on the door said: "Stage hand wanted."

"Any port in a storm,"was Jimmy's motto at this period; and he applied for, and to his surprise got, the post of stage hand to the Lovelace Repertory Company, then touring the principal smallest towns in the United States, and stopping for one night at each. It requires no experience to move scenery about on a stage, and in that respect Jimmy's qualifications were complete. He had as much of no experience as any employer could desire.

"Start right now," said the boss; and right then he started.

They were a happy-go-lucky company, and Jimmy was soon at home with them. Lovelace himself was an easy-going man, and every member of the company was a full-blooded optimist. In particular Violet, who appeared to have no surname, and who always played the maid parts in the "drammers." Her great part was the maid in "Flaming Women," but almost any maid part she played to something approaching perfection.

"Of course," she said to Jimmy one day, "I'm not always going to play maid parts. Well, a girl has to have ambition, what do you think? Olga's part is the part *I* want to play, some day. . . ."

Olga was leading woman to the Lovelace Company, and as the villainess in "Flaming Women," she was the vampiest vamp that had ever been seen or heard of. Violet used to stand in the wings when she was not wanted "on" and mirror the villainess'

emotions and over-emotions, and generally school herself in the ways of vamphood. She used to claim that she knew the vamp part backwards, and if ever an understudy should be needed, she herself could jump into the villainess' shoes.

"In fact," she said, "I could take over any of the parts in this show. I know them all."

"I don't know why you trouble to study them," said Jimmy.

"Well, of course, you never know when your chance will come," said Violet. "Why don't you learn some of the parts?"

"Nobody's asked me," said the boy.

"Nobody asked *me*," said Violet. "I just sailed in and learnt 'em. That's the way to do it. Even an understudy falls ill some time. Then comes your big chance. They've got to have you! I'm just waiting for the chance."

He turned the matter over in his mind doubtfully.

"Of course," he said, "you can act."

"Who says so? I never knew a thing when I came to this company. I'm playing maid parts now, but I didn't play anything when first I joined up. I used to look after the dresses and props. Then, by looking on and learning, I picked up wrinkles and they gave me a small part when it fell vacant. I tell you, my boy, now I could play any part in the show. Do as I say and you'll get on."

A queer life. Each day brought the same old duties in a new setting. Never any time for rest, except the snatched minutes on stage. Plenty of time for talk and building castles in the air. Plenty of time for study, if you were of that mind. And if you were not of that mind, Violet's infectious enthusiasm would soon direct your thoughts to the proper channels.

"I've been thinking over what you told me," Jimmy confessed at last, "and really, there may be something in it."

"There is!" cried Violet. "In the words of the advertisement—'Don't delay; start to-day.' You'll never regret it."

"You'll have to give me some wrinkles," said Jimmy.

"Won't I do that!" said Violet, joyously. "Brother artists, what?"

She laughed and started right no the moment.

"Come up stage," she said. "We're not wanted for ten minutes. I'll show you how to register fear, love, hatred, joy and all the rest of the merry little fellows. To-morrow we've a day out. We'll get back of the town and I'll teach you to make your voice carry. A very difficult thing to learn in lodgings, or on the street!"

As the tour progressed it was soon very obvious to one person at least that Violet was violently falling in love with Jimmy. The one person was Violet. There was nothing too difficult for her to do for him. Long before the others arrived at the theatre they would be there, she, under pretence of coaching him, admiring his looks and his voice and his ways, and revelling in his obvious friendliness. And the pretence was so strong that before very long Jimmy had succeeded in picking up the rudiments of his new art. One night he had his try-out. He was sent on in a small part and came through with flying colours. After that he had several small parts allotted to him in succession, and one Saturday night the management let loose the great announcement that Mr. James Marsh had been appointed understudy to the villain in "Flaming Women."

"You're made!" Violet exclaimed excitedly. "As good as made."

But it requires just a little more than enthusiasm to win the top rung of the ladder in the theatrical world. Days became weeks, and still the understudy to the villain was not called upon to do more than understudy the villain. That latter gentleman, though he was killed nightly, appeared to survive to the next day amazingly robust. A score of towns were visited, but none of the great public ever saw the wonderful name of Mr. James Marsh upon the programmes.

At last it happened. It was no more than a cold at first, and at its worst it was no more than a minor complication; but it kept the villain out of the cast for two whole weeks, and it gave Jimmy Marsh his chance.

He justified all Violet's hopes. He went "big" from his first entrance, and the applause that greeted him on his final curtain was deafening. The Lovelace Company had gained a valuable acquisition, and knew it; and Jimmy's success was doubled by an instant increase in salary.

"You will have to play the part for at least a fortnight," he was told. "And possibly for longer than that."

"A fortnight!" He gasped. A week later they were due at East Farnham, and cold water descended on some of Jimmy's elation at the alarming prospect that suddenly appeared. He said nothing (what could he say?), but with each day's fresh success he grew correspondingly quieter.

At last Violet, with rare intuition, came to the point.

"Tell me all about it," she commanded.

"About what?" Jimmy parried.

"It!" she said, significantly.

And he knew that after this evasion would be useless. He told her.

She learnt for the first time (and was the only member of the company to learn) that the early date on their book, East Farnham, was Jimmy's home town. She came to know of his first love, Phyllis, and of the frame-up on the part of his unknown enemy, and of how he had left the town rather than suffer unjust imprisonment. If it was but one of his revelations—that concerning his love affair—that touched her most deeply, she refrained from letting him know. Her sympathy was all-embracing, and she agreed at once that it would be impossible for him to play at the date at East Farnham.

"On the other hand," said she, "you cannot very well resign the part without the truth coming out—and that would never do. Leave it till the day, then have a sudden illness. An ill man can't play a part like yours."

"But that would leave the company in the lurch," objected Jimmy. "They've nobody else to play the part."

Violet exerts her feminine wiles, and keeps the villainous Jesse at bay until the officers of the law appear to arrest him.

"Oh, yes, they have!" said Violet grandly. "Leave that part to me!"

"You mean—you'll play it yourself?"

"Leave it to me. You'll see!"

The company arrived early at East Farnham, and Jimmy proceeded straight to the theatre, before the little town was astir. He proposed to remain in the theatre until camp was struck late that night. He had plenty of things with which to occupy himself, and his seclusion attracted no comment.

Towards evening he kept the stage, and as the audience began to file in to their seats, he took up a post at a little peep-hole in the curtain and recognised them one by one. With a pang he observed Phyllis with her father and the fat Jesse Watson; and not far away was Tod Powell, in from Castle Canada for the evening to see the players. Tod had a keen eye for feminine beauty, and you never know what you get with a stage show.

Five minutes before the curtain was due to rise Jimmy, according to arrangement, "came over queer," and it was made plain to Lovelace that he would be unable to take his part of villain.

"What shall I do?" wailed the luckless manager.

"Leave this to me!" Violet broke in.

"But — you're a woman!"

"All the same, there's nobody else knows the part. The audience need not know I'm a woman."

"Yes, but——"

"Risk it!"

There being nothing else to do but risk it, the manager risked it. Violet hurried to her dressing-room and began to make up.

"This," she said, is the moment I've been waiting for."

That night's performance is still the classic topic of conversation in East Farnham. It is recalled on the slightest excuse, and the stranger within the gate must suffer its repetition a dozen times before he can get away. It made a reputation—Violet's reputation—but not in the way she had imagined. After the first five minutes the audience settled down to what they termed the finest burlesque they had ever witnessed, and within five minutes more the "villain" had realised that her hopes of becoming a great actress of the grand school were gone for ever. But something Lovelace said to her in the wings after the first act brought all her happiness back.

"Great actress?" he said. "Violet, you're a great comic actress. Your fortune's made after to-night. I'll use all the influence I have to get you a New York show. I've never heard an audience so happy. You're a win!"

Jimmy, too, could not find enough jolly things to say, enough congratulation to shower on her; and she might have been supremely happy for that short moment had it not been for an unforeseen incident that occurred.

Jimmy suddenly vanished, and when she looked round for the cause, two strange men were standing behind her. She did not know them, but one was Tod Powell and the other was Jesse Watson.

"Say, is that young man's name Jimmy Marsh?" asked Tod.

Violet did not answer, but she did not need to; Tod just looked in her eyes.

"I thought so! Back home, eh? H'm——"

He drew the other man aside and they engaged in heated argument for some moments. Then both hurriedly

The villain is threatened with exposure by his one-time confederate.

left the stage. They were back in their seats in the circle during the next two acts, but after the play they were hanging round the stage door again.

The villainess died early in the last act, and Violet was off stage at the time. All was very quiet. She could hear the two men talking.

"That five thousand was never put into my business by you, and it never will be, you double-crossing liar!" Tod Powell was saying. "But let this sink into you, Jesse, my friend—if you don't hustle home and return with a thousand inside of one hour from this very minute, I'll loose the whole truth about the frame-up, and we'll have Jimmy Marsh back in the town, and you out of it before sunrise to-morrow. Get me? One hour!"

"I—I'll get the money!" gasped the startled Jesse; and he hurried off to get it.

"I don't half believe you," snarled Powell. "We'll see what an hour brings."

Violet waited no longer. She dashed into the dressing-rooms, snatched up the discarded trappings of the vamp, donned them, fake diamond ear-rings, snake necklace and all, threw over the lot a purple wrap and hurried back to the stage door. Jimmy was there, nervously awaiting her appearance.

"Quick!" she said. Jesse Watson's address."

He was so astounded that he told her, without asking questions. She ran out, called a taxi, and within ten minutes was knocking at the door of Jesse's flat.

He opened the door himself.

"Why, hello, you!" he said. Aren't you one of the show girls from the theatre.

"And aren't you the handsome, commanding boy who came behind with a cheap skate? Honey," she said suddenly, "fill the glasses and let's be merry."

Jesse had heard of vamps. He had seen them on the movies. As regarded real live ones, there was no doubt much to be said for them, but hitherto they had not come his way. Violet threw her arms round his neck and stroked his cheek.

"Oh, boy!" she cooed.

"I got ten minutes to spare," said Jesse.

An hour and a half later, as near to drunk as matters, he was begging her to fly with him to some far-off land. But where she flew to was the theatre.

An excited crowd was gathered round Jimmy.

"Wherever have you been?" he asked.

"Acting a little part—the part of a vamp," she said happily. And you?"

"Powell's given the whole story of the frame-up away, and the police are out looking for Jesse Watson. I—but let me introduce you. This is Miss Phyllis Tichnor, to whom I am going to be married at the end of the run. This is—well, just Violet."

"Friends," said Violet, "I hope you're both just as happy as happy."

She could say no more. Abruptly she walked to the stage door, looked back and waved to them.

"Oh, well," she said to herself, "things are never as you mean they shall be. Still——" She pushed open the stage door and passed through.

"Exit smiling," she said, with a touch of her old optimism.

After the game
—a touch of Eastern Foam

AT the end of a hard-fought fight there's nothing like EASTERN FOAM to make you look and feel your best. Easily applied, and quickly absorbed by the skin, it produces a delightful sense of coolness and refreshment. Its fragrance is "clean," alluring, yet subdued and lasting.

If you value your complexion use EASTERN FOAM regularly, especially if you are a "Seaside Girl" and revel in strenuous outdoor sports. This dainty, refined cream stimulates and protects the skin, clearing it of roughness, redness and all blemishes, and gives it that delightful natural bloom and colouring which every woman who values her complexion wishes to possess.

EASTERN FOAM is non-greasy and cannot grow hair. Its purity and refinement place it in the forefront of all Toilet preparations, however highly priced.

EASTERN FOAM is sold in Large Pots by all Chemists and Stores. Also in small boxes and tubes, for the handbag.

EDNA BEST says of EASTERN FOAM:

"I am delighted to have the opportunity of trying it, and find it one of the best vanishing creams I have ever used."

EASTERN FOAM
VANISHING CREAM
The Cream of Fascination

The Real Nazimova

¶Magnetic and mysterious, this Russian personality has an undeniable hold.

Alla Nazimova—tragedienne de luxe of the silent and legitimate drama—makes her reappearance on the London stage at the Coliseum this month in a playlet entitled "A Woman of This Earth."

Her arresting personality commands one's attention. To meet the Nazimova is more than a mere experience. It is an inspiration.

What is the secret of this artist's uncanny power? Is it her physical or mental magnetism that has swept the earth like a radiant and golden whirlwind? Can one read in those half-closed eyes the riddle of her irresistible appeal? Or is it a part of that profound and perpetual mystery—the Russian soul?

Whatever the answer to this profitless questioning, Nazimova has exerted over her spectators for more than a quarter of a century a strange hypnotic influence . . . a mesmeric spell . . . that loses nothing by reflection through the camera's lens.

Her *Green Goddess* and *Red Lantern* were the outstanding film offerings of the day, and coined more money at the box-office than any previous screen productions.

More recently, her *Salome* was hailed by discriminating critics as a significant gesture . . . a celluloid manifesto of revolutionary symbolism of the most advanced and radical sort.

Russia's queen of tragedy is not beautiful, according to our Western standards. Examine if you can, with a cold and critical eye, her face in profile. The short, flat nose, the tiny mouth, the slanting brows, these are the features of some Pan-like, if not pagan goddess.

Yet the sharp rapier of Madame's wit denies in a flash that she is the primitive child of Nature! NO! There is more than a hint of Mohammedan wisdom, deep and inscrutable, despite the grey candour of her brilliant eyes.

After all, did not those eyes first see the light of day at Yalta—a quaint, semi-Oriental seaport nestling at the foot of the Yaila Mountains in the Russian Crimea, where the imprint of an ancient Arab civilisation leaves its ineradicable trace on a peculiarly gifted race.

Evidently Nazimova gave promise of exceptional artistic and dramatic ability at an early age.

"I was educated at Zurich, Switzerland," she told me, as we chatted together one sunny afternoon, "and later studied the violin at Odessa. I then entered the dramatic school at Moscow, where I remained four years, subsequently playing in various provincial companies and as leading lady at Petrograd in 1904.

"As a member of Paul Orlenoff's company, I came to London in January 1905, and made my debût at the Avenue Theatre (now the Playhouse) in a Russian play, 'The Chosen People,' as 'Lia,' the Jewish girl, who is torn between her love for a Christian and her attachment to her Jewish father.

"Proceeding to New York, I made my first appearance there in the same part. With the confidence of youth, I signed a contract with Messrs. Shubert Brothers in May, 1906, to play in English by November of that year! I received my first lesson in English on the twenty-third of June, and made my English-speaking debût at the Princess Theatre on the thirteenth of November in the title rôle of Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler.' This was the beginning of my long association with Ibsen plays throughout the United States."

While she talks, Nazimova's eyes, always expressive, are alternately sparkling and tender. Her glowing, vibrant personality, her artistic perceptions, her rich and varied experience of life in many lands, scintillate through her spoken phrase no less brightly than on the magic silver sheet.

An omnivorous reader, in the course of conversation Madame mentioned casually a host of "highbrow" authors, notably such giants as Molnar, Tchekov, Ossendowski and Feuchtwanger, with a discerning word or two about each. Nor is she despondent of the development of modern drama in the New World, and speaks warmly of the work of Eugene O'Neill.

"Some day," she remarked, "we shall have a picture theatre for grown-ups and another for children, as we have on the legitimate stage. Then the people who want 'hokum' can go to those theatres which show that sort of thing, and those of us who want imaginative art on the screen will have our own theatres also. There is a certain class of people who do not want to see bacchanalian revels and golden bath tubs.... Those things are not real.

"Motion pictures should be a great medium of imaginative expression," she added, with more than a touch of earnestness. "That is why I felt Oscar Wilde's 'Salome' to be a perfect subject. Wilde treated a rather gross narrative with poetry and feeling. In making the photoplay, I cast out all that had been emphasised in the past, and tried to make it a beautiful dream, rather than sensual debauch.

"In England it was a great success, but in America . . . no. Exhibitors were afraid of it. Too bizarre, they said."

"How do I account for its wonderful reception in this country?" Nazimova echoed my question, running her thin fingers through her bushy hair. "I do not know. Perhaps the people are better educated, but I do not think it is that. Perhaps the managers of the theatres—the exhibitors, how do you say?—are more enlightened, more artistic. Perhaps—and I think this is true—they know better what the public wants.

"But . . ." with a toss of her head, and a brilliant smile, "it will come. I know. There will be a change. There must be. Americans will not be satisfied with their golden bath tubs *always*!"

In larger measure, perhaps, than any living film actress, Nazimova possesses the artistic temperament. She is, above all, the visionary. The commercial side of motion pictures does not interest her in the least. She hates it. In common with her race, she shares the sure and secret knowledge of the futility of riches . . . the vanity of power.

She, who has known poverty, lives in a world of shadows, and finds untold wealth in dreams!

K. U.

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Scorching sun and dust laden air play havoc with sensitive skins. The daily use of the two foregoing creams will keep your complexion clean and fresh.

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"4711" COLD CREAM.

Wash the face thoroughly with warm water, then before the skin dries spread the cream thickly over the face and neck, leave for a few moments, then wipe away the superfluous cream—finally massaging the skin with slightly diluted "4711" Eau de Cologne and leave till morning.

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In your morning bath or toilet water always add some "4711" Eau de Cologne, you will find it wonderfully refreshing. Be sure, however, it is the "4711" Eau de Cologne, with a reputation of nearly 150 years for purity, strength and lasting fragrance.

Sold everywhere, 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-, 30/-, and 56/- per bottle.

The Broadway Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 19.)

has the most nasal American accent to be found anywhere outside of Paris. Truth to tell, his sophisticated manner is nothing more than an accident—the result of Charlie Chaplin seeing him as the type for *A Woman of Paris* and putting him through the paces of acting a *bon-vivant*. Previously to this he had invariably contributed villain characterisations of a conventional order. He had worn ready-made suits, made-up ties, dickies and celluloid collars. Had it not been for Chaplin, Adolphe's eyebrows would never have been quickened into expressive, subtle motion, and he would still be getting tuxedos off the peg from East Side Jews.

STAGE COMEDIANS' RETREAT

That people who can be funny on the stage can't always manage it on the screen is demonstrated by the news that several famous comics of Broadway are retreating back there from Hollywood before it is too late. W. C. Fields, who certainly could make a movie audience laugh, but was afflicted with some specially unfunny material, is the latest case. His last picture, *Running Wild*, is said by its producers to be very good—the advertisements, in fact, speak well of it—but the news that Field's contract has not been renewed and that he has taken a job on the stage tells the real story. *The Potters*, which preceded *Running Wild*, is extremely funny in places, but apart from this poor Fields has just had one long struggle with impossible stories.

Ed Wynn, probably the highest paid comedian in the world since he signed to star in a new Broadway musical show in a few week's time, has also said good-bye to Hollywood. He made just one picture, called *Rubber Heels*, which at present spends its time being shipped backwards and forwards across the continent for re-cutting and re-editing and re-titling.

Leon Errol has also thought better of it since his last movie appearance in *The Lunatic at Large*, and is back on Broadway in a musical comedy called "Yours Truly." Eddie Cantor is said to be tired of pictures, with a distinct probability of an early return to stage work. They are still making the age-old discovery that acting for the eye and for the ear are two different things, with all the amazement and alarm of callow freshmen who discover regularly each May Week that love, after all, is the most wonderful thing in the world.

JANNINGS EARNS HIS $10,000 A WEEK

I have it on Lya de Putti's authority that Emil Jannings is receiving $10,000 per week in Paramount pictures. After seeing his first American film, *The Way of All Flesh*, I suggest that even if he isn't, he ought to be.

The German fans have been waiting for the arrival of this picture to rend it asunder, and tirade against American film commercialism. They are angry at the removal of their idol to the land of dollars, and frankly sceptical about Hollwood's ability to put him in a picture worthy of his genius.

"Is Zat So?" is honestly the funniest film we've seen this year. George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe, whom no one suspected of being comedians, are revealed in their true colours.

The first thing Paramount did on completion of *The Way of All Flesh* was to slip it in the programme of the Sheridan Theatre, in the "artistic" quarter of Greenwich Village, without announcing it—and watch its effect on an audience which is said to be the most intelligent and critical in America. Their glee at being the first to see the long-awaited picture was followed by a deep and prolonged hush in which you could have heard a pin drop on the pile carpet.

By the time the lights went up again men and women all over the theatre had been so moved by Jannings's performance that they were openly sobbing. I have never seen such a display of emotion on the part of an entire audience, nor heard such a tremendous volley of applause.

The Way of All Flesh, which has no connection with Butler's novel, is almost as much a triumph for its director, Victor Fleming, as it is for Jannings. He has co-operated with Jannings to produce a screen character study which is perhaps more vivid, more human and more complete, than that of the old hotel porter in *The Last Laugh*.

It is that of a simple, sentimental, honest German immigrant in America, who is beloved by his family and respected by his neighbours. Suddenly he is sent off on business to Chicago. He falls in with a girl who uses her wiles to get him alone and drunk, and steal the securities he is carrying for his firm. One night of pleasure sees his complete downfall. In the morning he finds himself a ruined man, his securities gone.

For years he is an outcast and a wanderer. Then there is a moment when he hears his son give a violin recital—his son who thinks him dead—and he breaks down completely as the boy plays a simple German air that he himself had taught him. That is perhaps the most poignant moment in any picture that was ever made.

The Way of All Flesh is too long, although Jannings saves it from bathos. But it is, aside altogether from the star's performance, a milestone in motion picture history. From the technical viewpoint the opening sequence is the most perfect thing to come out of Hollywood.

It is a beautiful example of motion picture art as distinct from that of the theatre. As for Jannings, no praise can possibly be too high for his work. He may not possess "It"—heaven knows what Mrs. Glyn thinks—but as the Paramount publicity men were saying after the show, "that baby certainly can strut his stuff—and how!"

for those who lead a strenuous life—

Fay Compton

Here is the opinion of Miss Fay Compton,

"One is glad to admit, on behalf of those actors and actresses who use 'Ovaltine,' that there is much justification for the claim of its manufacturers that 'for those who lead a strenuous life, it contributes to sustained mental effort and physical energy.'"

NOURISHMENT alone is the source of physical and mental energy, but the ordinary daily diet yields insufficient nourishment at times of sustained effort by mind or body. That is why the ordinary dietary needs to be supplemented with the concentrated and easily digested nourishment which "Ovaltine" so abundantly supplies.

This delicious food beverage possesses every element and factor of a complete and perfectly balanced food. It is prepared from creamy milk, barley malt, eggs and cocoa, and contains in accurately adjusted nutritive ratio all the essential food elements which create strength and vitality.

"Ovaltine" endows the system with a wealth of endurance to withstand the strain attendant upon strenuous work or the weariness imposed by long and busy hours. Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in tins at 1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6.

The larger sized tins are more economical to purchase.

A Man's Man

We haven't time to count up the films that have acquired distinction by having Lewis Stone in the cast.

Not long ago we were talking of screen players to Sir John Martin Harvey. Said that brilliant actor-manager: "In the films I have seen, I have been remarkably impressed by the fine work of a Mr. Lewis Stone. To me he is the most accomplished of them all, and I am surprised his distinction has not made him more famous."

It is this natural dignity of Lewis Stone's, apparent in all his films, that distinguishes him—sets him apart from the multitude of "efficient" actors, so mechanically alike in style, or lack of style, that if they were all put into a tremendous sack and shaken up together, it would be difficult to pick them out at the end of the proceeding, unless they had been carefully labelled beforehand.

The amazing thing about Lewis is that nothing seems to disturb this poise of his. He has been given trite, silly stories, poor directors, inadequate supporting casts, yet his own performance is always a piece of polished perfection. There is surely no other actor in Hollywood with quite so much outstandingly good work to his credit.

Yet his dramatic career was entered into more or less as a joke. He was, first and foremost, a soldier. Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1879, he moved to New York with his parents at the age of ten, and attended the Barnard Military Academy there. He fought in the Spanish-American war before he was twenty, after which adventurous episode he found peace-time service hopelessly dull.

So for want of something better to do, he decided to become a playwright. He wrote a one-act play in one night, and took it to a producer he knew slightly. The latter, however, was not so much impressed with the play as the author, and to Lewis's surprise and secret amusement, he asked him if he would care to substitute for the leading man of a stock company in Toronto, who had fallen ill.

Lewis accepted, as he would have accepted any other adventure that offered itself just then. He did not realise, as he stepped before the footlights for the first time, that this thing, undertaken so lightly, was to mark for him the beginning of a new life. It was merely an episode, he told himself, and after it was over he would return to his usual mode of life and become once more a soldier.

But the leading man failed to return and Lewis continued in his place. Before he knew what was happening the stage had got him in its grip, and acting had become a natural thing. He was offered other roles, and at last a chance to play on Broadway came his way and was accepted. This brought him a certain degree of success, and a contract to play in films was the result. He made his first picture, *Honour's Altar,* with Bessie Barriscale, then returned to the stage for a short season.

Another military interlude followed when America entered the world war. He became an infantry instructor, and was finally given the rank of Major in the United States Army.

After the war he returned to California and definitely turned his attention from the stage to pictures. He found immediate and world-wide film fame in *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and he has done consistently good work ever since. In a semi-villainous role in *Scaramouche,* he gained more sympathy with most people, than the hero; his appearance in *The Lost World* was the one thing that made it possible. As the king in *Confessions of a Queen* he indulged in the usual dissipations favoured by Ruritanian royalty on the screen without once rousing our antagonism or stooping to the merely sordid.

Among his most recent pictures, not yet released to the public, are *Three In Love, The Prince of Head Waiters, Lonesome Ladies* and *The Notorious Lady.* He is at present working on *His Son,* a big First National production.

Women admire this man tremendously. Is it because he seems to challenge feminine wiles? Is he proof against "vamping?" Or because he is so assured and correct in every movement and effortless in his polished and restrained acting?

He has something, perhaps, of the unattainable in his personality. This is not just his perfect clothes or his effective love-making. It is not even the obvious fact that he is a high-class gentleman of flawless bearing. There are quite a number of actors who suggest Blood and Good Form, yet hardly any of them have this almost indefinable attraction.

It is, I think, his reserve. The test of a good artiste is that he never seems to go "all out." In Lewis Stone's case, there is a pronounced effect of self-discipline, which is not so much a mark of character as an actual indication of it. We are never able to gauge the gamut of the man's personality, but we see, very plainly indeed, that he is a man of strong will and iron control. If he were not, this very mystery about him—this impression of hidden fires never more than half-disclosed—would not exist at all.

With all his courtly charm there seems something fascinatingly frigid about Mr. Stone. Yet one is reluctant to believe that his name is appropriate.

Mystery is popular. Mystery stories interest and excite—so do men and women who decline to wear their hearts upon their sleeves. But it is not enough to conceal. The ordinary dissembler of human emotions is, as a rule, singularly inexpressive. Thousands of people are charged with feeling above the average, and at the same time are quite inexpressive. There is, however, no charm in them. They are wooden and dull in their normal outward semblance.

Whereas Mr. Stone *is* expressive—and we are attracted because we know he is too clever to be over-demonstrative.

For the information of those fans who like to know all the family history of their favourites, Lewis is married to Laura Oakley, and he has two daughters in their early teens. Off the screen, one sees that he has grey hair and brown eyes, and is tall and very well-built—he is, in fact, only an inch and a quarter off six feet in height.

His fan mail is one of the biggest in Hollywood, and he numbers amongst his admirers nearly as many men as he does women. For Lewis is not merely a flapper's idol. He is essentially a man's man—which is, perhaps, partly the reason for his attraction for women of all ages.

E. E. B.

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EASY VIRTUE

¶Screening a Noel Coward play sounds rather difficult. Alfred Hitchcock has just done it.

During three months the brilliant young dramatist studied the technique of studio treatment at first hand, and the director is fortunate in having Mr. Coward's approval of the adaptation and the cast, which is an unusually strong one.

For some time Isabel Jeans has been justly regarded as one of our most enticing stage "vamps." Here, however, she plays her first sympathetic role as the French wife brought home by the boy husband to his critical family.

In the top corner are Robin Irvine, Enid Stamp-Taylor and Miss Jeans. May they all get their dessert! The heroine in this matrimonial disaster is one of Coward's cleverest characterisations.

The heroine as played appears in every scene of the picture—which indicates the exacting nature of the part. Barbara Blenn is with her here, looking a bit mannish, perhaps.

You will like Robin Irvine as the young husband who learns his wife has had one of those Pasts.

It needs no reflection to assure ourselves that Laura La Plante is just the type we'd all like our daughters to be.

A typically American girl, who is charming without being cute, and talented without possessing "temperament."

Ain't She Sweet!

¶If all wives were like Laura, vamps would be drawing the unemployment dole.

I first saw Laura La Plante, several years ago, in a Christie comedy. I promptly forgot the title of the comedy—the story—the names of the rest of the cast. But I remembered Laura.

There was something refreshing about her—a poise and polish, even in those days, that marked her out from the average screen heroine. She was undeniably sweet—but not sickeningly so; she had dimples and big blue-grey eyes, yet she was nothing like the typical *ingénue;* she was perkily, impudently attractive, with an undoubted flair for carrying off comedy situations well, but she was delightfully lacking in self-conscious "cuteness."

A year or so has brought Laura from the comparative obscurity of Christie comedies to a deservedly high place in the motion picture world. As a Universal star, with a long list of successes to her credit, she ranks with some of the biggest names in Hollywood. But, except that her work has naturally improved with her added experience, she has changed very little from the Laura of those early days. She is still as refreshingly easy to look at—still understands, as perfectly, the difficult art of always appearing absolutely natural and unforced.

Born on November 1st, 1904, at St. Louis, Mo., Laura is five feet two inches in height, with light brown hair and blue-grey eyes. Her childhood was a fairly uneventful one. She developed an early talent for music, and studied the violin for some time, with a vague idea of taking up a musical career later.

But a chance visit to a cousin in Los Angeles, when she was still a schoolgirl, disturbed any plans that might have been made for her future, for she became fired with a desire to become a film actress. She might have found it rather more difficult to persuade her parents to let her leave school and try to earn her own living in Hollywood, if her father had not become practically an invalid, just about that time. As it was, the longed-for consent was reluctantly given, for funds were getting low in the La Plante household, and somebody had to work to earn more.

Laura could drive a car, dance a little, and was an all round sportswoman, and she found it fairly easy to obtain extra work in a Christie comedy. But she made no miraculous, over-night success in the movies. The stardom she enjoys now came to her slowly, by sheer hard work.

For two years she worked as an extra, before even small parts began to come her way. Then, for some time, she played leading ladies in Westerns, supporting Hoot Gibson in a series of feature pictures.

She was rewarded at the end of the series with her first big contract with Universal, and a lead opposite Reginald Denny. Her advancement, from then on, was fairly rapid. Hitherto unsuspected talents for playing comedy displayed themselves and were given a chance to develop, and within less than a year she was playing featured and starring rôles.

Sporting Youth, Excitement, Smouldering Fires, Butterfly, Young Ideas, and *Dangerous Innocence* were amongst those early films of hers. But the big chance of her career came when she was offered the leading

With James Kirkwood in "Butterflies in the Rain." Her work in this film is some of the best she has done.

feminine rôle in *The Midnight Sun*. It was a great dramatic opportunity, and she made full use of it. As a young American girl who becomes première danseuse in the Imperial Russian Ballet, she did such excellent work that, although she was first only a featured player with Pat O'Malley and Raymond Keane, she was eventually made the star of the production.

After that she co-starred with Reginald Denny in *Skinner's Dress Suit*, then was starred in *Her Big Night* and *Butterflies in the Rain*. Other recent films to her credit are *Beware of Widows*, *The Love Thrill*, and *The Cat and the Canary*.

Of these, *The Love Thrill* is likely to stand out in her memory for some time, for it was just before this went into production that she became engaged to William Seiter, the man who directed it, and a week after work on it was finished (on November 14th, 1926, to be exact) they were married.

The romance of that marriage is one that will delight all film fans. The two first met when Seiter directed *Dangerous Innocence*. They immediately became firm friends, and now Laura has joined the already full list of stars who have married their directors.

Most screen stars like to be considered versatile. By the variety of the rôles she has played, Laura has proved her own versatility. She is a comedienne of outstanding ability, but she can also rise to real dramatic heights if necessary, and she brought a sincerity to that rather silly story, *Butterflies in the Rain*, that made it seem almost convincing.

That is her greatest charm—her absolute sincerity. She can do things that in anyone else, would seem artificial, and make them appear natural. It is just a way she has—as studied, probably, as the more obvious affectations of her Hollywood sisters, but far more subtly effective.

Dimitri Buchowetzki, the famous Continental director who made *The Midnight Sun*, was loud in his praise of Laura after they had worked together on this picture. He declares that she is as great an artist as Pola Negri, whom he has directed in some of her most successful pictures.

She brings to the screen a vitality and a sense of keen enjoyment in her work. One feels that she gets just as much fun out of making a comedy scene as her audience enjoys in watching it on the screen.

She has, too, the appeal of youth to help her, but she does not attempt to give the impression of sickly innocence and "sweet seventeen" that makes the average gingham-gowned, golden-curled heroine a screen monstrosity to be avoided whenever possible.

Her personality is charming, but she does not let it swamp her sense of dramatic technique. Because she has an attractive dimple, she does not rely upon that attractive dimple to bewitch her audiences into a state of uncritical admiration. She uses it, as she uses all her assets, with care, and in its proper time and place.

Her poise is the poise of perfect self-confidence and sophistication, combined with a rare wholesomeness.

Undoubtedly she's sweet—but hers is the sweetness of good cane sugar. There's not an ounce of saccharine about Laura La Plante.

E. E. Barrett.

Laura is one of the people who are always appearing on fashion pages—she is so consistently "chic." Right: At her Beverley Hills home.

The Pick of the Pictures

THE MARRIAGE OF THE BEAR

Konstantin Eggert has absorbed the best German technical and pictorial qualities for this legendary story of old Russia. His style differs from that of the Germans, however, in a complete absence of fantasy, a grim—almost fanatical—insistence on realism.

It is a clever piece of work—amazingly (I almost said unpleasantly) clever. It constitutes a distinct advancement in a certain type of screen drama. It is sincere. It is a distinct change from the frothy comedy drama.

In my humble opinion, however, it is high time that this neurotic "arty" stuff was placed in its proper category. "Art" and "arty-ness" are becoming inextricably mixed. The fact that a person is incapable of appreciating anything but original camera angles and perverted sexual complications does not necessarily indicate a cultured taste. There is still room on the screen for the artistic treatment of *healthy* entertainment!

Now for *The Marriage of the Bear.*

The story is adapted, as most PICTUREGOER readers probably know, from Prosper Merimee's "Lokis."

Quite briefly, it tells how a brutal husband kills his wife's admirer in a hunt. A son is born to her—mad. Later the son marries a beautiful girl, although the whole countryside does its best to break off the match, carries her off to the bridal chamber, reverts to the wild, and kills her. With his sanity restored he returns to his castle, whereupon the crowd surge in and shoot him.

Besides producing the first Russian film, Konstantin Eggert doubles the part of the father and son. His acting is as marvellous as his film is remarkable!

Mlle W. S. Malinow is delightful as the girl, and sound work is put in by a capable supporting cast.

Crowd handling is exceptionally good.

Konstantin Eggert commits his last act of violence in "The Marriage of the Bear."

Marion Nixon and Edward Everett Horton in one of the amusing scenes from "Taxi! Taxi!"

"The Sensation Seekers" and the clergy are well represented by Billie Dove and Raymond Bloomer.

TAXI! TAXI!

A masterly illustration of what *can* be done with a thin story!

Peter, an architect's assistant, is sent to fetch his employer's pretty daughter from the station. Being a bright lad, he suggests a cabaret, and is horrified to find his employer dining with a client a few tables away! The young people escape in a taxi belonging to a notorious gang of thieves, and Uncle threatens to send his niece back to school for the escapade. She calls upon Peter to marry her, and they set off in the famous taxi. The police set off after them, followed by Peter's employer.

Out of these few threads the producer has succeeded in making a comedy which positively bristles with quiet humour and delightful episodes. Edward Everett Horton is delicious as the whimsical Peter—especially in his "asides." The heroine is Marion Nixon.

THE SENSATION SEEKERS.

Wild life in big and breezy doses comes to an end here with the heroine (Billie Dove) improbably, but divertingly, coming to anchor in the arms of a parson.

Personally I think the reflection that sensation seeking is cured by marriage with "the cloth" a rather doubtful one—but that aspect of the case would probably not occur to the men behind the megaphone "way over."

Shipwreck scenes and a dance hall raid are the highlights of the production. For the rest it is very much the mixture as before.

THE GREAT GATSBY.

Each of the characters in this picture is morally unsound—a fact which rather detracts from their strength.

The wife, besides becoming intoxicated on her wedding day, kills a woman later on in the story. The hero is a swindler, and the husband is morally responsible for the death of two men.

On the other hand the picture presents a totally new aspect of the age old triangle problem, with brilliant directorial touches by Herbert Brenon, and a magnificent, if somewhat sombre, climax.

For the purposes of the narrative Jay Gatsby, a nobody, falls in love with the wealthy Daisy Fay. He goes to the war and Daisy marries Tom Buchanan. Tom is occasionally unfaithful, and when Gatsby comes home a wealthy man, Daisy has very little hesitation in agreeing to go away with him.

From this point dramatic events follow in quick succession, and lead to a most hectic finish.

Brenon is to be congratulated upon his treatment of this final episode. It is one of the most grimly telling things I have ever seen.

Lois Wilson is well cast as Daisy; Warner Baxter is good without being outstanding in the part of Jay; Hale Hamilton, as the husband, is just adequate; and by far the best piece of acting comes from William Powell, as Wilson.

Would your husband marry you again?

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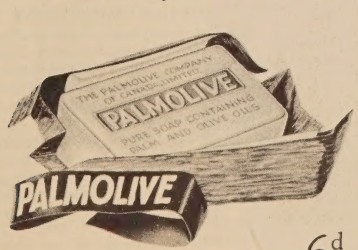

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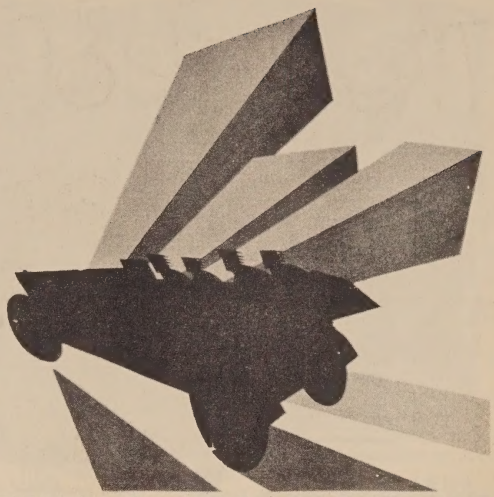

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ANKLES PREFERRED (*Fox*).—Madge Bellamy as an ambitious shop-girl, who wants to be as much admired for her brains as for her ankles. Quite pleasant entertainment. Lawrence Gray supports.

THE BRONCHO TWISTER (*Fox*). Entertaining Tom Mix Western, full of thrills and comedy. Helene Costello, George Irving, Dorothy Kitchen, Paul Nicholson, Doris Lloyd and Malcolm White support. Director, Orville Dull.

DAME CHANCE (*Inter-Cine*). —Rather long-drawn out triangle story, sincerely acted by Julanne Johnston, David Hartford, Robert Frazer, Gertrude Astor, Lincoln Stedman and Mary Carr.

DEVIL'S ISLAND (*Gaumont*). —Theatrical and unconvincing melodrama of life on a convict island. Pauline Frederick is as good as possible in a part that offers her few opportunities. Richard Tucker, George Lewis, Marion Nixon, William Dunn, and John Miljan support. Director, Frank O'Connor. Don't blame Polly.

DEVIL'S DICE (*Argosy*).—Story of love and revenge, well directed by Tom Forman. Good acting from Robert Ellis, Barbara Bedford, Joseph Swickard and Tom Forman, and some thrilling mining scenes. Good entertainment.

EXIT SMILING (*Jury*).—Beatrice Lillie proves herself as amusing and clever on the screen as on the stage, in this story of a general servant in a travelling "fit up," who has an ambition to play a vamp. Supporting cast include Jack Pickford, Doris Lloyd, De Witt Jennings, Harry Myers, Louise Lorraine, Tenén Holtz and Franklin Pangborn. Director, Sam Taylor. Lady Peel is all that counts.

FANGS OF JUSTICE (*Gaumont*).—Melodrama. Slow, artificial story, obviously written to exploit the stunts of "Silver Streak," a super intelligent dog. June Marlowe, Johnnie Walker, George Irving, and Freddy Fredericks supply the main human element. Director, Mason Noel Smith. Pretty weak.

FORBIDDEN WATERS (*P. D. C.*). —Priscilla Dean, Walter McGrail, Dan Mason, Casson Ferguson, and De Sacia Mooers, in a comedy-melodrama of divorce, crooks, and a woman who doesn't know her own mind. Director, Alan Hale.

FOREST HAVOC (*Stoll*).—Melodramatic story of life and love in a timber camp, featuring Forrest Stanley, Peggy Montgomery, Ernest Hilliard and Martha Mattox. Director, Stuart Paton.

THE GOLDEN WEB (*Gaumont*).—Gripping adaptation of a Phillips Oppenheim story, with a good love interest and an exciting murder mystery. Lillian Rich, Huntley Gordon, Jay Hunt, Lawford Davidson, Boris Karloff and Nora Hayden form a competent cast. Director, Walter Long.

THE GREAT GATSBY (*Paramount*).—Triangle drama. Rather grim story with a tragic climax, directed by Herbert Brenon. Cast includes Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell, Hale Hamilton and Georgia Hale.

THE GREAT RAILWAY ROBBERY (*Ideal*).—Crook railway drama of a 1912 type, with the usual situations of suspense. Helen Holmes, Jack Perrin, Charles Whitaker, Mack Wright, Arthur Millett and Max Ascher form a capable cast.

THE JEALOUS SEX (*P. D. C.*).—Agnes Ayres, Warner Baxter, Phillips Smalley, Raymond Lowney, Winifred Bryson, and Carrie Clarke Ward in quite a bright story of a young couple who divorce in haste—and re-marry at leisure. Director, Paul Powell.

THE KENTUCKY HANDICAP (*Wardour*).—Reed Howes is the breezy hero of this stereotyped racing drama, with sentimental interest in the person of Lydia Knott, as his temporary blinded mother, and Alice Calhoun as his life-long sweetheart. Joseph Swickard, Robert McKim, and James Bradbury, jun., are also in the cast.

KID BOOTS (*Paramount*).—Screen version of the musical comedy that is good entertainment, in spite of a thin story. Eddie Cantor does very well in his first screen appearance, and Clara Bow, Lawrence Gray, Billie Dove, Natalie Kingston, and Malcolm White are good in leading rôles. Director, Frank Tuttle.

THE LIGHTNING REPORTER (*Stoll*).—Typical American story of big business, love, and an energetic young reporter's "scoop" for his paper. Plenty of quick action. Cast includes Johnny Walker, Sylvia Breamer, Burr McIntosh, Joseph Girard, J. C. Fowler and Mayme Kelso.

LOCO LUCK (*European*).—Western melodrama, with a brisk story and plenty of action. Art Acord is supported by a fine horse and dog and a human cast that includes Fay Wray, W. A. Steele, Aggire Herring, Al Jennings and George Marion. Director, Cliff Smith.

THE LOST EXPRESS (*Butcher*). —Penny-plain railway melodrama with a confusing story. Helen Holmes stars, and is supported by Oleta Otis, Fred Church, Henry Banows, Eddie Barry and Lassie Lou Aherne.

LUCK AND SAND (*Pathé*).—Western drama with murder plot, not too hackneyed. Leo Maloney is an attractive star, and he is ably supported by Nelson McDowell, Josephine Hill, Florence Lee, Leonard Clapham and Momer Watson. Director, Leo Maloney.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE BEAR (*F. B. O.*).—A remarkably fine Russian picture, with a strong story and some brilliant work by Konstantin Eggert, who not only plays a double rôle, but directs the production as well. Mlle W. S. Malinow and Mlle N. A. Rosenel play leading feminine rôles.

THE MERRY CAVALIER (*Ideal*).—Stunt picture featuring Dick Talmadge, with a fair melodramatic story. Charlotte Stevens, Jack Richardson, Joe Harrington and William Tooker support. Fair of its kind.

MILLIONAIRES (*Warner*).—Comedy-drama, adapted from a Phillips Oppenheim story of a *nouveau riche* Jewish couple with social aspirations. George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Nat Carr, Louise Fazenda, Helene Costello, Arthur Lubin and Jane Winton are good in leading rôles. Director, Herman Raymaker.

MISTAKEN ORDERS (*Butcher*).—Ordinary railway drama featuring Helen Holmes and Jack Perrin, supported by Henry Barrrows, Hal Waters, Harry Tenbrook, Cecil Kellogg and Mack V. Wright. Director, J. P. McGowan.

MISTER MUSTARD'S MILLIONS (*European*).—A French film, with the theme of a navvy who acquires sudden wealth. The excellent broad comedy of Nicolas Koline, in the leading rôle, makes the film worth seeing. But the "funny" sub-titles are just awful.

A MODERN DON JUAN (*Wardour*). —A French film, with a somewhat theatrical cast that includes Leon Mathot, Charles Vanel, Maurice Schutz, Sylvio Pedrelli, Simone Vandry, Genevieve Garlon, Nathalie Musen and Rachel Devirys. Story of an elderly charmer, whose life of passing loves is eventually ended by a jealous rival.

ONE MINUTE TO TWELVE (*Gaumont*).—German stunt picture, full of acrobatic thrills, starring Albertini. An adequate foreign supporting cast, and some comedy situations that are distinctly unamusing. No wonder radio is popular.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN (*Ideal*).—Pleasing Western, with some good rodeo scenes. Fred Thompson stars, and is ably supported by Elmo Lincoln, Clara Horton, Jim Marcus and Silver King, the horse.

THE POACHER (*Wardour*).—German mountain melodrama, somewhat sombrely treated, featuring Carl de Vogt, Helga Thomas and Rudolph Rettner. Director, Johannes Meyer. Rather slow and heavy.

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY (*Warner*).—Irish-Jewish war melodrama, with nothing particularly new to recommend it. George Jessel, Patsy Ruth Miller, Vera Gordon, Nat Carr, William Strauss and Gustav Von Seffertitz do well with stock emotional situations. Director, Lloyd Bacon.

THE QUARTERBACK (*Paramount*).—Another story of American university life, with some good comedy situations and an exciting football match as a finale. Richard Dix, Esther Ralston, Harry Beresford, David Butler, Robert Craig and Mona Palmer form a good cast. Director, Fred Newmayer, who has got very good entertainment out of a slight story.

REMEMBER (*F. B. O.*).—Familiar sentimental melodrama of a blind soldier's return to an unfaithful fiancée. Dorothy Phillipps, Lola Todd, Earl Metcalf and Lincoln Stedman are unremarkable in leading rôles.

SENSATION SEEKERS (*European*).—Billie Dove is effective and charming as a society girl in a fast set, who falls in love with a parson and reforms. Plenty of hectic life, and a thrilling shipwreck finale. Support includes Huntley Gordon, Raymond Bloomer, Peggy Montgomery, Phillips Smalley, Tom Ricketts and Edith Yorke. Director, Lois Weber.

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN (*Paramount*).—W. C. Fields makes the most of his amusing personality in a slight story of small-town snobbery. Alice Joyce, Charles Rogers, Catherine Reichert, Marcia Harris, Julia Ralph and Charles Beyer form a competent support. Director, Gregory La Cava.

STOLEN PLEASURES (*F. B. O.*).—Domestic comedy well acted and produced, dealing with matrimonial difficulties caused by the jealousy of two couples. Helene Chadwick, Dorothy Revier, Gayne Whitman, Harlan Tucker and Ramon Ripley are good in leading rôles. Director, Harry Cohn.

THE TABLES TURNED (*Ideal*).—Ranch melodrama of hidden treasure, and a saloon vamp who (you've guessed it!) reforms and marries the hero. Tom Tyler stars, and is capably supported by Dorothy Dunbar, Frankie Darrow, Eltram Laidlow and a dog, Beans.

TAXI! TAXI! (*European*).—Comedy. A slight, but amusing story of a young architect's assistant who is hurled into an adventure with his employer's niece. A good cast includes Edward Everett Horton, Marion Nixon, William V. Mong, Lucien Littlefield and Burr McIntosh. Director, Melville Brown.

THE TRAFFIC COP (*Pathé*).—Slight and mildly amusing love story featuring Lefty Flynn, James Marcus, Kathleen Myers and Nigel Barrie. Director, Harry Garson. Rather slow.

THRILLING YOUTH (*Wardour*).—Mixture of comedy and slapstick, with a somewhat thin story. The bright personality of Billy West, the star, is the picture's main attraction. Gloria Grey, George Bunny, Charles Clary and John J. Richardson support.

THOU SHALT NOT (*Graham Wilcox*).—An emotional melodrama of German origin, starring Albertini, the Italian stunt man. An unnamed cast gives adequate support. Fair.

THE WESTERN WHIRLWIND (*European*).—Jack Hoxie in a good all-round Western with plenty of action and good riding. Margaret Quimby, Claude Payton, Billy Engle, Edith Yorke and George Connors support. Director, Al Rogell.

THE WINNING WALLOP (*Argosy*). William Fairbanks in a breezily treated melodrama with a good boxing climax. Shirley Palmer, Charles K. French, Melvin McDowell, Cranford Kent, Jimmy Aubrey, and Frank Hagney support. Director, Charles Hutchinson.

A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR (*Fox*).—Re-issue of the famous farce, featuring Harry Myers, Pauline Starke, Rosemary Theby, George Seigman and William V. Mong. Great stuff.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION (*B. E. F.*).—Marceline Day, Charles Delaney, James Harrison, Duane Thompson, Robert Homans and Lawford Davidson in an American college story, a lively mixture of love, fighting and football. Quite good.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED (*Paramount*).—Burlesque murder mystery, that is good entertainment although it is a little protracted. It is well acted by Raymond Griffith, Dorothy Sebastian, Earle Williams, Edward Martindel, Thomas McGuire and Granville Redmond. Director, Alfred Rosson.

We Dare Not Reveal—

The name of the firm who have secured the screen rights of "*Mrs. Beeton's Household Management*."

What salary Adolphe Menjou is asking as a free-lance.

Why police-court offenders describe themselves as film actors.

The real facts about Cecil de Mille's *King of Kings* cast standing up when he arrived on the set.

What chances film-school pupils really have.

Who told us that a *Lady Godiva* film was a nude departure in production.

The name of the star, who is known as "the idle of the screen."

Our real opinion of film "prologues."

What Baby Peggy's cameraman said when ordered to "shoot."

Why some screen players go in for "doubles."

Our opinion of the suggestion to convert the Crystal Palace into a studio.

The name of the Bishop who "hoped he would never frequent kinemas."

"You'd Be Surprised"—especially if you found yourself in the same predicament as Dorothy Sebastian.

Old Covent Garden

The glorious orange tint of the fruit she sold which first attracted to Nell Gwynn the attention of King Charles is only one of the lovely shades in which

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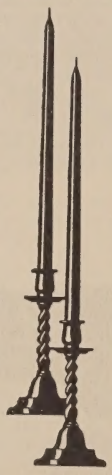

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A Wash-Outs' Association

Why Not a Society of Screen "Duds?"

All kinds of bodies are springing up in connection with the movie game, and it is impossible to keep track of the Cleaner Screen Leagues, Knights of the Klieg, Wallace Reid Slobbering Clubs and Kine-Kritics Klans.

It seems to us that it is time it occurred to someone that the day is over-ripe for a Society of Duds—an Association of Wash-Outs, whose qualifications are purely negative in the film world—those who have earned, and received, the unmistakable recognition of utter incompetence.

Naturally, some means would have to be devised of stemming the rush of eligible candidates for membership. This would take the form of searching qualification tests, and no one should be admitted—star, producer or anyone else—unless he or she has definitely damaged the prestige of motion picture production. Cannot we draft a few rules?

Producers, for example, would be ineligible unless at least 75 per cent. of the pictures they have directed have either been voluntarily scrapped, shelved, or left uncompleted.

Any producer who, after joining the Wash-Outs' Association, makes a successful picture shall be warned and, on repeating the offence expelled.

Film artistes are eligible on certain conditions only; (*a*) that their success is due not to ability or looks, but to influence; (*b*) that their parts have been completely cut out of at least six pictures; (*c*) that they can furnish verbatim authenticated records of producers derogatory language, together with at least thirty inches column width, of hostile Press criticism.

Promoters of film-schools would be eligible in practically every case, without nomination. So would amateurs, with more money than sense, who star themselves in pictures in the fond and futile belief that experience is needless for screen triumph.

Film "magnates," it is hoped, will join in large batches. But even they cannot belong to the Wash-Outs' Association unless they can prove an entire absence of education, a conversational voice audible at 220 yards, and a chequered financial career.

Special experimental tests will be conducted for scenario-writers, cutters and other mutilators of literature. Here the name of the original story must be furnished, in order that the author, if still living, may witness the screen version at the Association's invitation. The author's recognition of his original narrative will disqualify the candidate for membership.

A certain limited number of Life Wash-Outs—permanent members of the Association—might be chosen. These quite conceivably, may include:

(*a*) Stars who have never yet received anything but disapproval from showmen, Press and public.

(*b*) Producers of pictures the story of which has been entirely beyond the comprehension of any audience.

Peace and poverty reigned together in the Rubens home, but when the family became "Millionaires," it lost both.

Impossible Paragraphs

Cutie Goldfang, the American star, who has made such a sensation in *Why Not Try Your Own Wife for a Change?* declares, modestly, that the whole of the credit for the picture is due to the camera-man and the small part artistes.

Abraham Lamb-Skinner, principal of the Hokum Academy of Film Acting, warns all intending pupils before accepting their money, that there is no chance for amateurs in the industry, and that British studios won't engage anyone known to have graduated at his "school."

H. Convex Goldman, managing director of the Flopp Film Co., Ltd., states that he will never interfere in matters of choice of subjects, scenarios, casting and cutting, for the simple reason that his entire ignorance on such matters is recognised by himself.

Mushroom Picture Plays, Ltd., announcing the completion of their latest production, *Curdled Crime*, describe it as a very ordinary five-reeler, which, in spite of its faults, might possibly be slipped in among a batch of others with reasonable luck.

Jack Straight, the famous handsome Adonis of the screen, is engaged in a friendly dispute with Plunder Productions, Ltd., who insist on giving him £20 per week in excess of the salary he is willing to accept. Jack swears he is not worth it, and steadfastly refuses to be persuaded to the contrary.

We are glad to learn that Cortin Tabbs, one of the most unnatural actors of the Victorian era, is disengaged. At the same time, we think it a pity, in a sense, that he should be at liberty.

Multum in Parvo.

An author once wrote to a producer asking for a concise formula for writing a successful motion picture story. The producer wrote:—

"A motion picture story should contain religion, comedy, society, action, sex interest, and it can't be too short. For such a scenario I will be glad to pay from ten to twenty thousand dollars."

A few days later the producer received a letter from the author reading as follows:

"Herewith story containing religion, comedy, society, action, sex interest. And it's short. Send cheque by return mail."

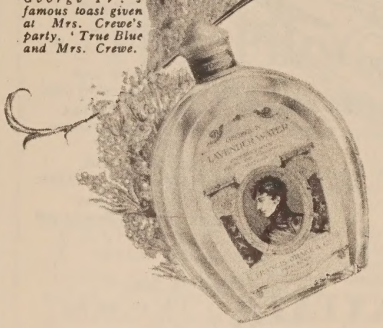
Enclosed was the manuscript, which read as follows:

"My God," laughed the Countess, "let go of my leg!"

From the "Hollywood Film Mercury."

GEORGE IV
Lavender Water

TRUE BLUE George IV.'s famous toast given at Mrs. Crewe's party. 'True Blue and Mrs. Crewe.



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With perfume—mystic balm.

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Ramada Complexion Bloom will give to your skin the irresistible charm of a natural shell pink bloom that is always indetectable—a fresh rose-petal bloom that no cream, powder or rouge can rival. One application will last all day; a 1/6 bottle should last for weeks. Ramada cannot harm the most delicate skin.

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RAMADA *Complexion Bloom*

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Oh that we two were Mayfairing! On the breezy cliffs or on the lazy river. Or resting between one good set and the next. You—with a box of Mayfair Chocolates on your knee and I helping myself from time to time. Have you tried Cadbury's Mayfair Chocolates yet? The beauty of their flavour is an astonishment.

Oh that we two were Mayfairing! Would Saturday next be all right for you?

MENU

LOGANBERRY CUP
Ripe Loganberries in raspberry creme.

RASPBERRY ELECTRA
Marzipan with raspberry confiture coated in chocolate.

GINGER CREME
Creme with pieces of the preserved fruit.

SEVILLE NOUGAT
A honey Montelimart flavoured with oranges.

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½lb. 2/-,
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See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of chocolate.

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[*This is your department of* PICTUREGOER. *In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers.* 2/6 *will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the* PICTUREGOER. *Address: "Faults," the* PICTUREGOER, 93, *Long Acre, W.C.*2.]

A Super Champion!

After Jack Perrin has stopped a runaway stage coach in *The Thunderbolt Strikes*, a black porter declares he will not travel behind horses any more, so he gets off and walks. Although a former sub-title has estimated the distance to be about twenty miles, the porter reaches the hotel that is their destination, only a few minutes after the stage arrives. He must have been "some" walker.

R. K. (Fulham).

A Little Premature.

Most of the action in *The Triumph of the Rat* takes place before the war, yet the girls at the "White Coffin" nearly all have Eton crops and shingles. Also, in a ballroom scene, a man is shown dancing the Charleston. Surely this dance was unknown then?

G. T. (Henley-on-Thames).

Clever Dog!

In *Lightning Flashes*, the heroine writes a note to the detectives. She folds it small and puts it into her purse, which she gives to her dog to take to them. When the dog delivers it to them it is seen to be neatly typed, although she was distinctly seen to write it. I know screen dogs are clever, but I didn't think they could type.

G. P. (Colchester).

German—or English?

Huntley Gordon, in *Silken Shackles*, gives the violinist a cheque for five thousand dollars. As the man is a German he writes, "Fünf Thousand." Surely this should have been "Fünf Tausend?" A man in his position would not use an incorrect mixture of English and German, in dealing with a foreigner.

Y. O. (Sheffield).

How Did It Get Back?

In *Mademoiselle from Armentières*, "Monsieur Branz" is expecting a visit from "Mademoiselle" (Estelle Brody). While tidying up his room he notices a horse's bridle on the back of a chair, and, taking it off, hangs it on a nail in the wall. But when his visitor arrives it is again on the chair.

S. C. (Bridgend).

A Quick Change.

Alma Taylor, in *The House of Marney*, comes up from the cabin of the yacht to tell her brother and his friend that their meal is ready. She is then wearing a black dress. The boys follow her into the cabin, and her attire has miraculously changed to a jumper and skirt, with a tie.

B. P. (Colchester).

Raising His Rank.

Strange things happen in America, surely. In the film *Winning His Stripes,* "Lefty" Flynn, starred as Hanrahan the "Fighting Cop," is suspended from the force for sixty days, during which time he arranges to meet Bat Henderson in a boxing match. According to the story he is merely a constable, yet the newspaper recording the coming event pictures him as sergeant, with his three stripes showing prominently. Yet he does not win these stripes till the fight is over and he is reinstated into the force. How could he be winning them if he already possessed them?

F. C. (Hornsey).

Too Good to be True!

Ivor Novello, in *The Lodger,* rents a room for one month at £2 10s. per week. He hands the landlady, Marie Ault, a note—presumably a tenner—for one month's rent in advance. Immediately after it is handed to her husband downstairs, but in the meantime it has apparently changed into a bundle of notes, which he counts with a satisfied smile. B. R. (Hants).

Another Quick Change?

In *Hard Boiled,* after Tom Mix has rescued Helene Chadwick from a charging bull, he is seen talking to her in a black waistcoat with lapels and a watch and chain. In the next scene the watch and chain vanish, leaving a plain waistcoat; but when he reaches his horse, a few yards away, the watch and chain reappear on the original waistcoat. A. R. R. (Reigate).

Hero's Luck!

House Peters and two other men are imprisoned in a cabin by an avalanche in *Prisoners of the Storm.* Not having the means with which to shave, his two companions grow beards, but House Peters remains well groomed and clean-shaven.

R. C. (Reading).

When Time Went Backward!

In *Laughing at Danger,* featuring Richard Talmadge, the villain looks at his watch. The hands point to five to three. Yet, when he looks again, a little later, it is nearly two o'clock. How is this?

T. S. (Kent).

Out of Period.

A very big mistake occurs in *The Bells.* Although this is set in the period of fifty years ago, a big saloon car is seen standing on the extreme left in one of the scenes.

A. J. W. (Stamford).

Smoke—Without Fire!

Gloria Swanson, in *The Untamed Lady,* lives alone for a time in a hunting lodge. A shot is given showing her reading inside the lodge, but there is distinctly no fire in the fireplace. But a short time later, when she is leaving the lodge on horseback, with Lawrence Gray in pursuit, smoke can plainly be seen issuing from the chimney.

A. W. (Nr. Manchester).

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique powers.

The Film Danger

To which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

To cultivate tooth clearness and firm healthy gums by combating film on teeth is advised by many authorities

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-colour" teeth, have a potential origin in a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It must be constantly combated.

Dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime—and urge for this purpose a special film removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this be done regularly.

Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids that may cause decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums, thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. This is why this modern protective way, as a twice-a-day habit in your home, and a visit at least twice a year to your dentist, is being so widely advised to-day.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10-days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

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IMMEDIATELY transforms a shingled head of hair into a modern and complete back head-dress. Cannot come off—perfectly natural-looking featherweight.

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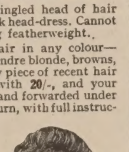

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The Safety Valve

by Leonard Hillman.

¶Pent-up emotions may lead to violent outbursts which are very often eminently photographic.

From time immemorial, we humans have always felt at some time or other one mighty urge—the necessity of "letting off steam." This safety-valve operates differently with different people; some indulge in violent action, some in terse and tense language, most in smashing something, and the more valuable that something is, the better they like it.

Fortunately for the ears, the films cannot exactly show the linguistic aspect of the valve, although the scenes in *What Price Glory?* where Victor McLaglen airs his views on Edmund Lowe, who reciprocates in kind, really speak louder than words and, at any rate, afford the beholders an adequate opportunity to exercise their imaginations. But the violent action and the smashing can, and are, shown in films; how often have we seen the heroine smash a vase in pure paddy?

We have even seen her wreck an entire room, as Viola Dana did years ago in *Satan Junior*. It is unusual, however, to see a man vent his feelings at the expense of crockery, but it has been done.

There was that tense dinner table scene in *Way Down East*, where the puritanical "Squire" orders Lillian Gish out of his house, and the girl denounces her betrayer, who is sitting at the same table. It is here that the smashing occurs. Richard Barthelmess, whom everyone seemed to have forgotten, suddenly rises from his place, seizes a plate and smashes it down on the table.

A less dramatic, but more wholesale smash occurs in *The Midnight Sun;* George Seigmann, looking forward to a pleasant dinner tête-à-tête with Laura La Plante, is arranging flowers for the table when Arthur Hoyt, his secretary, comes to inform him that the lady is unwilling to oblige. The secretary has the flowers thrown at him, but considering the fact that George Seigmann omitted to remove the vase which contained them, this floral contribution could hardly be taken as a token of appreciation. The secretary retires and the master disposes of the dinner by the simple expedient of taking the table cloth and pulling it to the undoubted detriment of the dinner.

The rage of despair appears in *The Ten Commandments.* Charles de Roche, as Pharaoh, has been praying all night to the gods of Egypt to restore life to the dead body of his first born. Morning comes and the boy is still dead. Pharaoh arises in his wrath and, seizing a weapon, demolishes the altar before adopting the less religious, but possibly more effective, method of revenging his son upon the Children of Israel.

The rage of jealousy brightens *The Light that Failed,* when Jacqueline Logan, the artist's model, destroys her portrait painted by an artist who has become blind, not because of that poor man's affliction, but because he is in love with another girl.

Jealousy also prevails upon Eleanor Boardman to deliver John Gilbert to justice in *Bardeleys the Magnificent.* Bardeley's has adopted another man's identity, and perforce has to adopt that same man's betrothed.

Naturally, this being a film, it all comes right in the end, and Bardeleys' narrow though Fairbanksian escape from the gallows opens Eleanor Boardman's eyes to the fact that she loves John Gilbert, whoever and whatever he is; but she manages to give him several anxious moments before she makes that momentous decision.

Disillusion is yet another emotion that seeks an outlet *via* the safety valve. Consider how John Barrymore behaves in *The Sea Beast,* when he is minus love and leg; from an idyllic young whaler he becomes a hard-bitten, heavy-handed monomaniac, even going to the length of burning a tattooed name off his own arm.

It was shame, however, that made Lewis Stone break all those mirrors in *A Fool there Was.* He was the Fool, and he was drinking himself to death for love of a "vamp." He chose his own house for his protracted suicide, and the rooms therein happened to be liberally furnished with mirrors. Consequently, whenever Lewis saw his own ghastly reflection a mirror went to smithereens. By the time he had finished he had given himself quite a century of bad luck, a fate he escaped only by falling downstairs and killing himself at the end of the picture.

From so artistic but so tragic an ending it is pleasant to turn to what is possibly the funniest display of bad temper, which occurs in *More Pay, Less Work,* where E. J. Ratcliffe, with unholy glee and perfectly horrid violence, tramples on his rival's hat, only to discover, when the hat is irretrievably ruined, that it was really his own.

This is Ken Maynard as he plays in "Somewhere in Sonoma."

RAYMOND, THE SUPREME.

Of all the actors on the screen,
There is one that I have seen,
Who makes the others seem quite green—
His name, of course, is Raymond Keane.

ELSIE MACKIE (Wolverhampton).

THE MODERN PRINCE CHARMING.

One is in Richard, but never in Dix,
Two is in Tom, but absent in Mix,
Three found in Enid is included in Bennett,
Four seen in Mack is lost in Sennett,
Five found in Carl is omitted from Dane,
Six in Diana is not found in Kane,
Seven is in Maurice and again in Costello,
Eight found in Ivor is also in Novello,
Nine not in John will be found in Gilbert,
Ten found in Holmes is never in Herbert,
Eleven seen in James is lost in Renny,
Twelve is in Reginald, also in Denny,
And when this riddle-me-ree you've done,
You'll find the dream lover of everyone.

Answer: Ronald Colman.

BABS (Sydenham).

GRETA GARBO.

Viking's daughter, gold and white,
I hail thee, as some steel-clad knight,
Paid homage back in far-fled years

GRETA GARBO.

With ardent hopes, and faltering fears,
To some fair ancestress of thine
From whom thy beauty, half-divine,
Down the long path of ages came—
A cradle gift, of ancient fame.

ADORER (Kensington).

ESTELLE BRODY.

There is a newly risen star
That shines on Britain's screen—
Her charm and grace exceed by far
All others I have seen.
Her eyes can flash with sudden fire,
Or dance with mischief's glow,
No fan could see, and not admire
This maiden I love so.
Her talent, though she's new to fame,
The critics' pen disarms,
And Estelle Brody is the name
That covers all these charms.

PADDY (Fulham).

DO I?—NO I DON'T!

When the boss, he cuts up rusty,
As he's often apt to do,
And on my Mary Pickford curls,
Censures thick and fast he hurls;
Do I raise, like Alice Terry,
From my throne my stately form?
Do I with her queenly courage
Say "Desist," and face the storm?
No, I don't! I sit and listen
For the fatal words to fall.
Says the boss, "Of you I'm tired,
Pack your trunk, and now you're fired!"

M. H. (Hereford).

The "Carols" page is for the benefit of all film fans poetically inclined. The writer of every verse printed here is rewarded with a bound volume of "Pictures."

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(See Page 50).

Vera Gordon and George Sidney in "Millionaires."

Let George Do It!

***THERE** is no excuse for George's existence except to give you information. Write him c/o Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope should accompany queries to be answered through the post.*

C. H. (Essex).—(1) Pictures from *Beau Geste* appeared in March, 1927, PICTUREGOER. (2) Ronald Colman is British. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, and he became a member of a concert party, on leaving the London Scottish after the war. (3) He emigrated to America and made his American film debut with Lillian Gish in *The White Sister*.

H. K. N. (Hucelecote).—Glad you received a nice photo from Adolphe Menjou. I've forwarded your other letters.

D. D. (Nelson).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Lewis Stone's latest film is *The Notorious Lady*.

Sandy (Morley).—(1) Letter forwarded to Willy Fritsch. (2) His address is c/o United Artists, Hollywood, California. (3) He has just signed a contract with this company to appear in American pictures.

A. W. (Holborn).—(1) Donald Stuart is an Englishman. (2) William Powell is American. (3) I do not think Clive Brook has any idea of returning to England at present.

E. R. (Fifeshire).— Letters forwarded to the right addresses.

Ardent Admirer.—(1) Try Universal Films, 167 Wardour Street, W.1., for a photo of Laura La Plante, and W. & F., 74/76 Old Compton Street, W.1, for a photo of Betty Balfour. (3) If you want autographed photos your best plan is to write to the stars direct.

Rudolphirene (Sutton).—(1) Vilma Banky's address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Yes, by all means send in your "fault." Write it on a postcard addressed to "Faults" and get two other witnesses to sign. (3) Lowell Sherman's address is c/o Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. (4) There is some difference of opinion on the correct pronunciation of Rocque. Some people say "Rock" and others "Roke." Glad you agree with me that mine is a face best kept dark!

Boydite (London).—(1) Glad you received such a nice signed photo from William Boyd. (2) Write to W. and F., 74 Old Compton Street, for particulars of "The Rat" song. (3) Dick Barthelmess's address is c/o First National Studios, Burbank, California, and so is Larry Kent's; and Kenneth Harlan's is c/o Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, Cal.

K. B. (Bedford).—(1) Write to Laura La Plante, c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California, for a signed photo, and to Ivor Novello at 11 Aldwych, W.C.2. (2) Yes, you ought to get one from each of them. (3) Laura La Plante is married to William Seiter. (4) Ivor's latest completed film is *Downhill*. He is at present working on *The Vortex*.

Thomas's Fan (Ventnor).—(1) Kathlyn Williams played with Tom Santschi in one of his early films. (2) Tom is not married, so far as I know. (3) Yes, send your letter to me. (4) Olive Borden is in her early twenties. (5) I feel no symptons of a brain storm so far.

Peggy (Durham City).—(1) Lya de Putti's address is c/o Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. (2) The principal players in *Her Betrayal* were not mentioned.

Dimples (Glasgow).—(1) Write to our Publishing Department, 35 Long Acre, for a copy of the February or January PICTUREGOER. (2) I forwarded your letter to Vera Reynolds. Hope you've had a reply by now. (3) Rod La Rocque is half French by birth, but American in nationality. (4) *Resurrection* was his last picture. (5) His address is c/o Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. I should address him as "Mr." if I were you.

Betty's Sincerest Admirer (Ponders End).—(1) You might be able to obtain stills of *Chu-Chin-Chow* from Graham-Wilcox, 174 Wardour Street, W.1, but it is rather old. (2) It is a British picture, and it was filmed in Berlin in 1923. (3) Betty Blythe's address is 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. (4) No, she has no idea of returning to London just now.

Jean (Edinburgh).—(1) I've forwarded your letter to Bert Lytell. (2) His name is pronounced with the "y" as in "lying."

Betty and Ginger (London).—Letters forwarded to Lloyd Hughes.

Rose Marie (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—(1) The release date of *The Winning of Barbara Worth* is not fixed yet. (2) *One Night of Love* will be released January 16th, 1928. (3) Write to Ronald Colman, c/o United Artists, Hollywood, California. (4) The stars could not possibly read all their own fan mails, or they would never have time to do any work. Most of them employ secretaries who pick out the most important letters for them to attend to personally.

E. O. (Hornsey).—Glad to make your acquaintance! (1) Letter forwarded to Barbara Bedford. (2) Eileen Percy was born in 1902 in Belfast. (3) Eva Novak is married.

May A. Moorey (209 High Street, Ilford, Essex) would like all readers interested in the English branch of the Helen Ferguson Club to get in touch with her.

J. F. (Kensington).—Glad you enjoy PICTUREGOER. (1) Ramon Novarro was born on February 6th, 1899, in Mexico. He isn't married or engaged. (2) His most recent film, just completed is *Old Heidelberg*. (3) Henry Edwards is British. He is married to Chrissie White, who was at one time his leading lady. He has just finished playing in *The Fake*, and will next make *Further Adventures of the Flag Lieutenant*. (4) Dorothy Gish will play "Tessa" in *The Constant Nymph*.

M. H. (Southsea).—(1) Letter forwarded to Raymond Keane. (2) Yes, Ralph Forbes is married to a well-known Broadway musical comedy star, Ruth Chatterton.

Chotec (Harborne).—My "usual kindness of heart." is as your disposal! (1) Bebe Daniels has never been married. (2) Billie Dove is the wife of Irvin Willat, the producer. She has not been married before. Does that settle the argument?

William (Glasgow).—(1) Pearl White is not married. The last time I heard of her she was living in Egypt, on the edge of the desert, but I haven't got her exact address. (2) There were some nice photos of Pauline Frederick, with a page interview, in April PICTUREGOER.

Frances (Lancashire).—Letter forwarded to Richard Dix. (2) Rod La Rocque's address is c/o Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. (3) Conway Tearle's address is c/o First National Studios, Burbank, California.

J. T. H. (Johannesburg).—(1) George Lewis's address is c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) Try our Postcard Dept., 41 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

R. E. A. C. (Basingstoke).—(1) Letter forwarded to Blanche Sweet. (2) Blanche Sweet was born June 8th, 1895, in Chicago, and her real name is Alexander. She is married to Marshall Neilan, the director. (3) Her address is c/o First National Sudios, Burbank, California.

Ought to Know Better.—(1) Billie Dove is an American. (2) She's married to Irvin Willat, the director. (3) Her address is c/o First National Studios, Burbank, California. (4) Her latest picture is *The Tender Hour*.

Saucereyes and Bunny (Kirkcaldy).—I've passed your efforts on to the tender mercy of the "carols" Editor. Glad PICTUREGOER is to be your friend for life! (1) Buster Collier, Junr., was born about twenty-one years ago. He is 5ft. 10ins. in height. His address is c/o Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) John Barrymore was born in 1882. He is 5ft. 10ins. in height.

C. M. J. (Liverpool).—(1) All the information you want re Laura La Plante is given in the article in this issue. (2) Some of the questions you ask are too personal to reply to. (3) Virginia Valli is free-lancing.

(Several answers are unavoidably held over.)

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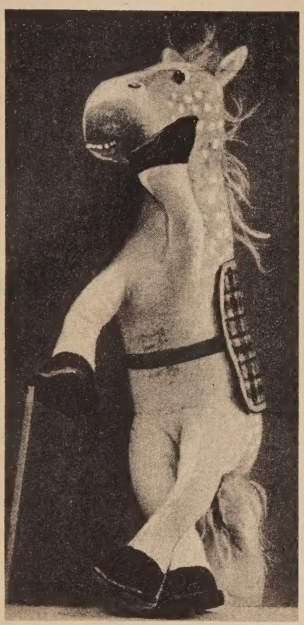

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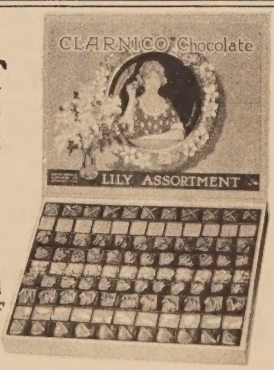
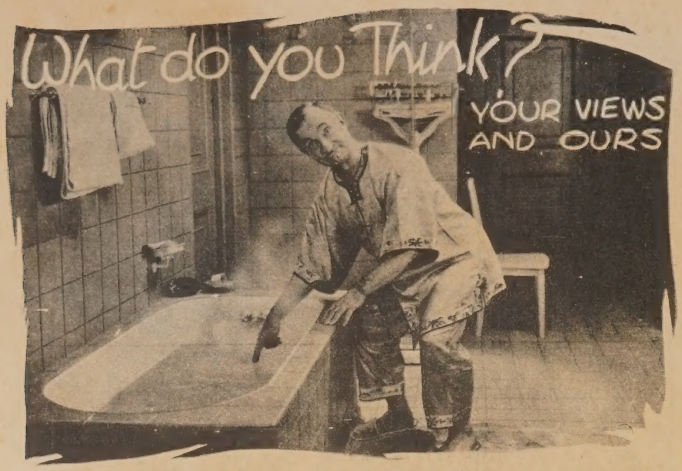




Judging by the natty night-wear, we shouldn't be surprised if this bath water was perfumed. Charlie Murray in "McFadden's Flats."

A film that every picturegoer ought to see is the German picture of the famous "Emden's" exploits. It is all marvellously well done, from the opening scenes, at the first declaration of war, to the "Emden's" final fight with the cruiser "Sydney." The absolute fairness of the Germans in their portrayal of the British is an outstanding feature, and its accuracy has been praised by Vice-Admiral J. T. Glossop, R.N., the Commander of the "Sydney." Fans who see it will find it a welcome change from the usual programme picture.

A Film Worth Seeing.

"In the June number of PICTUREGOER, *Critical* accuses John Barrymore of committing artistic suicide, and states that there is little in his three latest pictures—*Don Juan, His Lady,* and *The Beloved Rogue*—that any other good-looking star could not have done equally well. Of the last two of these films I can voice no opinion, as I have not yet seen them, but as regards *Don Juan,* I would like to say a word or two in Barrymore's defence. Whatever the critics say of this picture, few who have seen it can deny that the portrayal of the cynical, witty, debonair Don Juan was an extremely difficult one. It could only have been done by a great actor, and Barrymore—who is the greatest histrionic figure on the screen—was the obvious man for the part. As it was he did splendidly in the Byronic rôle, and with the exception of *The Sea Beast* and *Beau Brummel,* it was, in my opinion, his finest performance up to the time," writes *Quentin.*

Defending John.

The Giaour says: "I quite agree with *Critical,* who complains about John Barrymore's fall from the heights. What on earth has happened to him? Personally, I have always regarded him as the one particular hope of American films. Our poor, beloved Valentino often craved to indulge his artistic soul, but his public would not give him a chance. If he did not give then Ahmed Ben Hassans and Julio Desnoyers, they would start an agitation at once. But Barrymore has nothing like that to fear. His public know what to expect from him, and welcome the amount of brain-work evident in his acting, after a surfeit of stars who are merely 'picture personalities.' They are bewildered, and a little resentful, when he gives them Fairbanks tricks instead."

An Agreement.

Clive Gay writes: "I'm afraid I must disagree with *Critical,* concerning Pauline Frederick. Miss Frederick's return to the screen was in a poor film called *Not Her Fault. Let Not Man Put Asunder,* but this was followed by two of the best pictures she has ever made, with, perhaps, the exception of *Madame X.* These were *Three Women* and *Smouldering Fires.* Since then she has had poor pictures, but does *Critical* know that the stars cannot choose their own stories, except when they have their own companies? Miss Frederick has to think of her bread and butter, the same as the rest of us, and if a producer asks her to appear in a film she takes the offer as any sensible person would."

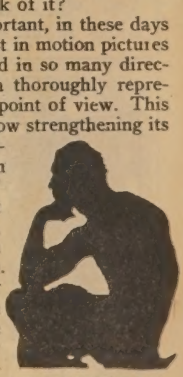
"My young heart is usually kind, and brick-batting others distasteful I find; but when I see movies by Elinor Glyn, I swear worse than 'Hagg,' and don't count it a sin! Oh, why must that lady film stories of folk who are ever so 'classy,' but don't see the joke in spending their lives being sexy and smug, or sprawling about on a tiger-skin rug? They are so 'refaned' from their coiled hair to feet, and their ladylike (?) 'catting' is really a treat—it certainly proves that R. K. made a win when he wrote that 'we girls' are alike 'neath our skin! And as for the wooers these fair ones admire (so sleek, and so daring; so full of Glyn fire!) a tailor would love them, but as men they are *awful;* and the titles they bear are a positive jawful! Still, they can't help being 'Glynish,' and they often are funny, these dashing (?) young bucks, who, alas, have no money—but if Rupert, Lord Nocash, tenth Earl of St. Borrow, and his Lady were drowned, well—*I* wouldn't feel sorrow!" writes *Irene.*

Oh, Madam Glyn!

I want fans to realise that this page exists simply for the airing of their views—so long as they are not unreasonably rude! But don't reserve all your brickbats and bouquets for the stars. Why not let me have your opinions on PICTUREGOER itself? Criticise the articles; let's hear which features meet with your approval or disapproval. This is *your* paper—what do you think of it?

Please Criticise!

It is most important, in these days when new interest in motion pictures is being awakened in so many directions, to obtain a thoroughly representative British point of view. This paper, which is now strengthening its footing as a reflection of the opinion of the "fan" as well as that of the student, must rely on your co-operation. Therefore your views are even more valuable than those of our remunerated contributors!



THE THINKER.